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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

JASON HILDRETH'S IDENTITY

By VIRNA WOODS

Author of "The Amazons" and "A Modern Magdalene."

COMPLETE.

MAY, 1897

LIPPINCOTT'S

LIPPINCOTT'S, No. 353.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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JASON HILDRETH'S IDENTITY.

BY

VIRNA WOODS,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMAZONS" AND "A MODERN MAGDALENE."

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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1897.

JASON HILDRETH'S IDENTITY.

I.

HE awoke one morning and looked with vague interest about the unfamiliar room. A round marble-topped table, with several bottles of medicine on it, stood by his bed; a wash-stand was set against the opposite wall, and in one corner was a large wooden wardrobe. Two or three cane-seated chairs completed the furniture; the walls were unadorned, save with a half-length mirror that hung over the bare mantel. The blind was drawn down over the partly opened window, and he heard a faint rumble, as though from a city street, far below.

"I must be in a lodging-house," he thought; but farther than this his mind refused to go. "It may be Paris, or Melbourne, or New York," he reflected, with grim amusement.

The door opened, and a woman tiptoed into the room, carrying some towels over her arm. She was followed by a young man, who advanced to the bed and started back in surprise.

"The delirium is broken," he said.

He picked up one of the bottles on the table and poured out a spoonful of the medicine. The sick man opened his mouth and swallowed the dose obediently.

"Where am I?" he queried, looking up at the attendant, whom he judged to be a professional nurse.

"You are in San Francisco," was the reply; "but the doctor said I was not to allow you to talk."

The patient closed his eyes, and drifted from his dreamy thoughts so slowly that he did not know when they had merged into veritable dreams.

When he awoke again, it was early evening. The soft light of a shaded lamp burned on the table beside him. The nurse stood at the foot of the bed, and a man bent over him. It must be the doctor, for he had been feeling his pulse. The face was dimly familiar to him, as

though he had seen it in his dreams. It was a fair, bright, kindly face, still young; and the voice that belonged to it was cheery and pleasant.

"How do you feel?" it said, as the patient looked up with questioning eyes.

"I feel as though I had just been born," was the reply: he was very weak, and knew neither where nor who he was.

The doctor laughed and nodded his head.

"The fever has left you, and you have no strength," he said; "but you will soon be all right. And then," he added, with a chuckle, "you will have to give an account of yourself, for you seem to have dropped out of the clouds."

He gave some directions to the nurse and went away. The patient closed his eyes and pretended to sleep, that the attendant might not disturb him; for he wanted to think.

He remembered, after a little while, that the nurse had told him he was in San Francisco; but what the city looked like, or how he had come there, he could not tell. His idea of the place, he knew, must be the old idea he had when a boy at school, for it was a confused combination of sheep-men and sombreros and poker and pistols; but at the same time he heard the sound of car-bells and the noise of traffic on the street below.

"Who am I? who am I?" he repeated over and over to himself.

He half unclosed his eyes and looked at his wasted hand as it lay on the coverlet. It was long and slender, and evidently unused to manual labor.

"I cannot be a working-man," he thought. "I wonder if I am educated."

Then he tried to test himself; and, swiftly and inconsequently, isolated facts began to pass like a Mardi-Gras procession through his mind:

"Columbus discovered America in 1492; water is composed of two parts hydrogen to one part oxygen; the square of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides."

Then he tried to repeat to himself the process of the circulation of the blood; and he remembered that the astronomers were theorizing about establishing communication with Mars. Next he found himself repeating automatically certain rules of Latin grammar that he must have learned when a boy; and immediately after he began to formulate his thoughts in the French language.

"Well," he thought, with inward satisfaction, "I seem to have been pretty well educated. I wonder if I am English, or American, or French."

Then a sense of utter isolation swept in upon him with intolerable pain. He was alone, cut off from his friends, who were perhaps waiting anxiously for tidings of him; unable to readjust himself to his position in the world. It was as though he were blind or dumb. The circuit was broken that connected him with the rest of mankind. He was terribly alone.

"In the centre of immensities, in the conflux of eternities," he murmured, involuntarily.

"Do you want anything?" asked the nurse, rising and going to him.

The sick man shook his head impatiently. He wanted to think undisturbed.

Again and again he tried to gain some clue to his identity, but in vain. He seemed to remember all the general truths that he had ever learned, to recollect books he had read, pictures he had seen, music to which he had listened; but all personal associations had been obliterated from his mind. Whether or not he had a family, he did not know; not a single face came to him from all the circle of friends and acquaintances he must once have possessed. He wondered how old he was. He thought, from his hands, and from his teeth, which seemed perfect, that he must yet be young.

A sudden fear broke into the current of his thought. The doctor had said that when he was stronger he must give an account of himself. He could not do so, and he was afraid he would be considered mad. That he was not mad, and that the memory of his life would some time return to him, he felt sure; but in the mean time he must face the danger of incarceration in an asylum. To prevent such a possibility, he must give himself a name and construct for himself a biography. He would defer the relation of the fiction as long as possible, in the hope that his true name and history would recur to him; but he would be prepared, if the doctor should seek to carry out his laughing threat. So he lay in the quiet of feigned slumber, and thought out the apocryphal narrative he was later to give to his new friends.

It was later in the evening that he heard the murmur of voices in the hall just outside his room. The attendant had gone out for a few moments, and two women, probably maids in the establishment, were standing just outside his door, which was slightly ajar.

"He hasn't said a word about his friends or asked them to send word to any one," one of the voices murmured.

"No," said the other, in the same cautious undertone; "but, whether he has friends or not, he has money. Mrs. McFall says there was eight hundred dollars in his valise. And lucky for him, or he'd been taken to the county hospital."

"A good-looking young man he is, too," continued the first voice, "for all he's that poor you can a'most see through him. It's queer, now, isn't it, that there was never a letter nor a card on him at all. But we'll know all about it when Dr. Richmond comes. Trust me to get it out of Peter, for all he's a professional nurse."

The girls passed down the hallway, and the voices became inaudible.

The patient lay back and closed his eyes wearily. The test was coming sooner than he expected; and already his strange reticence had been noticed. Had he a mother, or a sweetheart, or a wife? His heart thrilled at the thought, but no answering chord of memory stirred in his brain.

The nurse came back and resumed his patient watch by the window: the monotony of an hour was measured by the ticking of the clock.

The feigned sleep of the patient was disturbed at last by the entrance of the doctor.

"You're better to-night," he said, as he bent a moment over the bed. But before he could make any further remark he was interrupted by the patient himself, who had decided to take the initiative in the conversation and use the cue the housemaids had unconsciously given him.

"I have been worrying about a little matter, doctor," he said, "since I have regained consciousness; and I wish to relieve my mind about it. I had about eight hundred dollars in my valise——"

"It is all right," said the doctor, smiling: "it is locked up in the safe down-stairs; that is, the most of it. What we have had to use has been kept account of, and you shall see that it is all right."

"Then I should like to know how I came here; for I cannot remember anything about it."

"No wonder you can't remember," said the doctor, delighted that his mysterious patient was beginning to talk at last. "You were found lying half clothed on the pier at the Pacific Mail wharf, sand-bagged and robbed. The fiends must have been frightened away, or they would probably have pitched you into the bay. You would have been taken to the Receiving Hospital, had you not been recognized by the bell-boy here as a lodger of Mrs. McFall's. But no one knew who you were, as you had just come the day before, and had given no name: so it was impossible to send word to your friends."

"Didn't I talk in my delirium?" the sick man asked.

"Yes, you talked a great deal," the doctor replied, "but nothing sensible that we could understand. Half the time you spoke in French. You said a great deal about *ma petite chérie*, but you mentioned no names."

"I wonder if I am French," the patient thought; and he hastily interpolated in the narrative he had prepared an explanation of his use of that language.

"But my letters," he ventured to suggest, feeling out in a new direction; "surely you must have found my name somewhere."

"No," the doctor replied; "whatever letters and papers you had must have been on your person when you were robbed, and were taken with your other valuables. There was nothing whatever by which we could identify you. The only writing we could find among your possessions was a verse written on a slip of paper in a book of German poetry. A stanza was written in German in a masculine hand, and the translation of the stanza was written below in a woman's writing."

"Evidently I read German," said the sick man to himself. "What next? I am afraid to go on with this investigation, lest I find myself to be an Arab or a Chinaman." But aloud he asked to see the paper.

When it was handed to him, he read, in clear, large German script, the words,—

Seele des Menschen,
Wie gleichst du dem Wasser;
Schicksal des Menschen,
Wie gleichst du dem Wind.

And below it was written, in a clear, flowing English hand, the translation:

Soul of man,
How like the water!
Fate of man,
How like the wind!

He stared at the paper, struggling to connect the familiar writing with some associated ideas, until he saw that his silence was observed. Then he spoke abruptly.

"The German," he said, "is my own writing; the translation is that of a friend."

He spoke carelessly, but his thoughts were perturbed.

"Truly, indeed," he reflected, "my soul is like the water and my fate like the wind; for I know not whence I come nor whither I go."

"Do you not wish," said the doctor, as the patient volunteered no further remark, "to have word sent to some of your friends?"

"It is not worth while to do so until I can write myself," the sick man replied. "My friends are all in the East,—in New York," he added, as the doctor looked at him inquiringly. "I have no family. My nearest relative is a cousin on my father's side. I came out for a pleasure-trip, with the idea that if I liked the place I would remain. You see, I am perfectly free, and can follow my whims."

"Excuse me," said the doctor, with much interest, "but are you French?"

"My mother was French," was the reply, "and I have spoken the language from my infancy."

While they were talking, the door had been cautiously opened, and Mrs. McFall's ample figure had slipped silently into the room. A few moments later, the two maids whose voices the sick man had heard in the hall had returned and stopped again at the partially opened door. He became aware of the presence of his silent auditors, and his nervousness and fear of discovery increased.

"I could not be more anxious to deceive them if I had committed a crime," he thought.

He lay silent, still hoping that they would not ask his name; and yet he was uneasily aware that his reticence seemed strange to them. A dozen names he had thought over and rejected: some seemed so common as to excite suspicion of an alias; others were foreign, or in some way startlingly strange. At last he had settled, almost at random, upon one that seemed to possess individuality without being sufficiently peculiar to provoke comment. He had felt, somehow, that a great deal depended upon this selection of a name; and now that it was trembling on his lips, he felt a strange distrust of it. But he had no time to reconsider it or cast it aside; for the doctor leaned over him and asked his name. He saw Mrs. McFall bend forward

expectantly and the nurse lift his head; outside the door he heard the rustle of a dress. But he looked up with well-feigned composure and answered quietly.

"My name is Jason Hildreth," he said.

II.

The days passed into weeks, the weeks into months, and Jason Hildreth had entirely recovered from his illness. So thought the doctor, who had become his friend; and so thought the circle of acquaintances he had made in the strange city.

He was a popular man, for he was genial and companionable; but even among his most intimate friends he retained his reticence about the past. The doctor himself knew no more of his history than he had learned the day his patient awoke from delirium. Their intimacy began in a common interest in the study of languages and in rare old editions; and Dr. Richmond's library was soon as free to Jason Hildreth as to the doctor himself.

In the early days of his convalescence, the doctor, on one of his professional visits, found the patient poring over a philological treatise in one of the current magazines; and as soon as he was able to go out, he took him home to show him his library. It was a clear, bright day, and the drive through the strange city filled the patient with a sense of exhilaration. He breathed in the salt air with a feeling of ecstasy; he gazed delightedly on the curving line of the bay, gleaming in the distance, and dotted with sails; and again on the hilly streets, rising in terraces, and lined with rows of tall houses, presenting for the most part solid fronts of bay-windows. He felt certain that he had never seen the city before; the arrangement of the streets, the hills, and the architecture of the buildings, all were unfamiliar to him; and the novelty of the scenes interested and charmed him.

"How does San Francisco compare with New York?" queried the doctor, turning to his companion with a smile.

"It is very different," was the guarded reply; and the speaker, though not the faintest recollection of his former home occurred to him, felt that this much was the truth.

They were driving up one of the fine residence streets, when the doctor turned into the drive of a beautiful place, and, calling his boy to put up the horse, led Jason into the house.

He took him at once into his "den," which was situated in the basement, or ground-floor, of the three-story house, and communicated with the library, a much larger room. The "den" contained nothing to indicate the owner's profession, except a single case of medical books treating on obscure diseases that possessed for him more of a scientific than a practical interest.

"My medical library is in my office down-town," he said, as his visitor glanced about the room; "these books are for recreation."

Jason glanced over the shelves, and was delighted to find many of

his old favorites, not only in English, but also in several Continental languages, as well as all the standard and some of the rare works on philology. One case of exquisitely carved teak-wood was filled with old editions and rare art-works. A secretary stood open, littered with papers; near it was a cabinet of fine corals and shells. On a cloth-covered table were several beautiful specimens of moths, and a large microscope with a piece of fungus on the slide. The easy-chairs that were scattered over the room were a confused mass of pillows and newspapers and open pamphlets; a variety of pipes decorated the tables and shelves, and a faint aroma of tobacco-smoke pervaded the air.

In the hour that Jason Hildreth spent looking over the doctor's treasures, their casual acquaintance ripened into a friendship that the many vicissitudes of the future were never to disturb. He became a frequent visitor at the house, and a great favorite of Miss Vaughn, the doctor's aunt, a lady who had been a belle in her youth, and, with her brilliant dark eyes and soft white hair, was still beautiful. In fact, she was even now prominent in social functions, and insisted upon launching her new favorite in San Francisco society.

"Do you know," she said to him one day, when they were *tête-à-tête*, "that you are quite a success? You were undoubtedly the lion at Mrs. Edwards's reception."

"I am glad to hear it," he laughed: "I have been thinking lately that I was an utter failure. You know I am adrift in the world."

His homelessness, as was inevitable, appealed to her woman's heart.

"We cannot let you think so," she quickly rejoined: "you know we want you to feel at home here."

Once she asked him to tell her something of his life beyond the narrow outline he had given the doctor; but he evaded an answer.

"I am glad you came from New York," she said to him one day: "I lived there when I was young, and I want you to tell me of the changes in my old haunts."

Fortunately, his confusion was covered by the entrance of a visitor; but on his way home he purchased a map of New York, and spent several evenings in hunting up and studying articles descriptive of the city. He began to be sorry that he had not named some obscure little town as his former home. He was constantly on his guard, however, and his conversation with the doctor was usually impersonal and always without reference to the past.

"I know him," the doctor often reflected, in thinking of his friend, "as intimately as I could know a brother; and yet of the details of his life I know next to nothing." And there was something about his friend that stopped his questions on his lips, although the doctor's stock of curiosity exceeded a little the average.

"The most remarkable thing about him," the doctor's ruminations would continue, "is that he is a specialist in so many different lines. He is a thorough French and German scholar, and has considerable acquaintance with several other languages; he is an authority on music and art; he is a deep student of history and of politics. He is an easy after-dinner orator and a ready conversationalist; and to all these

attractions he adds the physical accomplishments, for he swims, dances, and rides the wheel."

Indeed, it was the very multiplicity of his gifts that had puzzled Jason Hildreth himself in the choice of a career. He realized the necessity of doing something as soon as he had sufficiently recovered; for whatever property he might have possessed was lost to him now, and the small supply of cash he had with him would soon be exhausted. He tried in vain to discover what had been his occupation in the old forgotten life. That it was not the practice either of medicine or of law he soon decided; for, while the knowledge of these subjects that he possessed was more than the average, it was not sufficiently technical to be professional. Possibly he had been a professor in some college or academy; more probably he had been a gentleman of wealth and leisure.

Finding, however, that he had a facile pen, he devoted himself to journalistic work, with steadily increasing success; and after several months of alternating hope and despair, he obtained, through the influence of Dr. Richmond, a position on one of the great dailies, that solved for him the financial problem.

During all this time he had not abandoned the hope of discovering his identity. He had studied the papers of all sections of the country for cases of mysterious disappearance. He had even put detectives at work on his own case, without revealing his intense personal interest; but all his efforts had been unavailing.

Twice only he had been startled out of his self-possession by questions,—in both cases, those of the doctor.

In the first instance, he had been speaking of certain deductions from philological comparisons, when the doctor interrupted him.

"What is your college?" he said. "I have always fancied you were a Harvard man."

"I have thought so sometimes myself," was the unexpected response. Then, seeing his companion's look of astonishment, he hastened to add, "I mean, of course, I have had sufficient egotism to think I might pass for a Harvard graduate. In fact, I am self-educated."

The second inadvertence occurred when they were discussing some question of art.

"You have been to Europe, have you not?" the doctor asked.

"I think I must have been," was the rejoinder. "I beg your pardon," he went on in confusion: "how absent-minded I am! Of course I have been; but I was quite young at the time, and my impressions of the trip are unreliable."

Meantime the doctor had supplemented his aunt's social efforts in Jason's behalf by proposing his name at his clubs and showing him something of the Bohemian side of the city. He secured his entrance into the Golden Gate Club, the Fin de Siècle, and the Criterion Debating Club.

The Golden Gate Club was known by its detractors as the Club of the Two Hundred, being composed chiefly of the male members of fashionable society. It had extensive and elegant club-rooms in a desirable part of the city, and was noted for its suppers and banquets.

The Fin de Siècle was an out-door club, interested principally in bicycle-races. Its rooms included a fine gymnasium and baths.

The Criterion Club was the most exclusive, being limited to a membership of ten. It met twice a month in the homes of the members, to discuss some debatable subject, the members taking turns in furnishing the leading paper, and the others commenting upon it. It was one of the rules of the club that two men in the same profession or business should not belong to the club at the same time, the object being to secure as great a diversity of thought and personality as possible. The resignation of the editor, who had transferred his labors to fields east of the Rockies, provided the vacancy that enabled the doctor to propose his friend's name. The other members were a lawyer, a merchant, a prominent educator, a liberal clergyman, a Jewish rabbi, a professional politician holding a city office, a cartoonist, and a man of leisure who had devoted himself to social reform. Every shade of opinion on every conceivable subject was represented, from the most intense conservatism to the most extreme socialism, and from the rankest materialism to the most transcendental theosophy. The sole object of the club was the intellectual pleasure of its members; but once a year the feast of reason and the flow of soul were supplemented by terrapin and champagne.

Into this heterogeneous society Jason Hildreth was received as a kindred spirit; and he soon showed his mettle by a paper on "The Decadence of Literature," which was greeted with a storm of protestation and abuse.

He was also introduced to another phase of social semi-Bohemian life in the Thursday At Homes of Mrs. Ellery, the author of bright stories and sketches for Eastern and local journals. Here the social standard was neither monetary nor ancestral, but purely intellectual and artistic. The doctor had been admitted to her *salon*, as her friends were pleased to call it, by virtue of articles in well-known medical and scientific journals. Having herself a slight strain of French blood, and speaking the language fluently, she welcomed his friend with delight. Here he found authors, journalists, artists, musicians, reformers, and all the varieties of the New Woman, from lawyers and suffragists to directors of orphan asylums and chairmen of committees on sanitary reform. Mrs. Ellery herself was a charming woman, possessed of a diversity of talents, and an ideal hostess.

Jason Hildreth, awakened from a marvellous slumber in which no dreams of former pleasure were remembered, plunged into social life with the zest and enjoyment of a *débutant.* Yet it was evident from his every action that he was, to some extent at least, accustomed to the manner of life he was pursuing. Nor did he neglect his business interests. He soon made himself indispensable to the paper with which he was connected, and became known to the public as a strong and versatile writer.

His studies, too, absorbed a good deal of his attention, and time passed rapidly. He had accepted his strange situation philosophically, determined to extract all the enjoyment he could out of life, and to leave any possible discovery of his identity to chance and the future.

In the rare hours when he chanced to be alone and unoccupied, he had diverted himself by little trips about the beautiful bay. He had climbed the hills of Saucelito and roamed through the lovely valleys that lie at the foot of Mount Tamalpais; he had visited the fort at Alcatraz and the barracks on Angel Island, and interviewed the ship-builders in the quaint little village of Tiburon. He had fished for smelts from the wharves and gone in a canoe to shoot ducks among the tules.

The whole country about the bay was soon familiar to him; but nowhere did he find a locality that suggested to him the faintest association of ideas. He was sure that his home, wherever it had been, was far away from his present surroundings.

Often he had studied his face, but it suggested no memories to him. The finely chiselled features, the broad forehead, the deep eyes of clear blue, the fair brown hair and moustache, with their tendency to curl, looked back at him from the mirror with mocking familiarity. His well-knit, supple form and slender hands were a part of his personality; but the secret of his identity remained undisclosed.

But he threw off the burden of the mystery and eagerly grasped at the joys of the present. Everything was strange and delightful to him; he felt like a child that has come into possession of a multitude of toys. In his eagerness for the experiences of life, he crowded his days and nights with a variety of occupations, and suffered no time to slip through his hands without a tangible labor or enjoyment.

The winter passed, with its alternate rain and sunshine, the spring, with its profusion of flowers in the cañons of the foot-hills. There was scarcely a perceptible difference in temperature, and when the rains ceased the only changes in the weather came in the wind and the fog. Sometimes the hills and the bay, and the very streets and houses of the city, were covered with a heavy veil of mist; again, from every slope of the hilly streets the water swept its azure crescent about the land, its distant silver broken by picturesque islands, crowned with light-house or fort. The winter and the spring went by, and summer approached with no accession of heat and no difference from the winter save in the entire cessation of rain and a slight increase in the proportion of windy and foggy days. The new-comer marvelled more and more at the place where no fires were needed in winter, where overcoats and furs were worn in midsummer, and where thin clothing was practically unknown. The theatres remained open, and social life continued, though somewhat less zealously pursued in the absence of many of its high-priestesses in the mountains and bathing-resorts for their annual warming.

So nearly eight months went by, and the curtain was not lifted from Jason Hildreth's past. Then a strange thing happened.

He had left the doctor at the door of the club early in the evening, and had gone to the new lodgings he had recently taken. He had an engagement that evening at the theatre with Mrs. Reginald Edwards and her party, in which Miss Vaughn and the doctor were included. He ran up the steps to his room, lit the gas, and opened his valise to take out some article of apparel. In doing so, his hand inadvertently

struck something hard, like pasteboard, within the canvas lining of the valise. He felt it curiously, and found at length the edge of a pocket that he had not noticed before. Inserting his fingers in this and reaching down, he carefully drew out a heavy card. Turning it to the light, he uttered a great cry. It was the photograph of a beautiful girl, with broad low forehead and dark eyes. The sweet mouth smiled at him, and in a sudden rush of memory he pressed the face to his lips.

"Elizabeth!" he cried.

He sank into a chair under the light, and, holding the picture before him, gazed long and tenderly upon it. He knew it so well, the face of his beloved.

"*Ma petite chérie!*" he exclaimed, rapturously, again and again, as he gazed at the dear features.

Then a flood of memories filled heart and brain. The moments passed into hours, and he sat in the same place, immovable. His engagement was forgotten; the fortunes of Jason Hildreth fell from him like a dream. He was Charles de Blainville, looking on the pictured face of Elizabeth Howard.

As he sat in silent absorption, unconscious of his surroundings or of the lapse of time, the theatre-party in their box at the Baldwin wondered why the interesting young journalist had not made his appearance. Miss Vaughn was noticeably disappointed, while Dr. Richmond grew a trifle uneasy, and even thought of going to his rooms to look him up. It had struck him more than once that there was something peculiar about Jason Hildreth. He could not define the feeling, and he had never expressed it; but he was always conscious of the fact that, save for a few bare details, the entire history of his most intimate friend was a sealed book to him.

"She sings charmingly, does she not?" Mrs. Edwards was saying at his ear.

"Beg pardon," he returned, rousing himself from his thoughts. "Yes, it is very piquant," he added, as he caught the last trill from the stage.

He was glad when the performance was over and he had seen the ladies to their carriages and said good-night.

"I want to look up Hildreth," he explained to his aunt; "I am a little worried about him,—professionally."

"Dear boy," she said to herself, with a smile, as she sank back in the carriage cushions; "it is an ideal Damon and Pythias friendship."

Meantime, the doctor had turned quickly, and, hailing a car, went to his friend's lodgings.

He ran up the steps to his rooms and pushed himself unceremoniously through the door, that stood slightly ajar. Jason Hildreth sat under the gaslight, his eyes staring at a picture on his knee. His face, his attitude, expressed utter despair.

"Jason," the doctor exclaimed, "what is the matter with you, old man?"

He had entered the room, and placed his hand on his friend's shoulder.

Jason roused himself and looked up in the doctor's face.

"You are the very man I want," he said. "How did you happen to come?"

"*Fidus Achates*," laughed the doctor. "But what is the matter? Are you sick?" he added, more seriously.

"I wonder if I dare to trust you," the other muttered.

"Jason Hildreth," said his friend, somewhat sharply, "why should you distrust me?"

"On account of your profession," was the reply. "I will tell you my story and ask your help, if you will swear that you will not think me crazy, that you will not hand me over——"

"I don't belong to the lunacy commission," interrupted the doctor; "and, besides, I am your friend: so go ahead."

He had thrown himself into an arm-chair opposite his friend, and, crossing his knees, settled himself comfortably for the story.

"You have never seen any evidence of insanity——"

"Never," interrupted the doctor. "You have acted exactly like other men, except that you would never speak of your past, and I supposed you had a reason for that."

"What did you think, for instance, was the reason?" asked his friend.

"Well, the most plausible supposition was that it was a painful subject."

"That is not it," said Jason. "Can you think of no other reason?"

"Of course," returned the doctor, lightly, "you might be a nihilist 'abroad for your health;' but I have not discovered that a knowledge of Russian is among your numerous accomplishments; or you might be an anarchist preparing to blow the city into the bay——"

"Seriously," interrupted Jason, impatiently, "has no other reason ever suggested itself to your mind?"

"Not in connection with you," was the reply, in a tone that had become earnest. "If I did not know your character so intimately, I might have suspected the concealment of crime as a possible motive; but no one could live on such terms with you as I have done and tolerate such an idea a moment."

"But why should you have thought my past so painful?"

"Well, if you press me," rejoined the doctor, "perhaps some love-affair, the fickleness of some woman——"

"This is my *fiancée*," interrupted Jason, handing him the photograph,—"the best and most beautiful woman in the world."

The doctor took the picture curiously, and a look of deep admiration crossed his face.

"She is very beautiful," he said.

"She loves me," continued his friend, "and she has been waiting long months in vain for tidings of me."

"You cad, you!" spluttered the doctor, choking with wrath, "why have you not written to her? Why did you not let us send word to her when you were sick?"

"Because I could not," said Jason, sadly; "and I cannot now."

He buried his face in his hands and groaned.

"What is it?" asked the doctor, his voice changing to bewildered sympathy.

"You do not understand yet why I never told you anything of my past?"

The doctor shook his head impatiently.

"It was because," said Jason, slowly, looking in his eyes, "because I had forgotten it."

The doctor sprang to his feet with a cry.

"I have heard of such cases," he said, "but I never came across one before."

"Now," said Jason, angrily, "you must drop your professional interest for a personal one, or I will not tell you another word. I object to being considered a 'case,' when my life's happiness depends upon your help."

"Forgive me, Jason," said the doctor; "but possibly the consideration of your 'case' might help to a solution of the problem that seems to exist. But go on: I promise to think of you first as a friend."

"And you will not consider me an impostor because I named myself and constructed a slight biographical outline——"

"And your name is not Jason Hildreth?" demanded the doctor, with increasing astonishment.

"No," was the reply; "my name is Charles de Blainville, and I was born in Paris."

Then Jason told him the story. Occasionally the doctor interrupted him with a question; but for the most part he sat in rapt attention, listening to the strange tale of his friend. Midnight had passed, and since then the clock had struck twice, but they had not noticed it; for when the tale was ended, they talked over many plans for discovering the missing links in the chain of the story and so uniting the strangely sundered destinies of Charles de Blainville and Elizabeth Howard.

III.

As the man called Jason Hildreth had sat alone, looking at the picture on his knee, the life of Charles de Blainville unrolled like a panorama before him. He saw dimly, through the distance of years, a pretty villa in the suburbs of Paris: on the terrace stood a lovely lady, holding a little boy by the hand. The child was himself. A moment more, and a great dog bounded over the fence into the garden, and a gentleman passed through the gate and approached them. The child ran toward him, crying, "*Mon père, mon père.*"

The next thing he remembered was a long and stormy sea-voyage, during which his lovely mamma was lying always in her berth and his father stayed with her, while Annette, the nurse, took him on deck and sometimes scolded and slapped him. Then came a day when his mother held him closely in her arms, while his father wept beside them. Suddenly the arms about him relaxed and the face he kissed was cold.

The next day they wrapped her in a white shroud and read out of a book, while he stood near, grasping his father's hand tightly, for he was afraid. Then they lowered her into the waves, and he would have jumped over to follow her, had they not caught him and held him back.

He remembered no more till he was travelling in the cars with his father over a strange country and trying to understand the unfamiliar speech of the people. Then, with an exultant thrill that was new and distinct from anything he had felt in his other recollections, came the memory of his home,—the home he had known and loved for many years. It was a spacious old stone house, in the midst of great maples, and set on a hill in the suburbs of the city. A low wall of carefully kept hedge surrounded the garden, and the stone walks were bordered with violets and mignonette. There were no other flowers about the house; but across the street was a large private garden belonging to his father, in which were collected plants rare in that climate, such as magnolias, and cacti, and oleanders, planted in large tubs. Adjacent to the house and its grounds was the residence of a prominent judge in the city.

With the memory of these things, distinctly the family annals and traditions returned to his mind. His father had come of an aristocratic but ruined family, and was striving to rebuild its fortunes in the New World, with the hope of returning at some time to his beloved Paris, when he should be able to buy back the ancestral property and restore the family to its former grandeur. It was the one dream of his life, and his son was doubly loved, tenderly for his own sake, and proudly and jealously as the representative of a great line destined to see the restoration of the family fortunes and to pass on the name to future generations.

The name of Armand de Blainville was soon known in the city to which he had come as that of a wealthy man; but judged by his own standard he was yet poor. He owned a large iron-foundry, with a branch in a neighboring city; and a cluster of little cottages not far away on the hill belonged to him.

It was in this place that the little French boy had grown to manhood. He had been both a thoughtful and a happy child, and was never lonely, for he spent long hours in the companionship of his father, and, when his childish impulses moved him, he found playmates in the children of the gardener and the coachman, who lived in the tiny red brick cottages below. He had a little Shetland pony that he rode over the hills, and a faithful dog that accompanied him on his expeditions for nuts and autumn leaves. As he grew older, he chose for companions those of his school-mates whose tastes were congenial with his own; but his father was always his dearest and most appreciated friend. From his earliest childhood he had studied the French classics with his father, and his mind had fed on the tales of the prowess of his ancestors and the glory of his house.

Annette and Lucie, his mother's maid, had stayed with them until Lucie married and Annette died. By this time he had entered college, where he remained for two years. His vacations were spent at home

with his father, for whom he had always felt the deepest affection. He remembered upon these occasions how strangely the English speech of the new servants struck him in his home, where during all his boyhood's years he had heard nothing but the French tongue.

It was during his first vacation that he met Elizabeth Howard. She was visiting in the house that adjoined his father's. The first time he saw her, she was standing in the garden, a slim, graceful figure robed in white, with a dark face of the most exquisite beauty. He stood unseen behind the shrubbery of roses that separated the two gardens, and watched her until she turned at last and went back to the house. Then he sought his father. He found him in the library, engrossed in his favorite volume of Racine. He approached him and took his hand in his affectionate, boyish way.

"Father," he said, "who is the beautiful lady I saw in the garden?"

"It is Miss Howard," was the reply,—"Mrs. Stewart's niece."

"Will you take me to call on her this evening?" the son asked.

"Yes," he answered, simply.

Then he arose, and, placing his hands on his son's shoulders, looked at him with searching eyes, shadowed a little by sadness.

"My son," he said, "you will not leave your father?"

"*Mon père!*" was all the son could say at once. Then he flung his arms around his father's neck.

"Never will I leave you," he cried. "But some time if I should bring you a daughter——"

"And she is of good family and at least moderate fortune, I shall be glad to welcome her. I would rather you should choose a woman of your own people; but I might have foreseen it would be otherwise when I brought you here."

That evening seemed to young de Blainville the opening of the gates of Paradise. The judge and Mrs. Stewart engaged his father in conversation, while Miss Howard discussed with him music and literature and art. They talked, too, with the enthusiasm of youth, of religion, social reform, and the future of the race. They even spoke of love, as something in the abstract, beautiful, and as yet unattained by them. Indeed, there was scarcely a subject upon which they did not touch, from the Hindoo drama and recent advances in the study of bacteriology to the latest improved methods of heating and lighting houses. Miss Howard even tried to converse with him in French, with a charming accent and naïve blunders that delighted him.

Before they went away, his father asked Miss Howard to play for them. Without apology or demur, she sat down at the piano and gave them Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrie." The unearthly sweetness of the music thrilled him as music had never done before. When its last wild notes had died away, the music glided in a dulcet improvisation into the serene rapture of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." The little circle of auditors sat spellbound till the last notes dropped softly into silence. Then Mr. de Blainville asked her to sing.

She rose from the piano, and, taking a guitar from the case, sat down in a low rocker by the window. After a faint, rippling prelude, she began "Die Lorelei." As she sang, her face impassioned with the

weird power of the music, her slender fingers caressing the strings with deft touches, it seemed to the young man who sat watching her that she was "die schönste Jungfrau," who was singing away his soul. But he knew that the comparison was unworthy; for her face was as pure and noble as it was beautiful, and in her clinging white dress she might better have suggested St. Cecilia.

As she rose at their departure, a rose-bud dropped from her hair. He stooped quickly and picked it up.

"May I keep it as a souvenir of this evening's pleasure?" he asked, and she smiled her consent.

After this, there was scarcely a day that he did not see her. There was only a wall of rose-bushes between the two gardens, and Charles soon forgot that it was intended as a dividing line. They read together and talked together, rode horseback and played tennis and took long rides on de Blainville's new tandem bicycle. It was one evening when they were in a row-boat on the river, drifting down with the current, that the young man softly repeated the words,—

"Seele des Menschen,
Wie gleichst du dem Wasser;
Schicksal des Menschen,
Wie gleichst du dem Wind."

"Do you know the words?" he added, softly.

"Yes," she replied: "they are from Goethe. Won't you write them down for me?"

"If you will write the translation under them," he said.

He drew a paper and fountain-pen from his pocket and wrote the words in German script; and under them she wrote the translation:

"Soul of man,
How like the water!
Fate of man,
How like the wind!"

"It is a little free," she said, as she handed it to him, "but it is more poetical than a literal rendering."

Then he claimed the paper as his property, and, despite her laughing protest, put it in his pocket.

His vacation drew near its close, and with it Miss Howard's visit, which had been prolonged far beyond her original intention. One evening, as father and son sat in the library before the lamps were lit, the young man spoke of something that had been in his mind for several weeks past.

"Father," he said, "I should like to give a farewell lawn-party for Elizabeth."

The elder man's eyes sought his son's face in the dusk.

"So you call her Elizabeth," he said, musingly. Then, rousing himself, he addressed his son.

"Excuse me, *mon cher*," he said; "of course your wish shall be carried out."

Armand de Blainville never did things by halves; and the house

and gardens were a dream of beauty the night they were decorated in honor of Elizabeth Howard. Palm-leaves and lace-like ferns from the conservatory adorned the walls; the house was fragrant with tropical lilies and Cape jasmine; rare potted plants and jardinières peeped from corners and nooks among pictures and statuary and fine bric-à-brac. In the garden, platforms had been erected for dancing, and the grounds were brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns and electric lights.

Elizabeth had come over early with her aunt to see the decorations, and Charles had conducted her through the grounds and the house, leaving his father and Mrs. Stewart to follow at their leisure.

Elizabeth had never looked so beautiful to him before. She had abandoned her favorite white and pale shades for an elegant dress of yellow velvet and black lace, that brought out the beauty of her clear dark skin and the splendor of her eyes. Charles knew, from the admiring glance his father had given her, that he thought her worthy of the long line of de Blainvilles. As yet, he himself had spoken no decisive word; he had waited for this night, half with design, and half from hesitation to break the delicious spell of unacknowledged love.

She paused at the threshold of a large room on the second floor, whose walls were covered with portraits, and looked at him inquiringly.

"They are my ancestors," he said, with a smile. "My father thinks more of them than the Roman ever did of his lares and penates."

She stepped into the room with mingled curiosity and awe.

"Do you know what they are to me?" she said, with a half-smile. "They are simply the hereditary forces that have contributed to your personality. For this reason they are interesting."

"How deep is the interest?" he said, with flushing face. But she was absorbed in contemplating the portraits, and did not hear him. There were soldiers and statesmen who had fought bravely and thought wisely for their country; there were famous court beauties and ladies of *salons*.

"What are you thinking?" he said, at last.

"I was thinking," she said, seriously, "that you have a distinguished ancestry, and that you are worthy of it; but it would be inconceivably interesting to trace the line back to the primeval race and see," she added, mischievously, "how the trilobite has developed into the king-crab."

"You do me too much honor," he said, with a mocking bow; "but if I am to be an exponent of the law of evolution, I should prefer, at least, not to be considered crabbed."

She made a grimace over the pun and turned to leave the room; but he caught her hand.

"Elizabeth," he said, desperately, "you have said I was worthy of my ancestry; am I—am I worthy of you?"

Her raillery was gone in a moment: she looked at him with serious eyes.

"What do you mean?" she said, simply.

"I mean that I love you," he cried, drawing her to him passionately.

Two hours later, in the midst of the music and the glare of lights, he led her from the waltz into a cool, retired arbor, where the moonlight fell softly through the rose-leaves on their faces, and, without other words, quoted to her a passage from Browning:

> "You might have turned and tried a man,
> Set him a space to weary and wear,
> And prove which suited more your plan,
> His best of hope or his worst despair,
> Yet end as he began.
>
> But you spared me this, like the heart you are,
> And filled my empty heart at a word."

The next year of his college life passed quickly and happily. Elizabeth's father, a wealthy merchant of a neighboring city, had given his consent to his daughter's marriage, which was to be deferred till Charles had finished his university course. By that time, his father thought, he would have accumulated sufficient for them to return to France and buy back the family estates. Twice during the year, at Christmas and in the spring, Charles had gone to the city where Elizabeth lived and seen her in her home. He was warmly received by her father, a stern, dignified man, who took no trouble to conceal the fact that he felt honored by the proposed alliance.

Thus time passed until, near the close of his second year, Charles was called home by the sudden and serious illness of his father.

He found him lying in his room, emaciated, ghastly, with the shadow of death already upon him. He held out his hand without a smile.

"Have they told you, my boy?" he said.

Charles knelt by the bed and took the wasted hand between his own.

"They told me only that you were sick," he said. "I had hoped you would be better when I came."

"I will never be better," was the response; "but that does not matter so much. There is a heavier calamity than this in store for you. My son, my son," he sobbed, "we are ruined."

Under the shock of the realization of his father's approaching death, any other misfortune seemed of little consequence to the young man.

"*Mon père, mon père,*" he cried, with the old intonation of his boyhood, "it would not matter if I might only have you."

"Ah, Charles," sighed the father, placing his trembling hand on the bowed head of his son, "you do not understand. The de Blainvilles, the family estates——"

His voice sank to a moan. The son did not offer him comfort in words. He knew the dream of his life was broken; and the dreams of the old cannot be restored.

"It was those last unfortunate investments," continued the elder man. "I thought they would bring me threefold returns; instead of that, everything is gone,—everything. I thought our exile was nearly over; instead of that, I am dying in a foreign land."

Moments passed in silence. The odor of mignonette came through the open window; somewhere among the maples a bird called to his mate.

"Charles," the father murmured at last, "I can do nothing but pass on my work to you. Will you promise me, before I die, that you will try——"

"Yes, father," returned the son, pressing the feeble hand that sought his; "I will work for the fulfilment of your hopes,—and for Elizabeth."

"Ah, yes, Elizabeth," sighed the old man. "My poor boy, your misfortune has fallen upon you with double bitterness."

A few days later he died. Nervous prostration and heart-failure, the doctors said; but the son knew he had died of a broken heart.

The day of his father's death he received a letter from Simeon Howard. It stated briefly that, owing to the changed circumstances of the young man, he was to consider an alliance with Mr. Howard's daughter as out of the question. The following day came a letter from Elizabeth. It was full of indignant protest against her father's action, and the assurance of her unaltered affection.

"I will marry you," she said, "though my father should cast me off and we must live in poverty. For what is poverty of the purse to emptiness of the heart?"

"You must be patient, dear," he had written in reply, "till I can win a home for you. I am doubly pledged to success,—for the fulfilment of my father's wishes, and for you."

And so, when he had settled his father's affairs, paying his liabilities to the last cent, and had arranged for the storage of the few personal effects he had not parted with, he took the thousand dollars that remained of his father's fortune and set out for California. There, he thought, would be less competition and a better chance of survival in the struggle.

Elizabeth had come to the train to see him, as he passed through the city where she lived; and, notwithstanding the curious spectators, he had held her a moment in his arms and listened to her broken words of love.

"*Ma petite chérie!*" he called back to her with a choking voice, as the train pulled out of the station and he saw her wave her hand in mute farewell. Then the white-robed figure dimmed and disappeared, and a mist fell before his eyes.

IV.

Such was the life that Jason Hildreth recalled as he sat alone in his room under the gaslight; and thus, with many details, he repeated it to Dr. Richmond. It was perfect, save for one thing: in all his recollections, with the exception of the villa in the suburbs of Paris, there was no locality. What city it was in which he had grown to manhood, what the name of the college he had attended, and where

Elizabeth lived, he did not know. He had a vague idea that his home had been in one of the North Central States; and he remembered that Elizabeth lived half a day's journey west.

On first thought, it seemed to the two friends that it would be easy enough to fill out the blanks in the story. Such a man as Armand de Blainville must have been known in the State in which he lived. It would seem easy enough to locate his iron-foundries, and thus to get the key to the whole situation. Then, too, it would seem easy enough to find the name of Charles de Blainville in the printed college lists of students. So Jason Hildreth, as he was still known to the world, and still called, out of caution, by the doctor, sent for directories and college reports from all parts of the country, and in the evenings the two friends immured themselves in Jason's study and sought for the names of the two de Blainvilles. But in vain. From the larger cities they had gone to the towns and the villages, and from the larger universities to the small colleges. At last, after several weeks of arduous work, they sat one night staring across the table into each other's eyes.

"Are you sure," asked the doctor at length, "are you sure the name is de Blainville? It might be de Mandeville, or de Joinville, or any other kind of a ville."

"I am sure," said Jason, solemnly; "as sure as I am of my existence. For heaven's sake," he added, petulantly, "don't look at me with your professional expression."

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, with a laugh. He was already half convinced that Jason's story was a hallucination. And yet the consistency of it, and the existence of the photograph and the bit of German verse, as well as his friend's undoubted sanity in all matters of daily life, caused him to hold his judgment in suspension.

"There is some mistake in the printed lists," said Jason. "I am going to write to the postmasters of the most probable cities, and send messages to Elizabeth through newspaper personals, and—engage a detective."

"All at once?" queried the doctor, with a smile.

"Well, I will leave the detective for the last resort," returned his friend; "but I have a conviction that it will come to that."

And his fear was correct; but the detective's investigations failed as completely as had all other means of inquiry.

The greatest blow to Jason's hopes was a polite letter he received from a Paris official in answer to a letter of inquiry.

"I regret to inform Monsieur," it said, "that no record can be found of the branch of the de Blainville family that Monsieur represents. I regret also that it has been found impossible to locate the villa of which Monsieur speaks."

"To think," said Jason, when he had read the letter to his friend, "that the family of de Blainville should have dropped out of the memory of people like that. Such a letter as this would have killed my father. It is useless," he added, "to make any more inquiries. I see that I must wait till I am rich enough to travel and locate things myself."

Miss Vaughn began to complain that Jason was neglecting her,

and that he was adding insult to injury by monopolizing the society of the doctor.

"It was very nice to have two nephews," she said to him, reproachfully; "but I decidedly object to having none at all."

They were sitting before the open grate in the back parlor, where a merry fire blazed; for Miss Vaughn had never become sufficiently acclimated to dispense with fire in the rainy weather.

"You must forgive me, dear Miss Vaughn," was the rejoinder; "I have been much troubled of late, or I should not have been so ungrateful to you after all your kindness to me."

"Is it bad news from home?" she said, gently, looking up with her quick sympathy.

For one moment, Jason was tempted to tell her his troubles; but he restrained himself. He knew his story would grieve her; at the same time, he felt that his secret was safer with the doctor as his sole confidant. So he answered her evasively.

"It is worse than that," he said: "it is no news at all."

"But, my dear boy, no news is good news," she hastened to rejoin; "and, besides, you told me that you had no home ties."

"No immediate family," Jason admitted; "but friends in whom I am interested."

Miss Vaughn frowned slightly and looked in the glowing coals. She was not without the match-making propensity of her sex, and had in her mind at that moment a charming girl of her acquaintance, who was a millionaire in her own right.

"You need society to divert you," she said. "You must go to Mrs. Edwards's musicale to-morrow. I want you to meet her niece, Miss Gordon, of Los Angeles. You would certainly please each other."

He saw the drift of her thought, and recoiled from it. In his highly wrought state, the mere suggestion seemed like sacrilege to the memory of Elizabeth.

"You are very kind," he said, rising; "but I hardly think I shall be able to go. I have important business to attend to."

And he left her a little piqued at the frustration of her plans.

The days and weeks passed monotonously for him, yet filled with a feverish expectation and impatience. The mystery surrounding his life absorbed his thoughts and cast a shadow on the pleasures of the brief months of utter forgetfulness. His books and his scientific investigations no longer interested him; his work had become a burden. He would go out to the Park or the Cliff House alone and wander about for hours, with head bent and hands clasped behind him; or he would sit on a bench in one of the city squares, absorbed in thought, until the doctor, or some other acquaintance, chanced to pass and to banter him on his preoccupation.

Gradually hope died out of his heart, and a settled apathy seemed to possess him. The doctor urged him to throw it off, insisted upon taking him to places of amusement, and forced him to give some attention to his favorite studies. But there were always protests and cynical reflections on the vanities of life, where formerly there had been nothing but good-natured compliance and the zest of enjoyment.

"To think," he said bitterly to the doctor one day, "that I should remember the entire middle voice of my Greek verbs and forget the name of the place where Elizabeth lives."

And with this commentary on the value of learning he pushed his books impatiently away and looked despairingly at his friend.

"Come with me to-night to see 'The Three Guardsmen,'" was the only response; and, in lieu of anything else to occupy his thoughts, Jason consented.

A year had now passed since Jason's memory of his life returned to him; and in all that time no incident had occurred to confirm his recollections or put him on the track of discovery. But as he was sitting in the theatre with Dr. Richmond, something happened to rouse his crushed hopes and instigate him to fresh investigations.

In spite of himself, his attention had become fixed upon the stage, and it was only between the acts that he suffered it to wander about the house. He bowed to Mrs. Edwards and Miss Gordon, to whom Miss Vaughn had at last succeeded in introducing him; but he glanced away and did not see the motion inviting him to their box.

As his eyes passed carelessly over the throng, he chanced to glance in a large mirror on one of the side walls of the room. Two ladies had risen and were leaving the house.

"Come," he cried, grasping his friend's arm so excitedly that the latter winced: "Elizabeth is walking down the aisle."

"Are you crazy?" muttered the doctor; for the curtain was rising, and he was greatly interested in the play.

"Look in the mirror," returned his friend, as he pushed by him impatiently: "the tall dark girl in black."

The doctor looked in the direction indicated, and started as he saw the reflection of what was surely the original of the photograph of Elizabeth. He snatched up his overcoat and hastily followed his friend. He found Jason standing in front of the door, staring down the street disconsolately.

"I have missed her," he said, in despair. "A carriage drove away just as I got to the door. It must have been theirs."

He would not rest until he had procured a messenger-boy and sent to the papers personals addressed to E. H. and signed C. de B. The next morning he examined the leading hotel registers for the name of Elizabeth Howard, but without success.

Two days later, as the two friends were walking up a residence street, a little before midnight, on their way home from the club, they passed a house, faintly lighted up, from which issued the sound of a piano. Jason stopped in front of the door as the familiar chords fell upon his ear; and just then a sweet voice began, "Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten." He would have sworn it was Elizabeth singing "Die Lorelei."

He sprang up the steps and had his hand on the bell, when he was pulled back by his cooler-headed friend.

"What are you doing?" the doctor demanded, sharply.

"It is Elizabeth," gasped Jason.

"Well, suppose it is," said his friend; "you cannot ring at this

hour of the night. Look at the number of the house, and come to-morrow morning to see about it."

Jason stood a moment irresolute, then turned and walked away with his friend. As they passed out of the glare of the electric light into the shadows of the street, he heard the sweet voice singing,—

"Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn."

"Oh, God!" he groaned; "if the waves should destroy my little bark before——"

Then the bit of German verse she had translated broke in upon his thought, and he murmured,—

"Soul of man,
How like the water!
Fate of man,
How like the wind!"

His broken dreams that night were full of visions. Elizabeth, like the Lorelei, sat on the rocks above the swift current of the Rhine; but the locks she combed were raven instead of gold. And as she sat singing, he tried in vain to steer to her his little boat against the current; and all the while the black waves were saying to him, in mournful human voices,—

"Soul of man,
How like the water!"

And the wind moaned about him, with a despairing cry,—

"Fate of man,
How like the wind!"

Then, as he forced his way across the waves at last, and his frail bark shivered on the rocks, the beautiful woman bent over him with mocking laughter and cried, "I am not Elizabeth Howard; I am only the Lorelei," and her black tresses turned to locks of gold, and her dark eyes to cold blue, like the sea.

He rose at daybreak. The time of waiting till a suitable hour to call seemed interminable to him. Then he was afraid that he would lose her at the last,—that she would elude him like the Lorelei of his dream. He lingered over his toilet, looking anxiously at the face reflected in the glass.

"I wonder if she will find me changed," he thought. "I certainly look older than I should be. Probably the sickness and the anxiety over the mystery have been the cause of that."

He never doubted that she had been true to him and would be rejoiced to see him. How she came to be in San Francisco he could not imagine. He did not remember ever to have seen before the lady that was with her at the theatre. Was it possible, could it be, that she had found his silence insupportable, and had come to San Francisco to find him? His heart beat fast at the thought.

He went to the restaurant where he usually breakfasted, and played absently with his fork and spoon till his coffee and steak grew cold. He did not look at the morning paper, except to glance at the personal notes and advertisements. His personal to E. H. had not been answered.

At last, after numerous consultations of his watch, he decided that he might venture to go to the house.

He found it a private boarding-house on the corner of two hilly streets. His ring was answered by a colored boy.

"Is Miss Elizabeth Howard in?" he asked.

"No, sah," was the instant reply; "I don't know the lady, sah."

"Are you sure she does not board here?" exclaimed Jason, in surprise.

"Sure, sah," the boy said.

"I would like to see the lady of the house," said the bewildered young man.

The boy conducted him into a sitting-room opening out of the vestibule. He sat down by the window and looked about him, mentally condemning the conventionalities that delayed even for a few moments his meeting with Elizabeth. On the opposite side of the room stood a grand piano, littered with music, as though it had been recently used. While he was wondering if he could find "Die Lorelei" among the scattered sheets, the landlady entered, a pretty little woman, who looked at him inquiringly.

"I understood from your boy," said Jason, "that Miss Elizabeth Howard does not board here."

"No," was the reply, "I have no boarder of that name."

"But she was here last night," insisted Jason, "and perhaps you will be able to give me her address."

"If she was here last night," the landlady replied, "she must have been calling on Mrs. Hanford. I heard Mrs. Hanford singing quite late. But I have never heard her speak of the lady you mention."

"Can I see Mrs. Hanford?" inquired Jason, eagerly, and, as he spoke, the name stirred him faintly with a thrill of memory.

"I am sorry," said the landlady, "but she and her aunt went to Pacific Grove on the early train this morning. They are making a tour of the State."

"And you can tell me nothing of Miss Howard?" asked Jason, struggling to suppress his disappointment.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Do you know Mrs. Hanford's address at Pacific Grove?" he asked.

"I think she intends to stay at the El Carmelo Hotel for a while," answered the landlady, "and at the Del Monte later."

In less than an hour after Jason left the house, he stood in the Fourth and Townsend Street dépôt, satchel in hand, waiting for the train. He had obtained leave of absence from the office on the plea of urgent business; but he had found no time to send word to the doctor of his plans.

As he sat in the train, impatient of the time that must intervene

before he might hope to hear of Elizabeth, he did not regret his impulsive action. True, he reflected, he might have written to Mrs. Hanford and asked her for Elizabeth's address; and if she were still in the city he would probably be able to see her as soon as he could hope to by following the plan he had adopted. But he had no certainty that Mrs. Hanford, in the change and excitement of travel, would reply to the letter of a stranger; and, besides, in his present state of nervous tension, it seemed impossible to him to sit down and wait calmly for the occurrence of events. He craved action and longed to assist the progress of his destiny.

Through the beautiful country that lies south of San Francisco, with its orchards and vineyards and its prosperous little towns, through the fertile sweep of the Santa Clara valley, where the air grew warm and balmy with the breath of summer, that is chilled before it reaches the city on its mist-hung hills, through its metropolis, beautiful San José, the Garden City of the West, on into the wilder ways and the spicier air of the northern coast of the county of Monterey, he passed with unseeing eyes. The passengers on the train were chiefly pleasure-seekers who were going in parties to their favorite coast resorts; and the silent man, with his impatient, preoccupied air, sat among them alone with his strange thoughts. Even the beauties of Del Monte, the high tower and gabled roofs of the hotel rising above the foliage of the magnificent grounds, in which the wonders of nature and of art had been marvellously combined, aroused him only to the thought that he was near his journey's end.

It was evening when he reached Pacific Grove; a cold, foggy evening, with the wind blowing from the bay. He scanned eagerly the faces of the people that crowded the little station, summer visitors, most of them, who had come from the hot valleys to enjoy the cool air and the sea-baths of the resort. The face that he looked for with wild, unreasoning hope was not there.

He took the El Carmelo cab and was soon jolting over the road between rows of white tents and pretty cottages to the hotel. As he jumped from the carriage he glanced rapidly over the long veranda, where people were sitting alone and in groups, absorbed in idle meditation, or chatting together with the easy familiarity of a sea-side hotel. But the face he sought was not there.

He went into the office and engaged a room. As he bent over the register to write his name, he started back with a smothered cry of surprise. The last name on the page was Mrs. Laurence Hanford, in the handwriting of Elizabeth Howard. He drew the scrap of German verse surreptitiously from his pocket and compared the writing of the translation with that in the register. They were indisputably the same. Again the name struck some hidden chord of memory; and this time an explanation of its familiarity forced itself with sickening certainty upon his mind. Laurence Hanford must be some one whom Elizabeth had known and whose name she had mentioned to him in the days of their courtship. Then, after his own disappearance, as time went on and she heard nothing of him, she had thought him false or perhaps dead, and had suffered herself to be consoled by her old friend.

He stopped with the pen poised in the air. Perhaps there was some mistake. Perhaps Elizabeth was in the hotel and had registered for her friend. Women do not like to write with their gloves on, he reflected, grasping at the pitiable straw.

"Is Miss Elizabeth Howard in the hotel?" he asked the clerk.

"No; I do not know the lady," was the reply.

"And Mrs. Hanford," continued Jason, with some hesitation, "did she write her name herself?"

"Yes," said the clerk, a little impatiently. "She registered for herself and the other lady. They came this morning."

Jason glanced at the name above, Mrs. Gerald Matheson, and saw that it was in the same familiar writing.

"What does Mrs. Hanford look like?" Jason went on, regardless of the clerk's look of surprise.

"She is dark and very handsome," was the curt reply, as his interlocutor wrote the name of Jason Hildreth under that of Mrs. Hanford.

Jason went to his room, uncertain what to do. He must know—he must find out—if Mrs. Hanford was Elizabeth Howard.

"If she has forgotten me so soon," he muttered, "if she has married so soon after her vow of love till death,—and after death,—then henceforth I shall be Jason Hildreth to the world. My father is dead; let the line of de Blainville die with him. Elizabeth is dead to me. There is no link to hold me to the past. I will live a new life under a new name."

Then all his soul rose in protest against the thought.

"She is not untrue," he said; "she cannot be untrue. There is some terrible mistake. Oh, Elizabeth, my love, my love!"

He buried his face in his hands and groaned.

Meantime, Mrs. Laurence Hanford sat by the window in her room, looking absently out upon the plat of flowers in front of the hotel. Her face was pensive to sadness, but with its broad low brow and brilliant black eyes was extremely beautiful. A recent novel she had been making pretence of reading had fallen face down on the floor; her hands, on which flashed several rare jewels, were clasped loosely in her lap. She had sat thus for many moments without speaking.

Her aunt, who was arranging some flowers in a vase on the table, broke the silence a little impatiently.

"I don't know what is the matter with you lately, my dear," she said, "you are so *distraite*."

The younger woman turned her head with a slight start, and, bending over, picked up the neglected book and laid it on the table.

"I cannot help thinking, Aunt Flora," she replied, "of the personal in the San Francisco papers. The initials were E. H. and C. de B. They might stand for Elizabeth Howard and Charles de Blainville. It is very strange."

"You have the most fantastic imagination in the world," said her aunt, with evident annoyance. "It may be a coincidence; it cannot possibly be anything more."

Mrs. Matheson was stout and blonde; and her fair face flushed as

she spoke. Mrs. Hanford noticed it, and wondered at herself for taking cognizance of such trifles.

"But he called her '*ma petite chérie*,'" she persisted. "I wish I had answered it."

"Well," ejaculated Mrs. Matheson, "I do not understand you. A widow still in black and answering newspaper advertisements——"

"Aunt," cried her niece, rising, with flashing eyes, "you know it is because I think this may be in some way connected——"

But her passion subsided in a burst of tears. The elder woman dropped her flowers, and, going to her niece, put her arms about the sobbing form and drew it to her breast.

"Forgive me, my dear," she said. "I should remember how you have suffered."

V.

Half a dozen different plans of action had suggested themselves to Jason Hildreth during the long hours he lay awake that night. He thought he would send Mrs. Hanford his card and ask for an interview; then he had decided to send simply the name, Charles de Blainville: at last, however, he decided to leave the meeting to chance, and meanwhile to see Mrs. Hanford before she knew of his presence. Were she indeed Elizabeth, if he should present himself unexpectedly to her she would certainly betray to him her indifference or her love.

Accordingly, he breakfasted early, before the ladies were downstairs, and ensconced himself with a book and a cigar in a shady nook of the veranda. He drew his hat down over his face, and depended upon his beard, which he was sure he had not worn before his sickness, as sufficient disguise until he chose to reveal himself.

His neighbor at the *table d'hôte* soon joined him, and accepted the cigar Jason offered him. He was a slight, blond man, young and somewhat flippant. Jason instinctively disliked him, but it was not worth while to be rude to him; besides, he might give him some information; for Jason had already discovered that he was familiar with the gossip of the place. He therefore greeted him pleasantly, and was immediately rewarded for his trouble.

"Have you seen the rich widow?" the new-comer asked, carelessly, as he sank lazily into a huge rocker and crossed his feet on the balustrade of the veranda.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Jason, quickly.

"Mrs. Hanford," his companion rejoined. "She came down yesterday, and is already making quite a furor. She's confoundedly handsome, and they say the ducats count up handsomely too. I've a notion to go in for her myself."

The speaker smiled complacently: Jason could have struck him for his insolence.

"By George, there she comes now," the young man added, looking toward the door.

Jason looked up: as he did so, his heart gave a leap, and then stood

still. In an instant he had recognized the younger of the two ladies who came out on the veranda. She was tall and dark, with broad low brow and brilliant eyes. She was dressed in black, and the beautiful face wore an expression of sadness he had never seen on it before.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" his heart cried out; but he controlled himself. As the two ladies crossed the veranda and sauntered slowly down the street, he turned to his companion.

"Did her money come from her husband?" he asked.

"Yes," was the response. "They say he lived only a short time after he married her. She has been a widow a year or so."

"She must have married shortly after I came away," thought Jason, bitterly, "and for money. And yet she could speak to me of preferring poverty of the purse to emptiness of the heart."

His companion talked on, detailing the hotel gossip, as from time to time different guests appeared and either settled themselves on the long veranda or followed Mrs. Hanford and her companion down the street toward the beach; but Jason did not hear him. Becoming aware of his inattention by his companion's impatient repetition of a question, he excused himself and started down toward the bay.

"Queer fish," said the young man to himself, as he watched Jason's figure disappear down the street. "Struck by the widow, too, evidently; but it must have been a lightning-stroke."

He shrugged his shoulders, and sauntered over to a group of girls who were posing in various attitudes in the veranda rocking-chairs.

Meantime Jason had reached the bluff above the bathing beach and looked down on the scene below.

It was full of animation and the unconscious abandon of idleness and pleasure. The water rolled in softly lapping waves on the little curving stretch of sand shut in by jutting rocks; beyond, to the left, the cliff of Lovers' Point projected into the bay; away to the right, beyond Mussel Point, glimmered in the uncertain sunlight the white coast of Monterey. From the lookout and the bath-house broke the sound of merry voices; the beach itself was filled with people, sitting or lying on the sand and watching the bathers. In an instant Jason had recognized Elizabeth and her aunt, at the farther end of the beach, the latter seated with her back against a rock, and Elizabeth lying on the sand with her head in the older woman's lap. He felt a strange tightening of the heart; and he passed on, for he wanted to be alone.

He passed several beaches and a succession of high cliffs, wandering on till he came to the natural arch of stone a mile or two out of the town. It was high tide; the waters billowed and roared through the great gate-way of the rocks; while beyond, on the foam-capped waves, floated two tiny boats, with white sails gleaming in the sun.

Jason sat down on a projecting rock, with his face turned seaward. His mood was in sympathy with the weird loneliness of his surroundings: the surge of the tide, broken by the massive passage through which it rolled; the low wail of the wind; the hoarse shriek of the sea-gull that skimmed over the surface of the water, its shadow fluctuating in the waves below. It seemed to him that the whole world was

sad and full of mist, and that all lives, which had once appeared to him so many opportunities of unutterable joy, had become hopeless tragedies.

He did not know how long he had been sitting thus, sunk in bitter thought, when he heard voices behind him, on the path above. He listened with strained attention and fast-beating heart. Elizabeth was speaking.

"I love the sea," she said; "and yet it seems to me the materialization of all the sadness of the world. The lap of the tide and the sweep of the wind are like the voice of the *Zeitgeist*, the time-spirit, in sorrow. Then, too, it suggests the uncertainty of the eternities, before and after our little span of life."

She paused a moment, then, in low, tense tones, repeated the familiar words,—

"Seele des Menschen,
Wie gleichst du dem Wasser;
Schicksal des Menschen,
Wie gleichst du dem Wind."

Jason bent his head lower over his breast, and a dry sob shook his form. Oh, the irony of her remembering those words, when she had ceased to love him!

"You are too sad for so young a woman, my dear," a calm voice broke the silence.

"But don't you know," the familiar voice continued, "again these seas seem to me like the visible barrier of death, beyond which *he* is waiting for me. Oh, my love, my love, all others were shadows to me when you came; you were the only reality, the only one I ever truly loved."

Her voice thrilled with passion and despair, and every word fell on the heart of Jason like the blow of a lash.

"But, my child," persisted her aunt, "you are young and rich and beautiful. It cannot be that love will remain forever shut out of your life. Sorrow softens with time, and I am sure there is happiness yet in store for you."

"Aunt Flora," her companion broke in vehemently, "never suggest that to me again. The thought of a second marriage is hateful to me: my love will always be with the dead."

"Hush, hush, my dear," the elder lady interposed; "there is a man down there on the rocks."

And the man sat with head bent on his breast till he heard their voices and their footsteps die away in the distance. Then he rose wearily and started back toward the town.

"It is all over," he said to himself; "it is all over."

He drew a folded paper from his pocket, and, tearing it in two, gave the pieces to the wind. An hour later, he sat in the San Francisco train and watched the curving shore-line disappear in a curtain of mist.

At the same time, Mrs. Laurence Hanford and her aunt, returning from the light-house, stopped again at the arch. They descended from the bank above, and, while Mrs. Matheson sat on the rocks, the younger

lady climbed to the top of the arch, and sat there, breathing in the full breath of the wind. Her mood had changed; she had given way to the wild exhilaration that some natures experience from the influence of the sea. A great wave broke on the rocks, and a faint spray blew in her face.

"I feel like a stormy petrel," she cried: "I should like to ride the foam and fly in the wake of the wind."

Her aunt smiled at her enthusiasm, pleased with the rich color that had mounted in her cheeks.

At last she descended from her somewhat dangerous perch, jumping lightly over the rocks till she stood by her aunt's side.

"This is where our solitary man was sitting," she said, "absorbed in dreams. I wonder what he was thinking of."

Her aunt rose, and they started toward the bank above.

"What is this?" said the young lady, lightly, as she stooped and picked up two pieces of paper that had lodged between the rocks. She fitted the pieces together and looked at the words. Suddenly the roar of the sea seemed to deepen and thunder in her ears; the arch, the water, and the curving shore circled about her till they became like wheels of fire.

"My God!" she gasped, as she sank down on the rocks with the pieces of paper clutched convulsively in her hands.

"What is it?" cried her aunt, running to her and putting her arm around her trembling form.

"This," was the reply, as Mrs. Hanford held the scraps of paper toward her aunt. "His writing and mine. We wrote it one night on the river, in the boat,—'Seele des Menschen'——"

Her voice became choked; she stopped and stared wildly at her aunt.

"What can it mean?" she went on. "I cannot think. It cannot be—that man; at least he must have known—— Oh, auntie, auntie, tell me what to do."

That night, as Dr. Richmond sat in his study, reading the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he was startled by the opening of the door behind him. He looked back, and jumped to his feet with a cry. Jason Hildreth stood before him, with drawn, white face, and eyes that were set and expressionless as the eyes of the dead. The doctor had to shake himself to get rid of the illusion that it was only the apparition of his friend that stood before him.

"What have you been doing to yourself, man?" he cried, as he seized him by the arms and drew him toward an easy-chair.

Jason sat down mechanically and looked at his friend with his terrible, lifeless eyes.

"It is all over," he said. "She married another man. He is dead, but his memory is to her the only reality."

The doctor stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Don't you understand?" said Jason, in a tone as cold and expressionless as his eyes. "I am Charles de Blainville no more. I am Jason Hildreth, without a future and without a past."

VI.

One evening, as the doctor sat in his study reading an evening paper, his eye was suddenly arrested by two familiar names. He started with surprise and read the paragraph through; then, folding the paper and putting it in his pocket, he rose, put on his overcoat and hat, and started rapidly down the street. Ten minutes later he burst in upon Jason Hildreth, who was sitting at his desk with a pile of manuscript before him.

"What are you doing?" he asked, for a moment diverted from the object of his visit. "Copy?"

"No," said Jason, looking up with a smile. "It is something—different."

The face, though smiling, was sad, and greatly changed in the last few days. It smote the doctor's heart with a pang of pity.

"May I see it?" he asked, nodding toward the pile of closely written sheets.

"Yes," said Jason, as he handed them to his friend: "I shall want your criticism."

"'A Lorelei of the Hills,'" read Dr. Richmond, glancing at the first page. "What is it?"

Jason smiled again, a little bitterly.

"It is the story of a maiden," he said, "who sang away a man's heart and soul; and when he became poor and went away to seek his fortune for her, she vowed to him eternal fidelity. Then, in his sickness and in the silence that came with it, she forgot him, and married for money; and soon the love of her husband stirred in her heart a reflex emotion that she called love. But the knight of the shekels died, and then her heart turned with a vain yearning to her first love. But he, not knowing of her inconstancy, had retained in his heart the image of his ideal. He saw her again, without her knowledge, and learned of her marriage. Then the image of his ideal, the idol he had worshipped, is broken; and henceforth the face of his beloved is to him the face of the Lorelei who has wrecked his life. He goes away, unknown to her, and, taking a new name, begins a new life. Under his new name he wins fame and fortune, but never happiness. He is a painter, and his first great picture is the Lorelei, with the face of his false love. She knows and loves his work, and pierces through his disguise. But her late yearning cannot bridge the gulf of disenchantment, and her pride preserves the secret of his identity. After many years of silence between them, they die the distance of a continent apart, and are buried on the shores of different seas."

He paused and looked questioningly in his companion's face.

"Jason Hildreth," said the doctor, sententiously, "you are a fool."

"Why," said Jason, in bewildered surprise, "what is the matter? Is not the plot good?"

"The plot does very well—for a novel; and I do not doubt this is well written," he said, impatiently, as he laid the manuscript on the table. "But in real life I hope the hero will think more kindly of the woman he loves, and not throw away his chances of happiness."

"What do you mean?" demanded Jason. "What chances of happiness has the hero in real life?"

For answer, Dr. Richmond drew the paper from his pocket and pointed to the paragraph that had so excited him.

Jason looked at it and read,—

"If C. de B. wishes to communicate with E. Howard, he can do so by addressing his communication to Pacific Grove."

Jason laid the paper down without a word. The doctor waited a moment for him to speak, then broke the silence impetuously.

"You will answer it, of course?" he said.

"No," said Jason, slowly; "I shall not answer it."

"You do not mean that you will throw away your happiness now that you have so miraculously found it, do you?" said the doctor, in amazement.

"I have found no happiness, nor chance of happiness," was the reply. "It is of no use to try to restore the illusions of the past: my love is only a broken dream."

"But you are not fair to Elizabeth," persisted her champion. "She doubtless believed you dead and yielded to the pressure of her father's influence when she married."

Jason did not reply.

"Doubtless she loves you still, or would love you as of old, if you would give her the opportunity to do so."

But Jason shook his head; he remembered the impassioned words he had heard her utter at the arch.

"Why, man," continued his friend, "you surely would not expect a woman to remain all her life true to the dead?"

"Yes," said Jason, slowly, "if the woman was Elizabeth."

The doctor looked at him in impatient despair.

"I have an engagement and must go," he said, rising; "but promise me that you will answer the advertisement. You can at least locate your old home and get on the track of all your previous history."

Again Jason shook his head.

"It does not matter now," he said. "The old life is dead beyond recall. Let its memories die with it."

"But you will promise to answer the personal—to please me?"

Jason looked at him.

"Yes," he said, "if you wish it so much, I will promise to answer."

When the doctor had gone, Jason drew a sheet of paper toward him and began writing his reply. Again and again he tried to frame his thoughts in words; and again and again he tore the paper to scraps and committed them to the waste-basket. Now he wrote her a letter of forgiveness and an ardent declaration of his love, and again a torrent of reproaches and a prayer for explanation of the strange events that had occurred since he had parted from her. Sometimes he was cold, sometimes chiding, and again sneering and sarcastic. Sometimes he besought her wildly to be his; sometimes he claimed her, and again spurned her with scorn. At last, however, pride and the de-

spairing thought that she was in truth no longer his dictated the final reply:

"Let the Lorelei sit on the rocks alone and sing her enchanting songs in vain. Charles de Blainville can no longer be of interest to Elizabeth Howard. He is only a shadow before the reality of him she has lost. Besides, he is poor; and one cannot expect a woman to prefer poverty of the purse to emptiness of the heart. Henceforth he has ceased to exist. Under a new name, he lives a new life in which the history of the past has no part. Let him be forgotten, for his fate is like the wind."

He copied the letter on a typewriter that stood on a little table beside his desk, and enclosed it in an envelope, also addressed on the machine.

When he had finished his task, he pushed back his chair with a sudden thought. He was invited to a reception that evening, and he would go. It was true he had sent regrets, but he could offer the explanation of a sudden change in his plans, and he was sure of a warm welcome from the hostess.

Half an hour later he started out. It was a cold, foggy night. Turning up the collar of his great-coat, he walked briskly against the wind. He stopped at the nearest mail-box and deposited the fateful letter. Then he hurried on, not giving himself time for thought of the consequences.

"So you came, after all," was the doctor's greeting a few moments later, when he found himself face to face with Jason Hildreth in the bay-window of Mrs. Givens's front drawing-room.

"Yes," said his friend, "I changed my mind. You see," he added, in a confidential aside, "I'm after material. I'm going to satirize modern society."

"Indeed!" laughed the doctor. "I wish you success."

"Oh! you are here, you naughty boy," said a soft voice in his ear; and, turning, he saw Miss Vaughn, lovely in gray silk and soft old lace. She slipped her hand in his arm and led him away.

"I want you to see Miss Gordon," she went on: "she is charming to-night."

"I suppose that means," commented Jason, "that she has a new Parisian costume."

"How ridiculous you can be!" was the laughing rejoinder.

The next moment the doctor, glancing across the room, and missing half of the sentence his *vis-à-vis* was addressing to him, suppressed a chuckle as he saw his friend engaged in animated conversation with Miss Gordon.

"He has gone to the right place for his material," was his mental comment.

Afterward Miss Gordon reported the conversation to her aunt as the most delightfully atrocious she had ever had with him.

"He said that social functions were a farce," she declared, gleefully, "and that the very use of the word function in such a connection was evidence of the deterioration of the race. He said that Signor Cristoni, who played so beautifully, was advertising himself, and that Mrs.

Givens, in securing him, was actuated by the noble motive of surpassing Mrs. March, who had Mr. Vore, the wild-eyed sculptor, at her last At Home. He informed me, too, that the men and women there were on dress parade both literally and figuratively,—and he looked pointedly at my new gown as he said it,—and that you might meet a person every week in society for a lifetime and know no more of his real nature than of that of a resident of the antipodes."

"Was that all?" said her aunt, anxiously, for she was always on the watch for impecunious suitors, and sometimes remarked plaintively that she did not think it right that fortuneless young men should be received in good society.

"If you mean to ask if he paid me any especial attention," laughed her niece, "he didn't; but he devoted a good deal of attention to my sex. He said that usually a woman didn't have a heart; but if she did, she wore it in some conspicuous place, and if she gave it away she could easily replace it. He said it wasn't the fad for women to have hearts now, anyway; they belonged to a past epoch, the days of chivalry and the times of Fielding. He even made a sarcastic allusion to the spinning-wheel and the bicycle,—the old wheel in the garret and the new wheel on the street. I remember that I muttered something incoherent about wheels in our heads. But I'd like to know what he knows about women's hearts; I don't believe he has any heart himself; he's as cold as an iceberg." And there was a suspicion of annoyance in the voice at the last words.

Jason himself, in the loneliness of his room, thought of the evening's pleasure with a sense of disgust. He had gone out to get away from himself, from his bitter thoughts and intolerable sense of loss. He had gone with a reckless desire of abandoning himself to whatever pleasure might fall in his way; and the gayety and frivolity he had seen had struck back like blows on his heart. The world was nothing but vanity of vanities, without Elizabeth; all other women were unreal and insignificant in comparison with her. No one else had ever possessed her sweetness of disposition, her force of character, her beauty. No other woman had ever measured the heights and depths of love as she had done. No one else could ever thrill every fibre of his being with so intense a realization of life in its completeness. And yet she was false to him. The foundations of the universe seemed fallen away from beneath his feet.

The next evening Mrs. Laurence Hanford stood in the long line at the post-office that stretched from the delivery window far out into the street. The evening mail was just in, and post-office and street were full of the idle chatter of the waiting crowd.

Mrs. Hanford bowed and smiled and chatted with the rest; but the action was automatic and mechanical. All the while she was repeating to herself "Will he write? will he write?" with painful reiteration. Then, as the line advanced, and she drew nearer to the window, the words changed to "Has he written? has he written?" They grew so loud that they blotted out the sounds about her; and as she stood before the window at last, a loud roaring sounded in her ears. She took the letter that was handed out to her, and looked at the ad-

dress. It was "E. Howard, Pacific Grove." But the typewritten letters struck a cold chill to her heart.

She had not realized before how much she had hung upon this hope. A thousand times she had said to herself, "It cannot be he." But the words had not been sufficient to uproot the strange idea that had sprung up in her mind. Her aunt could not call the episode of the German verse coincidence, but she did call it accident.

"It is some one that has known him," she said; "and in some way the paper came into his hands."

"But the personal, aunt?" Mrs. Hanford protested.

"Well, if the same man wrote the personal," was the reply, "which I do not admit, either he has some message for you, or he is playing a game too deep for us."

Now, as she walked back to the hotel, with the mysterious missive in her hand, she reflected sadly on the plausibility of her aunt's theory.

"Surely, if it was he," she said to herself, "he would have written in his own hand."

Her aunt was waiting for her on the veranda.

"Any mail?" she asked.

"Only one letter—for myself," said Mrs. Hanford.

She passed on into the hotel and went to her own room. She wanted to be alone when she read it.

An hour later, her aunt found her lying on the bed, tearless, but with a face of despair. She did not look up as her aunt entered the room.

"It was he," she said, listlessly. "He no longer loves me, he no longer wants me; he wishes to live a new life under a new name."

"What do you mean, child?" exclaimed her aunt.

"Read the letter on the table," was the only reply.

When Mrs. Matheson had done so, she turned to her niece with indignant surprise.

"And you think he wrote that?" she said. "It is clear to me that it is some adventurer who is working a scheme we do not understand. He probably wants your money."

"But the allusions, aunt," protested Mrs. Hanford. "No one else could have known them."

"Not unless he had been told," said Mrs. Matheson. "It is patent that your correspondent is a traitorous confidant of the man he is seeking to personate."

Mrs. Hanford shook her head.

"It is true," she said, with sad conviction; "I am sure it is true."

"Will you answer it?" asked her aunt.

"How can I," was the response, "when there is no address? But I shall put a personal in the paper that there are financial reasons why he should reveal himself. He should have his money."

She stopped speaking and turned her face to the wall. Her aunt sat helplessly by the window, staring out upon the flower-plat and the people returning in groups from the post-office. Laughter and merry voices came up to them from the street below.

VII.

Jason Hildreth did not answer the personal that appeared in the papers referring to his financial interests.

"What is the use?" he said to the doctor, who importuned him to reply to it. "It is only a ruse, for I know I have nothing."

"But your father may have had property in France of which you know nothing; or some relative may have died and left you money."

"Granting the possibility of such a thing," said Jason, "it does not matter to me. I have enough to live on, and I no longer care to return to my old home." And he remained inexorable to all the doctor's logic and pleading.

Mrs. Hanford, waiting in vain for an answer to her advertisement, came gradually to adopt her aunt's theory that the man was an adventurer and had found it impossible to put his scheme, whatever it might be, in operation. Haunted by the fear that he might be shadowing her for some as yet undeveloped purpose, she left the Grove, and, after making a hurried trip to Southern California, returned East.

Jason, however, ignorant of her movements, was never free from the thought that some time he might meet her face to face on the street. He began to look for her among the crowd; more than once he had pursued a figure in the distance, only to find himself deceived. What he would do if he should chance to encounter her, he had not decided; but he could never resist the unreasoning impulse to follow up any fallacious resemblance that presented itself. At the theatre, he forgot the stage and the people about him, to stare hopelessly in the mirror where he had first seen her face. He never entered a drawing-room without glancing hastily about to see if some trick of fate had not brought her again within his reach.

But time passed on, and nothing more was heard of Elizabeth. Jason had become grave and a little sad; and his friends complained that his literary work took him away too much from their society. The only social functions he regarded were Mrs. Ellery's At Homes, where he acquired a new reputation for quiet sarcasm, and the meetings of the Criterion Club, where he presented papers so pessimistic that even the socialist was startled. The only lady upon whom he called was Miss Vaughn. Even to the doctor he never spoke of the past.

His novel was successful, and his name began to appear in the leading magazines, chiefly over descriptive and out-door articles, the material for which was drawn from the mountains and valleys and coast of California. Thus three years went by before he came to another turning-point in his life.

It was on a bleak and foggy day that the doctor, alighting from his buggy to enter the house of a patient, and holding his head down against the sweep of the wind, stumbled against his old friend. Jason looked up with mild reproach as the doctor began an incoherent apology.

"Come up to my rooms when you get through your rounds," he said: "I am going to sail for Brazil to-morrow."

The doctor whistled his astonishment.

"What's up?" he said.

"A series of descriptive articles for the —— Magazine," was the response.

The doctor grasped his friend's hand and began voluble congratulations. Jason smiled a little sadly.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "once I would have cared for the honor; now it does not matter."

"It is the one chance you needed to wake you from your indifference to life," said the doctor, sharply, "and I advise you to improve it. I wish," he added, with a malicious after-thought, "I could force you to go through the hospital with me and see the poor fellows there that would jump at your chance of longevity."

He sprang up the steps and rang the bell; and as Jason walked slowly down the street, he heard his cheerful voice at the door.

That afternoon Jason received a summons from Miss Vaughn to come to her.

"Of course I meant to run in to say good-by," he protested, as she began a torrent of gentle reproaches. "The matter is a surprise to myself, and I shall have no time to make my adieux to a sorrowing public."

He laughed lightly as he settled himself comfortably in an easy-chair opposite his hostess.

"How much you are having an opportunity of seeing in your life!" Miss Vaughn said, musingly. "You have lived in New York, you have crossed the continent, and now you are going to South America. I suppose Europe will be your next objective point, or the heart of Africa, or the Antarctics. I hope you will come back to tell us about it. Remember that you are an American."

Jason flushed uneasily and sought to change the subject. Chancing to look up at the wall back of Miss Vaughn, he noticed the portrait of a young girl, that had often attracted his attention. She was very beautiful, with fair, oval face, bright dark eyes, and brown hair touched with a tinge of gold. The low neck and round short sleeves of the dress showed the plump neck and arms; in her hands, that lay loosely clasped in her lap, she held a pink rose. Now, as he looked from the pictured face on the wall to the living face before him, for the first time he traced the same soft curves of cheek and chin and throat,—though in the older face the fulness of outline and the freshness of color were gone. But as he looked from one face to the other, he scarcely knew which seemed to him the more beautiful; and he thought how lovely must have been the spring-time that would make possible such an autumn.

"It is yours," he said, smiling at her, and looking back to the portrait, that smiled at him in return.

"Yes," she said; and an expression of tenderness he did not understand flashed across her face. "It was painted for my father many years ago."

"Who was the artist?" he asked. "It is very finely done."

She hesitated a moment before replying.

"He was one of the geniuses who have missed fame," she said, at last, with a ring of sadness in her voice. "He was a young man who gave up art to make a fortune. I do not know what became of him."

A word of indignant condemnation rose to Jason's lips, but was quickly suppressed.

"Perhaps," he thought, "he was bound by an oath to his father."

The conversation turned to other matters; but years after, Jason remembered every word that had been spoken about picture and painter.

When he had gone at last, and left her standing in the room alone, she turned back to the portrait with a sigh; and for a moment a mist of tears dimmed her eyes.

"Had fate been kind enough to give me a son," she said softly to herself, "I would have wished him to be like Jason Hildreth."

That evening the doctor carried his friend off to a banquet given him by the Criterion Club, and it was late when Jason returned to his rooms. Lighting the gas, he chanced to catch a glimpse of his face in the mirror. He stopped and studied it a little curiously. He remembered the first time he saw it during his illness. It had struck him then like a face in the crowd, that one recognizes and vainly strives to connect with distinct associations. He had felt strangely lost and bewildered then; but now that he had a name and a history to associate with the face, he found the memories bitter and would gladly have plunged again in the Lethe of the past. He was conscious of the curious hardness that comes from the dispelling of illusions; he felt suddenly old. All hopes, ambitions, aspirations, seemed idle as the breath of a wind; and, like the wind, they seemed suddenly dried up in blowing across the desert of his life.

But the next day he stood in the bow of the steamer as it passed through the Golden Gate, and as he looked out upon the open sea the dual life he had led seemed to fall away from him, leaving him alone on the threshold of an unknown destiny. Only two faces haunted him, the same and yet different, for one was faithful and the other was false.

VIII.

The details of Jason's adventures in South America do not concern this narrative. Suffice it to say that in writing up the country he investigated the mines, became interested, and invested in them, and that his ventures were so successful that he found himself in time rich beyond even the dreams of Armand de Blainville. He prolonged his stay in the country to more than three years, during which time he wrote a South American romance that gave him rank among the foremost writers of the time.

When he returned to San Francisco at last, seven years had elapsed since he awoke in it to his strange oblivion of the past. He had

indeed lived a new life under a new name; and, like the painter-hero of his first novel, he had won fame and wealth, but never happiness.

The memory of Elizabeth had not died in his heart; he loved her as he had thought her in her girlhood, as good and true as she was beautiful. No other face had ever supplanted the perfect face of his ideal; again he saw in his sleeping and waking dreams the broad low brow, the straight nose, the rounded cheeks, the sweet thin lips, the firm little chin, the clear dark skin, and the glowing depths of the limpid black eyes. But the vision that haunted him was never acknowledged by word or sign, other than the grave lines that deepened about his mouth and the gray that was almost indistinguishable in the light brown of his hair. The eyes, too, were serious, and lacked the sparkle of merriment that he remembered in those of Charles de Blainville.

He arrived in San Francisco after a stormy voyage, during which he thought more than once that the strange fortunes of Jason Hildreth would soon be ended; and it seemed to him that, after all, it made little difference. But as the vessel glided safely through the Golden Gate, and the blue bay, dotted with its islands, lay before him, a pressure to which he had unconsciously become accustomed seemed lifted from his heart. He could scarcely realize, in the exultation of feeling that accompanied his home-coming, that he was not a native American. The beautiful Parisian villa seemed so far back in his infancy that it was little more than a dream; and his old home, still unlocated, rose before him with all the minuteness of detail of long familiarity and love. He had been reading Bourget's "Nostalgie" on the vessel; the descriptions of the coast scenes of Italy and France did not paint so fair a picture for his eyes as the lovely American shores, with their fringes of pine and palm and the beautiful curves of the bays; and while yet outside the bar, as he had seen the flag wave proudly from Fort Point, his heart had swelled and sudden tears had dimmed his eyes.

"Charles de Blainville may have been a Frenchman," he said to himself; "but surely Jason Hildreth is an American."

As the ship drew near the wharf, the warmth of feeling centralized till it had settled about one familiar face and form, those of his truest friend, Dr. Richmond. During his residence in South America he had kept up a desultory correspondence with him, which had become even more irregular after the doctor's marriage to a lady whom Jason did not know: so that more than a year had elapsed since his last letter when Jason wrote him a brief note telling him of his proposed return and the probable date of his arrival. But no epistolary shortcomings could change the real feeling that underlay their close comradeship; and it was but one face in the crowd that Jason sought as the vessel shuddered and stood still, chained like a trapped wild creature to the dock.

He was not disappointed: as he stepped from the gang-plank, a familiar voice greeted him and a familiar hand-clasp welcomed him home.

The doctor had grown stouter and more successful and complacent than ever, but otherwise he was unchanged.

"Come home with me," he said. "My wife is expecting you."

Under protests that were borne down by the doctor's undoubted cordiality, Jason allowed himself to be carried off.

"And how are Miss Vaughn and the fine boy of whom you wrote me?" he hastened to inquire, as he sat down in the carriage beside his friend.

"The boy," laughed the doctor, "is quite aggressive, and already considers himself the most important member of the family. He is fond of company, and will be delighted to see you. As to my aunt, you will be disappointed; for she has returned for a time to her early love, New York. She is visiting cousins from the first to the forty-second degree, and writes very indefinitely of her return. I am sure, though, when she learns that you are here, she will want to come back."

"I may hunt her up before that time myself," was the laughing rejoinder; and it was not until later that the doctor thought there was anything serious in the remark.

"By the way," the doctor continued, "she has just written a bit of news that may interest you. It concerns your old friend Miss Gordon."

"And what of her?" asked Jason, with a smile of amused recollection.

"Mrs. Edwards took her to New York last fall," was the response. "She was very gay all winter, and has just realized her aunt's ambitious hopes by marrying a title and going to England to live. My aunt says that everything about the wedding was very brilliant except the bridegroom. He is rather dull, and decidedly old; but, as the title is old too, I suppose it is all right. The bride herself is not extremely young. But Mrs. Edwards, at least, is happy, as she is now certain of being presented at court."

By this time they had reached the house, the familiar appearance of which warmed the heart of the wanderer like the face of an old friend. Mrs. Richmond received him with the cordiality of her husband.

"I have heard the doctor speak of you so much," she said, "that you seem quite like an old friend."

She was a very pretty woman, *petite* and blonde, and Jason did not wonder that his friend had given up his bachelor freedom to become a *paterfamilias*.

After she had made tea for him, she sent for little Edgar, who in a few moments appeared, holding the hand of his nurse. He was a beautiful child of two years, with large dark eyes and a halo of bright curls. He at once verified his father's account of him by dropping his nurse's hand, going up to the guest, and gravely signifying his desire to be taken, by lifting his little arms to him. Perched on the coveted knee, he entertained his new friend with infantile prattle until borne away by the nurse under vehement protest.

Something in the domestic scene stirred Jason's heart to restless

desires that he had thought suppressed forever. For one moment he saw in imagination the face of Elizabeth in his own home, and dared to dream of a child in her arms. Then the madness passed, and he turned to his hostess to reply to a question she had just addressed him.

She was a bright talker, and drew out Jason on his varied experiences: so that several hours passed before they were aware. Jason wondered how much she knew of his history.

After dinner, when Mrs. Richmond had gone to the nursery, the doctor took his friend to their old sanctum and brought out his choicest cigars.

"Well," he said, as he settled himself back comfortably in his chair, "now that you are a rich man, what are you going to do about the de Blainville estates?"

Jason looked up quickly through a cloud of fragrant smoke at his friend's face.

"That has been troubling me of late," he said. "If it were not for my promise to my dying father, I would gladly bury the name forever. There are too many painful memories associated with it. But, as it is, I feel that the time has come to fulfil my pledge."

"But," said the doctor, startled by the answer his question had provoked, "what are you going to do?"

"It seems hard," said Jason, slowly, "that I should start off again, just after returning and realizing my love for my adopted country; but I see no other way to do than to go to France and make personal investigations where written inquiries have failed."

"And will you live there," asked the doctor, "and give up——"

"Am I not bound by honor?" asked Jason, sadly. "To-day," he continued, "I am Jason Hildreth and an American; to-morrow I shall be Charles de Blainville, a Frenchman returning to my native land."

"To-morrow?" ejaculated the doctor, bounding from his chair in his surprise and grasping his friend by the shoulder. "You certainly do not contemplate such wild precipitancy as that?"

"It is not so precipitate as it seems," said Jason, quietly. "It has really been planned a long time. I should have sailed for France from Rio de Janeiro, but I had not the courage to go without another sight of the land which, in spite of the misfortunes that have befallen me here, has become very dear to me."

"But you will not go for a few days,—a week,—a month," protested the doctor.

"Ah!" said Jason, with a smile, "that is just it. If I did not go at once, my resolution would fail. I would stay a week,—a month, —a year,—forever."

He smiled a little bitterly.

"*Mon pauvre père,*" he said, as though to himself; "he did not dream it was a burden he was laying upon me."

They sat and smoked and talked out the greater part of the night, —a night that was afterward remembered by both as the last in the life of Jason Hildreth.

IX.

"Charles de Blainville," read Miss Vaughn, in bewilderment, as the maid handed her a card. "I do not know him."

"But he says, ma'am," persisted the girl, "that he is an old friend from California."

"There must be some mistake; but I will see him," was the response; and the speaker descended to the drawing-room.

As she entered, a tall figure, with handsome, bronzed face, rose to meet her with outstretched hand.

"Jason Hildreth!" she exclaimed, joyfully, as she clasped the extended hand.

"You must have sent up the wrong card," she went on; "for there was some French name on it. I am delighted to see you, and I am going to show you New York. It is not at all as I expected it to be from your descriptions."

"Probably not," laughed her visitor, "as I have not set foot in it before since I was an infant."

She looked at him in amazement.

"But I thought you told me——" she began.

"That I used to live here," he interrupted. "So I did. But I have a confession to make. The fact is, I am on my way to Paris, and I could not leave America, to which I may never return, without making a clean breast of it to you. But first tell me about yourself. You are looking well."

He wanted to tell her that she looked lovely; and perhaps his look of affectionate admiration said it without words.

"Thank you," she replied; "I have been quite gay lately, for an old auntie. Cousin Florence is something of an invalid, and finds me quite useful as a chaperon for the girls. But they have never taken the place in my heart of my California boys."

"I remember you used to spoil us shamefully," was the laughing rejoinder.

"But when are you going to sail?" she asked.

"To-morrow morning," was the reply.

"So soon?" she exclaimed. "But I am burning with impatience to hear the story; for I know there is a story."

First he satisfied her curiosity as to the years passed in South America, then briefly, but with intense feeling, related the strange story of his life.

Once during the recital she started forward with shining eyes and parted lips: it was when he mentioned the name by which Elizabeth had registered at Pacific Grove. But she quickly controlled herself, and, in his absorption, he did not notice it.

"To think," she ejaculated, when he had finished, "that I should have lived so near to a hero of romance without knowing it! But Elizabeth still loves you," she added, with conviction.

He shook his head in despairing protest.

"Do women always marry for love?" she asked, scornfully. "There are many women who have the coveted happiness snatched

from their hands; there are some among them that are spared the added bitterness of a commercial marriage."

He knew instinctively that she was thinking of her own past, and for a moment he did not speak.

"That is all over for me," he said, at last. "The only thing left for me now is to fulfil my father's wishes."

"And write us more books," she instantly added.

"You forget," he rejoined, "that Jason Hildreth is dead and that Charles de Blainville is a Frenchman. Whatever he writes will be in his own tongue."

"I had not thought of that," she returned, gravely. "I am very sorry. But how is the public to be deceived as to the manner of its popular novelist's disappearance?"

"I have taken care of that," he explained. "Before I set foot in France, telegrams will be received in different parts of the world announcing the death of Jason Hildreth. His property has already been transferred to the new, or, rather, the old name."

When he rose to go, she insisted on his remaining to dinner and meeting her cousins. She introduced him as Mr. de Blainville, a California friend on his way to Paris, his native place.

When he went away at last, she excused herself to the family on the plea of being tired. But when she had gone up to her room she knelt beside her trunk and took from it a packet containing a daguerrotype and a bundle of letters yellowed with age. For several moments she held the picture in her hands, looking at the frank and manly young face with tear-dimmed eyes. She remembered that for years she had never gone to sleep without pressing it to her lips. But time had softened the poignancy of her grief, though it had not obliterated the face from her heart. She laid the picture down at last, and untied the bundle of letters, touching them with gentle hands.

"It is the same name," she said softly to herself. "Elizabeth must have married his son. Poor boy! and she did not love him." But at the same time her heart turned with pity to Jason Hildreth.

She opened the faded pages, still faintly exhaling the odor of lavender, in which they had long ago been kept, and read again the love-words of nearly four decades ago. There were six letters in all: the first three written in the gallant style of a past generation, and enclosing some quaint, sweet verses; the next two full of passionate protests and pleading for her to act according to the dictates of her heart, and not to yield to the authority of family pride; the last was a despairing farewell, closing with these words:

"I am going away, back to my father in the West. My ambitions are over; my hopes are dead. I have closed the studio that has seemed to me sacred ever since you came to it to have your portrait painted; I am going back to my father's office. I have found that what the world demands of a man is the making of money; and I go forth to fulfil my destiny. Farewell, my sweet; my dream among women, farewell."

Even now, a tear fell from the mist in her eyes and blotted the name that was signed below. The name was Laurence Hanford.

The white hands trembled a little as they folded away the papers in the quaintly sealed envelopes and tied up the packet and replaced it in the trunk. The fragrance of lavender brought back the recurrence of sensations that sometimes an odor or a sound will bring after the lapse of years; for one instant the faithful heart thrilled again with the ecstatic joy of the perfect moonlit night when, standing in the garden under the stars, the maiden had listened to the world-old tale and felt the first kiss of love on her lips.

With a sigh, Miss Vaughn returned to herself, and, rising from her knees before the trunk, stood in front of the mirror and loosened the soft coils of her white hair.

"I am glad he did not marry Miss Gordon for her millions," she said to herself, a little irrelevantly. "She was not worthy of him, and Elizabeth is. If I could only bring them together! but how can it be, when I do not know where she is?" She sighed gently as she remembered that she had not sought to find whither it was that Laurence Hanford had gone out of her life, and that she had never known.

The next morning, as the steamer moved slowly out to sea, the last face that Charles de Blainville saw on shore was the sweet face of Miss Vaughn, who leaned on the arm of her cousin's husband and waved her handkerchief till he could see no more. It was the last time he ever saw her; but the memory of her face never faded, and, under the knowledge of subsequent events, became yet more dear to him.

X.

Arrived at Havre, Charles de Blainville had gone at once to Paris and employed lawyers and detectives to look up the family estates. He knew they had passed out of the family into strange, perhaps bourgeois, hands; but he hoped to locate all of the ancestral property, feeling sure that he could offer for it prices that the owners would not refuse. But, strangely enough, no trace of the lost estates, no record of Armand de Blainville, could be found. There was some terrible mistake, some mystery that the son could not fathom.

He had wandered over the strange city, seeking in vain to identify the villa that lingered in his memory. Doubtless it had been torn down and replaced by a more modern structure. He established himself in the suburbs that seemed most to resemble the scenes of his childhood whose elusive vision the years had dimmed. He tried to mingle with the people, but, though their speech came with perfect ease to his lips, they themselves seemed alien to him. He became a familiar figure on the streets, always looking as though searching for some place he could not find. People began to touch their foreheads significantly as he passed, and the children to whisper among themselves "le fou." As he entered his solicitor's office one day, he heard a by-stander murmur in an aside to a companion, "Voici le maniaque des états." The clerks in the offices where the records were kept, at first patient and polite, now barely concealed their contempt, or treated

him with mocking courtesy. Only the wealth which he was known to possess protected him from open derision.

At last, discouraged, he turned from the city and wandered through the provinces, thinking that some strange trick of memory had deceived him as to the location of his early home. But here, as in Paris, his search was fruitless.

Thus a year passed, and with the deepening hopelessness of his search he became conscious of an increasing desire to see once more the familiar shores of his adopted country. Perhaps in his wanderings there he might chance upon the home he had known and loved so many years; he might find that nameless city where he had lived. He knew that he would recognize it,—that no changes of eight years could veil it from his memory. And there he would find the key to the mystery of his life; there he would settle down at last and find rest.

And so he turned his face with new hope, but utter bewilderment, to the west. His belief in his identity had been shaken; he had become a wanderer on the face of the earth, a man without a country, even without a local habitation and a name.

He still called himself Charles de Blainville; for Jason Hildreth had long been thought dead. He had read his own obituaries, and the comments on his work by critics who believed him beyond the reach of their pens. He had been thought lost in a pleasure-yacht that went down off the coast near Rio de Janeiro, and the public had mourned him as a genius whose fire was prematurely quenched. Only Dr. Richmond and his wife and Miss Vaughn, who were pledged to secrecy, knew the identity of Jason Hildreth and "le maniaque des états." But the doctor himself had lately lost track of him; for with the doubt of his identity Charles de Blainville had ceased to write even to him. His only desire was to find the home where he had passed his boyhood and youth. So it happened that one day he landed in New York and began his wanderings afresh in the New World.

He knew no one in the city, for Miss Vaughn had long before returned to California; and after a few days of rest and irresolution he bought a ticket for a city in one of the North Central States, strongly impressed with the idea that somewhere in that section of the country he would find his home. He remembered distinctly the nature of the scenery with which his boyhood had been familiar,—the rolling green hills, the wooded stretches of land, and the river, in a bend of which the city was situated. He even recalled the noise of the traffic and the smoke of the factories in the town.

At night, as he lay in his berth and watched through the window the panorama of moonlit landscape, he seemed to feel the force of a magnet drawing him on and on; and when he fell asleep and dreamed, he saw Elizabeth, no longer as the Lorelei on the rocks, but as her own sweet self, standing among the roses in the garden, as he had seen her first. And as he dreamed, in the far-off city toward which he was speeding, a woman knelt by an open window and let the moonlight fall on her upturned face. It was a beautiful face, with broad low brow, and dark eyes dimmed with tears. The cheeks that had once

been round were thinner now, the firm chin trembled, the breast heaved with sobs.

"Oh, God," she moaned, "if it might only be he! if he would only return to me!"

But the sky was far off and cold, and she withdrew her gaze from it. She looked beyond the maples and the lawn, with its carefully trimmed hedge, across the street, and let her eyes rest on the garden. The leaves of the magnolias glistened in the moonlight, and a few rare blossoms shone white amid the green. The wind stirred lightly through her hair and brought to her the odor of violets and mignonette.

And the train sped on in the moonlit night; and in the morning the sleeper awoke with the name of Elizabeth on his lips.

"Might I not forgive her?" he said to himself. "If she believed me dead, and her father forced her into an unhappy marriage——"

The train gave a sudden plunge and stood still. He looked out and saw that they had stopped at a way-station,—one of the sleepy little country places that dot the railroad line in this section of the country every three or four miles. From the modest little station stretched a single long street lined with great maples; beyond the hotel, the store, and the blacksmith-shop, extended on either side a row of white-and-yellow cottages with green window-blinds. The usual loungers were about the place,—the station-master, the freight-agent, and several farmers and idlers from the town. The traveller glanced carelessly by the little group, his thoughts still busy with Elizabeth.

"But she is gone," he said to himself: "however I may forgive her and long for her, she is gone, and I cannot find her."

The bell rang, and the train pulled slowly out of the station, the voices of the people drowned in the scream of the locomotive.

Charles de Blainville peered again through the slats of his blind with idle curiosity; but just as his car, which was the last in the train, passed out of the dépôt, he gave a stifled cry and fixed his staring eyes on a face in the little crowd. It was the face of Elizabeth's father.

He started up, and, after making a hasty toilet, inquired of the porter the name of the station.

"Coleville, sah," the man replied.

"What is the next station, and how soon can I take a train back?" the impatient traveller demanded.

"But yo' ticket reads——" began the puzzled porter.

"Answer my questions, please," de Blainville interposed, sharply.

"Well, sah, the next station is Linton, and yo' can take the noon express back."

The train whirled on, and the young traveller was left alone with his thoughts. To him the face was a new assurance of the reality of his past. He had begun to think it might have been a vivid dream, an illusion of his illness; that Elizabeth herself, whom he had not seen for years, was a phantom of a disordered brain. Upon this man now hung his destiny. He knew his name, his home, his past; and, much as de Blainville despised and hated him, he was eager to find him. It seemed to him that there remained lacking to his knowledge

nothing but the names of the localities with which his life's drama was concerned, and perhaps his own name; and these Elizabeth's father could supply.

Arrived at the town, he searched in vain for Simeon Howard. There was no one of that name at the hotel, nor had any of the people of whom he inquired heard of him. He traversed the single long street of the village, turned back discouraged, and retraced his steps to the station.

Just as he reached it, a buggy drove up to the door, and the man for whom he was searching alighted and entered the dépôt.

"I'll wire you about the lots to-morrow," he said to the man who held the lines.

"All right," was the response; and the speaker turned his horse and drove rapidly away.

De Blainville stepped up to the new-comer and bowed.

"Excuse me," he said; "but are you Mr. Simeon Howard?"

"No," was the reply: "you are mistaken in the person."

"Pardon me," de Blainville rejoined; "my memory for names is not good; but you are certainly an old acquaintance of mine. Perhaps you can remember me?"

The man looked at him sharply. The words sounded not unlike the opening of a confidence game; but the bearing of de Blainville disarmed his suspicion.

"It is possible I have met you," he rejoined, politely; "there is even something familiar about your face; but I cannot identify you. Your name——"

"Is Charles de Blainville," said the young man. He watched his companion closely as he spoke, but the name seemed to make no impression upon him.

"You will pardon my persistence," he continued; "but you have a daughter——"

"You are mistaken," the other interrupted; "I have no daughter."

"My God!" ejaculated de Blainville, paling; "is she—dead?"

For a moment the station and the little group of curious listeners swam before his eyes, and there was a sound as of the surf in his ears. But the voice of his companion calmed him.

"You have mistaken the person," he was saying. "I have never had a daughter."

"Will you have patience, at least," said de Blainville, with a sensation of intense relief, "to tell me your name and residence?"

"My name," the man replied, with a slight smile, "you have probably heard before; it is William Smith; and my business is in real estate."

He handed him his card and mentioned the name of the city where he lived. It was the same as that on the ticket in de Blainville's pocket.

The young man started with wonder as he read it. Was it the magnetic attraction of Elizabeth that had been drawing him to her, or had his random selection of a destination been suggested by some faint vibration of memory? At any rate, he had lost time; and he could

learn nothing from the man before him. But once in the city of his old home, he would remember; and what he could not remember he could easily learn.

When he was again seated in the train, a vague fear struck a chill to his heart. What if the city of his dream was only a mirage of the desert, that would transform itself to something strange when he approached it?

XI.

As the train drew near his destination, his excitement visibly increased. His fear had melted away. He was certain now that he recognized familiar landmarks,—curves of the river, oak forests, and hills covered with vineyards. His eyes were riveted on the shifting landscape; his breath came quick and fast.

"Now," he said to himself, testing his recollections, "just beyond that curve we will cross a forked bridge; and as we emerge from it the city will lie before us."

He leaned eagerly from the window, striving to catch the first glimpse of his Mecca. As the train swung around the curve, the bridge appeared in sight, and the next moment they were thundering over it, past the fork in the centre, and out again under the open skies.

"Eureka! eureka!" the traveller muttered, as he looked out and saw a succession of dusty streets, lined with tall, smoke-grimed buildings, glide by. The train thundered into the dépôt: he alighted and looked about him.

"Main Street should be one block to the right," he soliloquized. Then his heart leaped at the thought that he had remembered a name at last.

He walked over to the main thoroughfare, closely observing everything he passed. He remembered the houses well; the very gables and chimneys were familiar to him. He started with surprise at sight of a well-known but long-forgotten figure approaching him. It was an idiot girl of whom he had not thought since he left home. He smiled grimly at the irony of fate that had thrown her first, of all his old acquaintances, across his path.

He stopped at the crossing as he reached Main Street. It was the same, and yet changed. The horse-cars and omnibuses had been superseded by electric cars; on the opposite corner, where a line of unpretentious business houses had stood, a new hotel had been erected.

It was yet early in the morning, but as he stood staring about him he was jostled by streams of people passing up and down the street. Struck with a sudden thought, he began to look for familiar faces in the crowd. Perhaps some one would recognize him and call him by name. He did not realize how much the years had changed him. He had left his home young and smooth-faced, filled with buoyant hopes for the future; he returned to it with features partially concealed by a full fair beard, with lines on his forehead and about his eyes, and the expression of a man who has lived and suffered much. Nevertheless,

he was still a handsome man, in the early prime of life, and many looked at him the second time as they passed. But no look of recognition flashed in their eyes; no word, no hand-clasp, greeted him on his return.

His meditations were broken by a sudden involuntary ejaculation from his own lips. Although the day was cloudless and clear, a man had gone by with an umbrella under his arm,—a handsome, elderly man with clear-cut features and erect carriage. The form had been familiar to the observer from his boyhood; he remembered him as a lawyer possessing the single eccentricity of always carrying an umbrella, summer and winter, through fair and cloudy weather. He remembered the man perfectly; but the name eluded him.

He was standing in front of a drug-store; he looked up and read the sign, "Martin Brothers." He remembered, more from the associations of the place than from the name, that one of the brothers was dark and the other fair. He stepped inside. The fair brother was bending over an account-book on the desk; the dark one came up behind the counter to wait on him. They were a little older than he remembered them, but unmistakably the same.

He made a trifling purchase, removing his hat as he did so, under the pretext of wiping the perspiration from his forehead, but really with the hope that the druggist would recognize him. In this he was disappointed. Taking his package, he walked out again on the street. Was he indeed Charles de Blainville, or had he mistaken the name, as Dr. Richmond had long ago suggested? Truly, the name itself was of little importance; it might be detached from him entirely, and his personality and his past experiences remain the same. But it certainly was of importance in his relations with the world. Without it, he could not establish his connection with the past, and, most important of all, he could hardly hope to find Elizabeth. Notwithstanding his recent experiences, he still hoped for recognition that would render direct questions on his part unnecessary; and his mind still clung tenaciously to the name. He remembered the pride with which his father uttered it; and he could hear the liquid syllables fall softly from Elizabeth's lips. Then, had not Elizabeth herself recognized the initials and replied to his personals in the San Francisco papers?

Inconsequently, as it seemed, in the perturbed current of his thought, he remembered with sudden amusement that it was market-day, and wondered if the time-honored institution of his youth remained intact. During his long residence in California and in foreign lands he had probably not thought once of the old custom that obtained in this city of the Central States. But now he remembered that no social or monetary distinction prevented the "heads of families" from attending the early market and selecting the freshest butter and eggs and vegetables for the family use. Nor was the sex line drawn too closely; many ladies whose natural providers were unable to perform this branch of their duties would not intrust the important matter of selection to servants. He remembered a distinguished doctor and an eminent lawyer whom he had often seen with baskets on their arms, jostling against teamsters and washerwomen as they made their way through

the throng; and, with an irrepressible chuckle, he tried to imagine his friend Dr. Richmond, in irreproachable dress, threading his way through the promiscuous crowd.

While absorbed in his recollections, he had turned his steps toward the old market-place, and soon found himself under the shelter of the market-house, watching the two opposing streams of people as they surged by. The same stalls lined the edge of the side-walks, presided over by the same grizzled countrymen and rosy-cheeked women, as before, and flanked by the same wagons, containing the reserve supplies of vegetables and fruits. Everything seemed unchanged: it was as though he had stood but yesterday in the same spot, watching the street-drama of eight years ago. More than one familiar face passed him in the crowd. He saw an ex-mayor with a great basket over his arm, a prominent merchant tasting a roll of butter in a neighboring stall, and the wife of a railroad superintendent hesitating over the selection of some "home-made" cheese. Laborers and mechanics whose faces he remembered passed him, in overalls and jeans; a lame man whose peculiar limp he recollected, and a burly fellow with a familiar scar across his bronzed cheek, approached. But all passed him by, careless and unheeding: he seemed as invisible to them as though he wore the fabled fern-cap of Teutonic story. It was not here, in the public market-place, that he must seek recognition: so with a sigh he passed out of the crowd and began wandering aimlessly about the streets.

Many buildings he remembered; others by their unfamiliarity he knew to be of recent construction. He passed the theatre, and remembered the celebrities he had seen on its stage; he even recalled the subject of the drop-curtain, Aurora in her car, riding the clouds, and smiled again at the remark he had once heard a woman make that it was Elijah going to heaven in his chariot. He passed the court-house, the public library, and the city hall; and as he looked at them a throng of recollections crowded upon his brain. But still his name escaped him; and had it not been for the thought of his experiences in Paris, he would have sworn that it was Charles de Blainville.

He had come out on Main Street again, and walked idly along until he came to a bend at the foot of a hill. Here he stopped and looked up with a sudden flood of memories. There were two hills before him, between which ran a high-road. On the hill to the left stood a Catholic church, whose beautiful chimes he distinctly recalled. As he stood gazing, the bells smote softly on his ear, and the people began to assemble for some special service. On the other hill, its colors softened by the touch of time, stood the old High School he had attended when a boy. The road wound sinuous around the hill, up whose rugged side a succession of projecting rocks formed the "short-cut" for the scaling of which he and his companions had often been punished in those once-forgotten days.

As he turned at last and pursued his way around the bend, he saw approaching him one of the town eccentrics, a portly negro who followed his vocation on the street.

"Any washing-tubs to ho-oop?" he bellowed, with the old familiar inflection.

De Blainville felt tempted to stop and claim his recognition, but resisted the impulse and passed on.

The street had merged into a road with irregular side-walks, lined with houses surrounded by ample lawns. He had left the business part of the city behind him, and was approaching the suburb in which was located his old home.

"Before long," he mused, "I will come to the old 'plank walk.'"

But in this he was disappointed; for the old walk had been removed and a brick pavement laid down in its place. The street-cars, too, to his surprise, passed him and went on out of sight.

But for the most part the houses were unchanged, save that here and there some were darkened and dingy and others were freshened with new repairs. He smiled at the lines of white cottages with green or buff window-blinds, that he had not thought of for so many years.

Occasionally he passed faces that he remembered; but no one smiled or greeted him.

"I feel like Rip Van Winkle," he thought to himself: "my old haunts have forgotten me."

He came at last to a long, low house, that had once been white, and whose veranda was reached by a short, steep flight of steps. He remembered the place trim and well kept; now the paint had fallen away in patches from the walls, and the crazy steps were broken and discolored. Here an old Scotchman had lived who was noted for his eccentricities of speech. He smiled at the recollection of one night when he and some boy-companions had crouched outside, in the shadow of the fence, and listened to the shrill voice of the old man lifted in family prayers. There had been a temperance "revival" in the city, and he turned his supplication on the subject of his thought. High and quavering rose the voice, the *r*'s rolled heavily and the words rising shrill and insistent at the close: "O Lord, don't let the rum-sellers sell any more rum. Do you hear me, now? Do you hear me, now?"

Amused at the recollection, de Blainville was passing on, when his eye was suddenly arrested by an innovation. A new pump stood in the yard, where he remembered there had been an old well with a windlass. With the recollection of the well came the memory of a day when he was returning from school with Elizabeth and they stopped to get a drink. As the girl reached over to dip the cup in the brimming bucket he had drawn up, a book she held under her arm slipped and dropped splashing in the well.

His train of thought was broken by a sudden thrill of excitement.

"I did not know Elizabeth when she was a child," he protested to himself. But memory was inexorable. The sweet child-face was before him and seemed to look at him with reproachful eyes.

"I will go mad," he thought, "if I do not solve this mystery."

But the sun was high in the heavens, and he remembered that he had taken no thought of what he should eat or what he should drink, and had left at the dépôt the wherewithal he should be clothed.

He did not wish to go to a hotel and register as Charles de Blainville, although his thought clung desperately to the name. This after-

noon he would go to his father's foundry and his old home: surely he would discover all. So, retracing his steps to the business part of the city, he entered a restaurant and made a hasty meal.

XII.

The foundry stood in that portion of the city devoted to factories and dingy tenements, occupied by their operatives and the lower classes of Jews. As he threaded the grimy streets, swarming with dirty children, saw the unkempt women at the doors and windows, and passed occasionally a factory employee in his shirt-sleeves or a peddler with his pack, the scene seemed like a familiar slide adjusted in the stereopticon of memory through which he had been looking all day. He remembered the way perfectly, and at length came to the corner opposite the foundry. Dark and gloomy it stood; but through its open doors gleamed the merry fire that had held his fascinated gaze when a child. He looked over the door for the name "Armand de Blainville;" but what he saw was "Wilkinson Bros." The name sounded familiar as he read it; probably after his father's death it had passed into the hands of some one he had known.

He crossed the street, and, finding the office, pushed open the door, that stood ajar, and stepped in. An elderly man with gray side-whiskers turned from the desk where he had been writing and looked up inquiringly.

"I beg pardon," the intruder began, "but I am looking for an old friend of mine who once owned a foundry here. Indeed, I think this must be the very place. Will you tell me who was the former owner?"

"My father," was the reply. "No name but Wilkinson has ever been connected with this foundry."

De Blainville passed his hand in bewilderment across his forehead. He could not at once adjust his thought to this new phase of the mystery.

"My friend was a Frenchman," he said at last. "He had a son who was a child when they arrived in this city, perhaps thirty years ago. He owned a foundry here until eight years since, when his affairs became involved, and it was reported that he died. Do you know of any such person?"

Mr. Wilkinson shook his head.

"There must be some mistake," he said. "What was your friend's name?"

The name had been purposely suppressed with the object of drawing it out; but, finding his effort fruitless, the young man replied that it was Armand de Blainville.

"Armand de Blainville," repeated the listener, musingly. "I am quite sure I never heard the name before."

When his visitor had gone, Mr. Wilkinson leaned back meditatively in his chair.

"I wish I had asked that man his name," he said to himself: "there is something strangely familiar about his face."

The wanderer turned his steps up the well-known street, that soon changed to a suburban road from which the ground broke away on one side in hills, on the other in hollows. He walked between rows of tall poplars through whose regular foliage he caught a glimpse of sycamores and beeches on the slopes beyond. He knew the road would come out upon his father's garden, and beyond it, past his old home. There was but one thing left for him to do; to go to the memory-haunted house and, within its walls, find himself and the way to Elizabeth.

He did not hurry over the road; now that the solution of the mystery was so near, he felt a certain reluctance, an undefined fear. Perhaps, after all, Elizabeth had been willingly false to him; perhaps she did not love him. Then she might be far away beyond his reach; she might even—he shivered at the thought—be dead.

He turned from the road into the private drive that he remembered. Here his path was deeper in shade, and soon he caught the fragrance of flowers on the still air. He quickened his steps and in a few moments came to the beginning of the garden. It was not greatly changed; but he noticed that the varieties of lilies, Elizabeth's favorite flower, had been increased, and the magnolias and the oleanders in tubs were larger and more luxuriant than he remembered them.

He came to the cross-road and looked for the first time on his old home. He stopped, and, leaning against the high fence at the side of the garden, let his eyes wander lovingly over the lawn, the carefully trimmed hedge, and, finally, the stately old house itself, whose simple architecture heightened the massive effect of the compact stone walls. The wide verandas where he had sat and built the dream-castles of his boyhood, the upper balcony opening out of the nursery, where he had made his first essays at climbing and been pulled back by his terrified nurse, his study-window, through which he could see faintly the outlines of a desk where his own secretary had stood, with his study-chair before it, all greeted him like the loved features of a familiar face. But as he let his eyes wander again over the lawn and the hedge, a cry of astonishment broke from his lips. Where the house of Elizabeth's aunt had stood, in the midst of beautiful grounds, was nothing but a wide field planted in corn. Nor was there a line of rose-bushes at the side of the lawn, but only an Osage-orange hedge, like that surrounding the rest of the grounds. He looked below, down the quiet street, and saw two small brick houses, and beyond them a stretch of sloping meadow. Farther yet, half concealed by sycamores and elms, rose the brick walls and slate roofs of the missing house. It was so strange that for a moment he thought he must be dreaming. But no. He looked again at his own home, and saw it was unchanged; then back at the distant house, and remembered it distinctly. That the heavy brick pile could have been moved was inconceivable; some strange trick of memory had deceived him for more than seven years. And, yet, could he ever forget the night he had first seen Elizabeth, a white-robed figure standing in the garden just beyond the hedge of roses?

Excited by this inexplicable confusion of recollections, he crossed the street hastily, and, opening the iron gate, walked up the gravel walk, bordered, as of old, with violets and mignonette.

Stepping on the veranda, he paused a moment in front of the door, then rang the bell with the feeling that he was striking the hour of fate. It was answered by a trim-looking maid, who looked at him inquiringly.

"Is your mistress at home?" he asked. As he spoke, he caught sight of a cabinet of minerals in the hall, that he remembered as his father's.

"No: she went to the cemetery," replied the girl.

"When will she be back?" he asked.

"I don't know; perhaps not before dinner," she said.

He started away, but turned back with an after-thought.

"What is your mistress's name?" he asked.

"Who shall I say called?" inquired the wary maid.

"Never mind that," he replied: "I will come again. What did you say her name is?"

"Never mind that," was the retort: "she told me not to admit peddlers and agents."

De Blainville turned away with a smile. He would return that evening, and, if necessary, send in his card. Meantime, why not go to the cemetery himself? It was the only important part of the city that he had not visited.

It was not a long walk across the meadows, and soon he found himself before the entrance. A new arched gate-way gave the place at first an air of unfamiliarity; but this disappeared as he entered and passed up the well-known winding drive.

After walking a short distance, he turned instinctively to the left, and made his way almost automatically between the well-kept lots and monuments glistening in the sun. He had entered the finest part of the grounds, and again and again, as he looked at the names carved on the white stones, they struck like echoes on his memory.

He came at last to one of the finest monuments on the grounds, a tall shaft of red granite. Behind it were five white headstones; beside each lay a mass of beautiful fresh flowers, among which were several rare magnolias. He looked up at the monument and read the name, "Laurence Hanford." "Her husband," he thought, with a thrill. But no, it could not be; for farther on he read, "aged 82." Under it was the name of "Laura, his wife." On another face was repeated the name Laurence Hanford, and under it was that of his wife, Alice. On the third face the name occurred again, this time alone.

"That must have been her husband," he thought; and he looked up.

With a cry, he started back; for he saw Elizabeth standing in the path with a watering-pot in her hand. She had stepped so silently, and he had been so absorbed in the contemplation of the names, that he had not noticed her approach.

She looked at him with startled, wondering eyes.

"Elizabeth!" he exclaimed, starting impetuously toward her.

The watering-pot fell to the ground, and she stood trembling and white before him.

"Who do you think I am?" she asked, in a low voice tense with excitement.

"You are Elizabeth Howard," he exclaimed; "or you were Elizabeth Howard before you married."

"And you," she asked, letting her eyes linger searchingly on his face, though she was trembling so that she could scarcely stand, "who are you?"

He dropped his head on his breast and answered in a low tone.

"For seven years," he said, "I thought I was Charles de Blainville."

A great light broke across her beautiful face; she took a step nearer, and, after another glance that seemed to penetrate his soul, suddenly held out her arms to him.

The next moment she was lying on his breast, not sobbing, but with great tears coursing slowly down her cheeks.

"My darling, my darling," he exclaimed, "you did not forget me, you did not cease to love me when your father persuaded you——"

"I have never ceased to love you," she cried.

He did not ask her his name; for the time he had forgotten the mystery that enshrouded his life and all the strange incongruities of the day; he knew only that he held Elizabeth against his heart, and that she loved him.

At length she lifted herself from his breast and slipped from his reluctant arms.

"I will water my flowers," she said; "then you must come home with me."

A moment later they were walking together across the meadow through which he had come. He wondered where she lived, but forbore to question her, choosing rather to be guided like a child to the solution of the mystery, now so imminent. Instead of questions and replies, their words were protestations of love, such as they had exchanged in the first days of their courtship.

They were yet under the spell of the fascination that usually comes but once in a lifetime, when he observed to his surprise that they were approaching his old home. As she led him through the gate and up the gravelled walk, he turned to her appealingly and laid his hand on her arm.

"Elizabeth, I do not understand," he said. "Did you buy the place?"

"Don't ask questions now," she answered, smiling: "after a while I will explain everything to you."

Her own mind was puzzled by many details of the mystery; but, having divined the central truth, she was willing to wait for future enlightenment, being chiefly concerned as to the best way of divulging what she perceived he did not understand.

She opened the door and preceded him into the hall. As he entered, he looked about him in amazement. He could see through open doorways and drawn portières that the parlors and dining-room were essentially unchanged in furnishings and general arrangement. As she led him into the back parlor, he noticed that some fine paintings and statuettes and rare vases had been added to the room, and the gas had

been superseded by electric lights; there were also a tea-table and one or two easy-chairs that he did not recognize. Otherwise, he was sure that the room was unchanged. The thick Persian carpet, the rugs of Russian fur, the Turkish tapestry, the heavy high-backed mahogany chairs, and the claw-legged card-table that stood in the corner under a bronze bust of Apollo, were the same that he remembered of old.

"First of all," said she, as she drew out for him an easy-chair and seated herself at the tea-table, "I will make you some tea."

He acquiesced without question, waiting wonderingly for her to speak; but she chatted on indifferent subjects, in her rich musical voice that thrilled and filled him with the ecstasy of his old love.

At length she rang for the maid and told her to order dinner served for two.

"While we are waiting," she said to her companion, rising as she spoke, "we will walk in the garden. I think you will admire the flowers."

As they passed out through the hall, the girl watched them curiously from behind the dining-room door.

"That's the way with widows," she said to herself, tossing her head contemptuously. "Going to the cemetery to take flowers to her husband's grave, and coming back with a strange young man that nobody could tell wasn't an agent or a housebreaker, for all I know. Didn't even know who lived here, and wouldn't answer a civil question. She won't wear her black much longer, if it does suit her complexion. But you come here, mister," making a grimace at his back, that was just disappearing through the front door, "and I go."

A moment later the two stood together in the garden.

"Do you remember these lilies?" she said, as they stopped before a luxurious growth of flowers.

"Oh, yes," he said; "they are callas. They are scarce here, but very common in California. I have seen hedges of them there, between the lawns."

She looked at him quickly, and a question trembled on her lips, but she withheld it.

Many parts of the garden he recalled, and spoke of a number of slight changes that had been made.

"You are quite a gardener, Elizabeth," he said.

"You praise me too much," she replied. "I have kept Harvey, your old gardener. You remember him, do you not?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "he lives—he must live in the first little red brick house down there."

Elizabeth nodded a smiling assent.

"And he has a wonderful scientific knowledge of plants," he continued, testing his recollections; "if I remember rightly, he knows little else."

Again Elizabeth nodded. Little by little she led him to talk of old friends and acquaintances, without coming dangerously near to their own relations or the mystery that had separated them. Many of his old comrades that he had not thought of for years he inquired about: some had entered professional or business life in their own city,

others had gone away, and a few were dead. His apathetic wonder had given place to animation, and they laughed and sighed together over the changes of the years.

When they returned to the house and entered the dining-room, the young man felt that he was indeed at home. The same table, with the same china and silver and cut glass, the same chairs of antique oak, even the same etchings on the walls, were there as before his departure. As in a dream he took his place opposite Elizabeth; as he looked at her beautiful face, a passionate sense of possession seized him, and he vowed that nothing should separate them again.

When the waiting-maid had served the first course and retired, he looked at his companion with a question he could not repress.

"You seem to have everything as it was in my father's time," he said. "Is the gallery of ancestors unchanged?"

She glanced up quickly and smiled. "I will take you up-stairs after dinner," was the only reply she made.

Then she turned the conversation into the safer channels of literature and art.

"For a long time," she remarked, "I have read no novel that interested me so much as the last one of Jason Hildreth's. It is a pity he died so young."

"Ah, yes," he answered, avoiding her eyes; "but it may be a better man will take his place."

She started and looked up quickly with a question in her eyes. Then she opened her lips as though to continue the subject, but instead, after an instant's hesitation, turned the conversation in a new direction.

After dinner, she fulfilled her promise and conducted him up the broad flight of stairs to the hallway above.

"First of all," she said, slipping her arm in his, "I want to take you to your old study. I think you will find it unchanged."

They entered the room as she spoke. He looked about him wonderingly. Everything was indeed as he must have left it, even to the pile of manuscript on the secretary, held down by an ivory paper-weight.

"I am going to leave you here," she said, drawing out his study-chair and placing it before the desk; "and I want you to read this manuscript. I think it will explain to you what you want to know. And when you want me, darling," she added, laying her arm about his neck, "ring the bell, and I will come to you."

She drew down his face and kissed him on the lips: the next moment she was gone.

XIII.

He sat down and began to read. At first he followed the words with amazement, then with intense absorption. The little Swiss clock on the mantel struck the half-hour and the hour, and he did not hear it.

Meantime, the mistress of the mansion sat below, counting the moments and awaiting with breathless anxiety the result of her experiment. As time passed and the bell did not ring, she became uneasy and began to pace the floor, her light step making no noise in the thickness of the carpet.

At last the reader reached the last page of the manuscript. A great light had flashed across his face and transfigured it. He arose, staggering with excitement and joy.

"My darling," he cried, groping on the wall for the bell, which, in his nervous haste, he could not find; "my——"

The next moment he reeled and fell heavily to the floor.

The woman below heard, and in a moment had rushed up the stairs into the room and knelt beside the prostrate form.

"I might have known better," she said, with bitter self-accusation. But she was not a woman to waste time and strength in idle regret. She rose and touched the bell, then knelt again and supported the dear head on her lap.

"Send Harvey for the doctor," she said to the maid who appeared at the door, "and bring me a basin of water and some brandy."

The girl disappeared with a disdainful shrug.

"Nice doings for a respectable woman," she snorted,—"up-stairs alone with a strange man and holding his head in her lap. It's time an honest girl was leaving. Her such a beautiful mourner, too," she added, with regretful after-thought, as she hastened on her errand.

By the time the doctor arrived, the women had placed the patient on the couch, without having succeeded in bringing him to consciousness, and the maid, at the command of her mistress, had left the room.

As the old doctor entered, a little, drooping figure with clear-cut features and alert gray eyes, the woman arose, pale but calm, and met him at the door. He was an old friend, the only doctor who had ever attended her in all her life; and as she stopped before him she laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Be prepared for a surprise," she said, as she led him to the patient. "Do you know him?"

The doctor looked down at the motionless form, and started back as though he had seen an apparition.

"My God, yes!" he ejaculated, in amazement.

"He had forgotten his identity," she continued, in hurried explanation; "and I think the shock of recollection brought on this attack, whatever it is. Doctor," she added, again laying her hand on his arm, "will he die? Is he already dead?"

The doctor, who had been examining his patient while she was speaking, slowly shook his head.

"No," he said, "he is not dead, but he is in almost a comatose condition. Send Harvey to me, and we will put him to bed. Stay in the room with him to-night, and do not under any consideration let him be disturbed. If I am not mistaken, in the morning he will awake and remember everything."

When they had put the patient to bed, without disturbing in the least his peculiar condition, and the gardener had retired, the doctor

sat down and looked up at the white but self-possessed woman who had just entered the room.

"Now tell me all you know about him," he said.

He listened attentively to her narrative, and at its conclusion slowly nodded his head.

"I have heard of similar cases," he said; "but I never came across one before. Dr. Camuset cites a similar instance in the *Annales Médico-psychologiques*. I wish I could remain with him all night," he added, "but it is impossible, for my wife is very ill at home."

Promising to return early in the morning, and instructing her to send for him if there should be the slightest change, he went away.

All that night she sat in the room, with the lamp turned low, and watched the sleeper, whose slumber had so much the semblance of death. The wind came up and murmured about the house, rustling the leaves of the maples, and sobbing under the eaves. She rose at last and closed the windows. The moon was hidden in clouds, and the air was heavy with vapors. A sense of oppression, that was not altogether due to the sultriness of the atmosphere, weighed upon her. At length the wind died down, and an ominous stillness brooded in the air.

She looked through the door of the sleeping-room into the study beyond. The leaves of the manuscript were scattered over the floor, where they had fallen from his hand. Among them lay the fragments of a majolica vase that had been shaken from its place by his fall. In the uncertain moonlight, the shadows of the maples flickered across the window.

The darkness of the night deepened, and suddenly a gust of wind blew large drops of rain against the window-panes. Pale flashes of lightning were succeeded by low mutterings of thunder. The wind increased in violence, and the scattering rain-drops became a downpour. The thunder rolled in heavy reverberations; and in the blinding flashes of light the watcher saw the great maples sway in the wind like reeds. She drew the curtains and bent anxiously over the sleeper. His face was calm and white; his breast barely moved with the faintest flutter of breath.

A blinding flash of light that penetrated the heavy curtains and illuminated the still room like the glow of a search-light was followed by a terrific peal of thunder. The house shook as in an earthquake; the wind blew like the blast of a trumpet.

There was the noise of steps running up the stairway, and one of the housemaids screamed. The mistress hurried out in the hall, closing the door behind her, and held back the terrified girl at the head of the stairs.

"Be quiet," she commanded, in a low, firm tone; "if the patient is disturbed, he will die."

"But oh, ma'am," whimpered the girl, wringing her hands, "the barn is struck; and what ever shall we do?"

"Send Ned for Harvey, and tell him to put the fire out the best way he can, and not to send in the fire-alarm. Tell them to lead out the horses."

The girl disappeared; the mistress returned to her watch. Amid the shrieks of the wind, she heard the cries of the men outside and the trampling and neighing of the terrified horses, mingled with the crackling of burning timber and the noise of crashing walls. She looked down at the face of the sleeper; it was impassive as before. A great fear struck a deadly chill to her heart.

"Suppose, instead of waking, he should slip away—beyond my reach at last?"

She laid her ear over his heart; the pulsations were so faint as to be scarcely perceptible. For six hours he had not stirred from the position in which he had been placed.

The storm subsided, and the wind died down with a shuddering wail. The darkness gave place to the lingering morning twilight; and at last the sun broke radiantly over the hills. The watcher parted the curtains and looked out. The barn had burned to the ground; the rail fence around the cornfield was lying over the beaten grain.

She went back to the couch and bent a moment over the sleeper. She was sure now that it was a natural slumber in which he lay. His breath came regularly, and a natural flush had succeeded the pallor of his face. Confident that he was no longer in serious danger, she left the room and went below to order an early breakfast, that it might be ready as soon as he awoke.

XIV.

She was detained longer than she thought, supervising herself the cooking of his favorite dishes, and gathering for the table with her own hands the choicest flowers of the conservatory. She stood by the table a moment, surveying it with a look of satisfaction, then turned away to go up to his room and wait for him to open his eyes, with the light of reason restored.

Before she reached the door, it opened, and he entered the room.

"What, Helen, are you up already?" he asked, with a smile.

She started toward him and held out her hands, her face transfigured with joy.

"Dear little wife," he said, as he drew her into his arms and kissed her.

"Do you remember, Laurence?" she asked, wistfully.

"Remember what?" he queried, smiling. "That I was going to read some more of my novel to you? Of course I do. I have even added a paragraph or two this morning; and I have decided to call it 'The Golden Quest.' The window must have been left open last night, though it was closed when I entered the room; for the manuscript was scattered over the floor, and a vase had fallen from a bracket and broken."

In one awful moment of comprehension, Mrs. Hanford nerved herself to meet the new complication that had arisen. Her husband had indeed remembered the old life, but he had forgotten the new, and

had taken up the thread of the past as though it had never been broken. But she smiled up at him and expressed her eagerness to hear the chapters of which he spoke.

They had sat down at the table. As the servant entered the room with a tray, he looked up in surprise.

"Where is Lizzie this morning?" he asked, as soon as she had retired.

Mrs. Hanford's lips whitened, and she hesitated a moment.

"She went away—suddenly," she said, "and I had to get some one else."

To her relief, he did not continue the subject, but reverted to his story.

"My book is becoming of absorbing interest to myself, at least," he said, smiling. "You do not know how much I have identified Elizabeth Howard with you and Charles de Blainville with myself. I am using a number of incidents of actual occurrence, too, such as our boat-ride when you wrote for me the translation of 'Seele des Menschen.' As for Armand de Blainville, having no recollection of my own father, I have made him my ideal. Why," he added, laughing, "I really feel as though if I went to the blue chamber up-stairs I should find it transformed into a gallery of my supposititious ancestors."

Receiving no answer, he glanced at his wife and started with surprise.

"Why, Helen," he said, "how pale you are!"

"It is nothing," she answered, hastily. "I did not sleep well."

"You should have slept as I did," he rejoined, with a smile. "I had a very strange dream, that I will tell you after a while, when you come up to my study to hear the new chapters of my story."

As they rose from the table and passed up-stairs, the waiting-maid was entertaining the servants in the kitchen.

"I declare," she said, "if she hasn't put on a pink wrapper, and only yesterday in black for her husband. It's scandalous."

"Hush," said the cook, wiping her wet hands on her apron and placing them on her hips; "Harvey seen his face at the window this morning, and he says it's her husband hisself, or his ghost. He helped put him to bed yesterday, too, and he says he was dead then if ever he see a dead man, and what ever the doctor wanted with him in bed he couldn't make out. It's no wonder the barn was burned last night and the storm so awful, when ghosts come up out of empty graves that never had no corpse in 'em anyhow."

"What do you mean?" demanded the astonished maid.

"Didn't you never hear?" was the reply, in a tone of conscious superiority. "He was lost at sea, goin' from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands; and Mrs. Hanford just put up the tombstone for him, and there ain't no grave there at all. Are you sure he eat his breakfast?" she queried, dropping her voice.

The maid nodded her head.

"Then you can cross your heart he ain't no ghost," was the emphatic response.

Meanwhile, Laurence Hanford and his wife had entered the study above.

"Laurence dear," said Helen, pushing him gently down in a chair and sitting on his knee, "I want to hear the novel, of course, but first tell me your dream."

"Oh, yes," he said, smiling: "I had forgotten about it. And yet it was strangely vivid, and there was an illusion of length about it such as I have never had before in a dream."

He paused a moment, and she waited in silence for him to speak.

"The first that I remember about it," he said, "was waking up in a strange place with no idea of my identity. To prevent the appearance of insanity, I concealed my ignorance and called myself Jason Hildreth. What is the matter, my dear?" he interrupted himself; for his wife had given a sudden start.

But she signed for him to go on, and he continued:

"They told me I was in San Francisco, and that I had been sandbagged and robbed on the Pacific Mail wharf. In that city, when I had recovered my health, I succeeded at length in getting a position on a paper. It is strange, the distinctness with which I recall localities there. But I suppose I would find them laughably at variance with the truth, if I should ever visit the city. One day I found your photograph, and then I believed myself to be Charles de Blainville and you Elizabeth Howard. But I could not remember the place where you lived, and I sought tidings of you in vain. I saw you once at Pacific Grove——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Helen, "then it *was* you——"

She broke off in confusion as he looked at her inquiringly.

"Go on," she said. "I will not interrupt you."

"I saw you at Pacific Grove," he went on; "but I found that you were registered at the hotel as Mrs. Laurence Hanford. I believed then that Elizabeth Howard had been false to Charles de Blainville, and I went away and tried to forget."

Helen tightened the clasp of her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"How could you believe I had been false to you?" she said, with tender reproach.

"Why, dear," he replied, returning her caress, "it was only a dream. But I could not forget you," he went on. "I could only bury your name in my heart. I had one good friend, the doctor who attended me in my sickness. Many a smoke I had with him in his reading-den. At length I acquired fame through my pen and fortune through investments in South American mines. Then I determined to go to France and buy back the de Blainville estates. I went, and could find no trace of them; and they called me 'le maniaque des états.' At last I turned to America, and sought at random to find you. The first familiar face I saw was that of Simeon Howard——"

"What?" interrupted Helen, with an irrepressible laugh, "poor old Mr. Smith, whom you insisted upon giving me as a hard-hearted father in your book?"

"Yes," he said, smiling; "and when he disclaimed the name I

had given him, but told me that he lived in this town, I came on, hoping to find trace of you. I remembered the place and the people, but no one remembered me. I stood on the street and in the market-place, waiting for recognition in vain. I went to the foundry—Wilkinson's foundry, you know—which I had given in my story to Armand de Blainville. They could tell me nothing of my father or of myself. I came here, and, standing by the garden, wondered what had become of the house of your aunt; then, looking down the road, I discovered it,—your mother's house, you know. I came here, and the maid would not tell me your name, nor let me in. Then I went to the cemetery, and saw fresh flowers on your husband's grave,—your husband, whom I imagined to have been a stranger to me, and my rival. I felt utterly alone, forsaken and forgotten. Why, Helen," he interrupted himself, "what is the matter? You are crying."

"Your dream is so real," she said; "but go on."

"Then you came," he continued, "and, standing by the monument of my people, looked strangely at me a moment; and then," he said, tenderly, pressing her closer to his heart, "you opened your arms to me; and I remember nothing more."

"It is very strange," she said, with an effort suppressing her sobs. Her heart ached at the thought of his sufferings; but she knew that she had work to do, and that it would require loving skill to perform it successfully. "Come with me. I want to show you something."

He followed her wonderingly to the window and looked out in amazement on the desolate scene,—the charred ruins of the barn, the fallen and dismantled trees, the broken fences lying on the crushed corn.

"When—how did this happen?" he exclaimed.

"Last night," she answered. "It was the most terrible storm I ever witnessed. Your sleep was deep indeed."

"I do not see how it was possible——" he began.

"Wait," she said, silencing him: "it was not—normal."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, wonderingly.

At this moment they were interrupted by the sound of the doctor's voice in the hall below. Helen ran down the stairway and intercepted him, before her husband realized what was happening.

"Oh, Dr. Weyman," she exclaimed, "he remembers who he is, but he has entirely forgotten the last eight years. He has been telling me about them as a dream of last night."

The doctor nodded his head with an expression of satisfaction.

"Just so; just so," he said: "it follows out the case cited by Camuset. I have a book of Ribot's with me on the 'Diseases of Personality,' in which it is mentioned. I will give it to him to read."

By this time Laurence Hanford had descended, and stopped at the foot of the stairway aghast.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" he said to the doctor. "It can't be more than two or three weeks since I saw you, and yet you look ten years older."

"Perhaps," said the doctor, banteringly, "you are a modern Rip Van Winkle and have been sleeping ten years."

The thought did not occur to him that he had applied that very term to himself only the day before.

"I am beginning to think I am," was the laughing rejoinder: "even Helen, although the change is an improvement, does not look so youthful to me as she should; but I suppose the alarm caused by last night's storm and the loss of sleep are responsible for that. But come in and sit down," he added, leading the way into the room.

"I cannot stay," said the doctor, "but I have a strange case I wanted to tell you about. There is something similar in Ribot, quoted from the *Annales Médico-psychologiques* for January, 1882. Read it, and tell me what you think about it."

Laurence Hanford took the book and began reading aloud at the place the doctor indicated.

"The subject, a youth of seventeen years, V. L., had an attack of hystero-epilepsy, and quite lost all recollection of one year of his life."

He paused a moment and looked up.

"That is very strange," he said. "And you say you have a similar case?"

"Yes," was the reply, "a dear friend of mine."

Laurence Hanford went on reading. The case was in substance as follows. The subject was a vagabond, and was finally arrested for theft. One day, while working as a farm-hand in a penal colony, he seized in his hand a snake, in a bundle of vine-cuttings. He was extremely alarmed, and that evening, after his return to the colony, he lost consciousness. Repeated attacks of unconsciousness followed, and at last his lower limbs became paralyzed. After an interval, during which he was cared for and expressed a wish to live a better life than formerly, he was taught the trade of a tailor, and worked industriously. At the end of two months he suffered an attack of hystero-epilepsy, which lasted for fifty hours. This was succeeded by a quiet sleep, on awaking from which his former personality returned and he wanted to go out to work on the farm where he had seized the snake in his hand. He had entirely forgotten the last year of his life, and when given the implements of his trade was utterly unable to use them.

The listeners had watched the reader's face closely, but he gave no evidence of awakened consciousness of his own dual existence.

"It is very strange," he repeated, calmly, handing the book back to the doctor. "Tell me about your friend."

His voice expressed polite interest and scientific curiosity, nothing more. Dr. Weyman and Mrs. Hanford glanced at each other, and the former rose to go.

"I have not time to stay longer," he said; "but I think Helen will give you the full particulars of the case, if you care to hear them."

Laurence glanced at his wife in surprise. She was looking at the doctor appealingly.

"It is better so," the doctor murmured to her aside, as she accompanied him to the door. "You will know how to break it to him with the least possible shock."

XV.

When he had gone, Helen turned to her husband and slipped her arm through his.

"Come to the library with me," she said: "I want to show you something."

He looked a little surprised, but went with her.

"Excuse me, my dear," he said, "but you will have to hurry. I think I had better go to see Munson this morning about those new lots he was speaking of in the South Addition."

Munson was the old family lawyer. He had been dead five years.

Helen paled a little, but gave a guarded reply.

"Do you know," she said, as they entered the room, "to whom the doctor referred?"

"Why, no," he replied: "how should I? And how do you happen to know about it?"

"Because," was the slow response, "I saw the quiet sleep that preceded the awaking to renewed consciousness of the old personality; I watched through the night by the sleeper's side, waiting and yearning for the first sign of recognition he might give me."

"Why, Helen," said her husband, in surprise, "I do not understand you. When could you have done this? When were you away from home, and in whom are you interested so much?"

"Do you not know yet?" asked Helen, laying her hand on his arm.

He shook his head wonderingly.

They were standing by a shelf of new books, and, drawing from it the latest novel of Jason Hildreth, she placed the volume in his hands.

"Jason Hildreth!" he repeated, in bewilderment: "the name in my dream."

He turned the fly-leaves, and stopped at the dedication in amazement:

"To my friend and comrade, Dr. Edgar Richmond, of San Francisco."

Two bits of torn paper fluttered from between the leaves and fell in his hand. On them were written, in German and English, the words of Goethe,—

> Soul of man,
> How like the water!
> Fate of man,
> How like the wind!

He stared at the words, then turned again to his wife.

"What does it mean, Helen?" he asked. "Surely I must be dreaming now."

"No, dear," she said, passing her arm about his neck and leaning on his breast, "you are awake now. You are mine, you are mine, and I will never let you go."

Surprised by her vehemence, he looked down at her and smiled.

"But, my dear," he protested, "I have not the slightest intention of disappearing like a god at daybreak, or of allowing Mephistopheles

himself to carry me off. But, really, I wish you would explain what this means." He held out the open book and the torn papers in his hand.

"Do you not know? Can you not guess?" she asked, in astonishment.

"I have not the faintest idea," he replied.

"But you remember your dream?" she queried, anxiously.

"Yes," he said, "I remember it perfectly."

"Then," she responded, "perhaps I can make you understand. It means—that your dream—lasted eight years."

He started back so suddenly that she slipped out of his arms.

"You are mad," he exclaimed.

"No," she protested, standing before him with tightly clasped hands and pouring out her words impetuously. "You were going to San Francisco to get the local coloring for your novel. I had planned to go with you, but mamma was taken sick, and I would not let you give up the trip to stay with me. You had reached the point in the story where Charles de Blainville goes to California to seek his fortune. After you got there, you must have made some sudden change in your plans, probably intending to send your hero to the Sandwich Islands; for your name was in the list of passengers on board a vessel bound for Honolulu, that was lost with all on board. So you must have purchased your ticket and engaged your berth with the expectation of going; but some time before the vessel sailed the accident must have happened to you that the doctor explained when you recovered consciousness. You were sandbagged and robbed on the Pacific Mail wharf. When your reason returned, memory did not come back to you at once. Your last thought before your accident was probably of Charles de Blainville and Elizabeth Howard: so that my photograph, when you saw it, suggested to you those personalities instead of the true ones. It was easy for you to imagine yourself a Frenchman, since the grandmother who raised you was French and you spoke the language perfectly. From the time you found the photograph, you lived the life you remember as a dream, till you came here——"

A great change had come over his face. It had turned pallid and drawn, and his eyes had a terrible stare, as though he saw a spectre. In one awful moment were concentrated the suffering and the yearning and the disappointment of eight long years. The face of the woman before him seemed a vision that was worlds away. He cried aloud in agony and held out his arms to her.

"Elizabeth! Helen!" he moaned.

The next moment she had crept to his breast.

It was not long before a new and brilliant star appeared above the literary horizon. The critics said that Laurence Hanford had evidently been a student of Jason Hildreth and had caught something of his style, but that his genius undoubtedly surpassed that of his unfortunate predecessor. His strange absence of eight years, during which time he had suffered shipwreck and had travelled in many remote parts of the world, his friends believing him to be dead, gave an added interest

to his personality; but with friends and interviewers alike he was very reticent about this chapter of his history.

The first shadow that fell across his new-found happiness was cast by the death of Miss Vaughn. By the same train that brought the announcement of the sad news from her nephew, Laurence Hanford received the painting of Miss Vaughn when a child, by the unknown young artist, and also a little packet that shortly before her death she had requested should be sent to him. It contained a daguerrotype of his father, set in a jewelled frame, and a beautiful little gold watch, with a long, fine chain. Enclosed with them was a letter, dated several days before her death. It closed with these words:

"As you could not leave America without making to me a confession of what you thought to be your life, so I cannot leave the world without telling you of the new tie that, ever since the discovery of your true history, has bound me to you. Before I knew your real identity, I loved you as a nephew; but ever since you wrote us the wonderful history of your life, I have loved you as a son; for had God willed otherwise with my life my son would have borne your name. The pictures I send to you; the painting is your father's work. The watch, which your father gave me on my birthday, is for Elizabeth. The betrothal ring alone would he suffer me to return to him; the packet of his letters will be buried with me."

As Laurence and Helen bent over the little packet and lifted the gifts reverently from the velvet-lined case in which they had lain, a faint odor of lavender lingered about them, like the breath of a departed spirit.

The story of "The Golden Quest" was never completed; but the eldest daughter of the popular novelist, to whom Dr. Edgar Richmond, of San Francisco, had playfully betrothed his little son, was named by her father Elizabeth Howard.

THE END.

SOME BIRD-SONGS.

IT is pleasant to idle away an occasional hour during the spring or summer, enjoying the fresh, fragrance-laden air and the green-sward with its dots or splashes of color, and drinking in the mingled chorus of songs and calls and the many other sounds that pervade the place. It is pleasant to allow these various agreeable sensations to form a harmonious background to dreamy revery.

But when, instead of permitting them to remain a mere mass,—a collective noun, as it were,—one separates each individual from its fellows, learns to know the color which each flower lends to the scene, the note which each bird contributes to the chorus,—then is felt the truest, deepest, and most intense enjoyment of the bountiful feast which Nature offers to the senses. Each flower, each bird, is a friend; and about each are clustered the many pleasant associations that friendship brings. That clear, ringing melody from the copse is not merely a pretty song; it is the rich voice of our old friend the Carolina wren, whose cheery note, accompanied by the pure, cool breeze of early morning, has so often brought matin greetings through the open window. That beautiful song of two clear, rather plaintive notes is no longer an undistinguished part of a general chorus; it is the chickadee's love-song, which has so many times broken the long silence of winter and told us of the coming spring, even amidst snow-covered fields and icicle-pointed trees.

The memory is stored with reminiscences of former scenes and surroundings; with details of the habits and appearance of the singers; with incidents of their courtship, their rivalries, their house-building, their parental cares and anxieties; with their social travels to other lands. And these are all stirred to life, to a greater or less degree, by the sound of their voices.

Then, too, we have our favorites among them, whose songs we love to hear,—perhaps from some of the pleasant memories they recall, perhaps from some real or fancied attributes which the singers possess. Very often we are wont to ascribe to the bird a character in keeping with the quality of his voice. The sonorous tones of the cardinal grosbeak suggest strength and power; the quiet, meditative notes of the wood-thrush seem to indicate a philosophical, sober-minded nature; the rich, tender contralto of the bluebird is suggestive of a peaceful, affectionate disposition; the plaintive melody of the wood-pewee seems to be the sad sigh of a grief-worn soul. Some birds—the song-sparrow, the bobolink, and the house-wren, for example—appear to be bubbling over with happiness. Others, such as the meadow-lark and the field-sparrow, are apparently deeply oppressed by the weight of this life's cares and sorrows; while the poor little screech-owl utters a wail that might come from the depths of a most profound despondency. "O-o-o-o-o-o! that I never had been bo-o-o-orn!" is what he seemed to Thoreau to say; and no words better characterize the gloom that pervades his plaint.

Of course these are merely fancies. As a matter of fact, I have no doubt that even this chief mourner among the birds enjoys his midnight forage fully as well as the wren his sunny meal. And the avidity and relish with which I have seen the wood-pewee swallow the unhappy insect he has just secured quite belie the doleful strain which he delivers almost simultaneously with his final gulp.

Not that the birds do not differ in disposition: I am sure that there is as marked a contrast between the domineering, aggressive bee-martin and the quiet, modest white-throated sparrow as there was, according to Irving, between Dr. Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith; but it is not safe to interpret their characters by means of the quality of their songs.

However, it seems almost impossible in some cases to dissociate the note of a bird from the characteristic that such a tone would indicate in a human being. The catbird furnishes an example of this kind. It has been the subject of many a protracted assault on the part of some irritated boy, due almost wholly to the fancied taunt uttered by it as the missiles fall harmlessly about it. "Ă-ă-ăh!" it seems to say, "you didn't that time, did you? Ă-ă-ăh!" And yet the poor creature is simply giving vent to its alarm and distress; and its unfortunate tone is not intended to convey any more insult or defiance than is offered by the mild and inoffensive chip of a disturbed field-sparrow.

A very different idea of the bird may be acquired by listening to its song. For, despite a wide-spread belief to the contrary, the catbird is a singer, and a very good one. True, its sprightly carol is a slightly bizarre affair, with odds and ends of bird-music jumbled confusedly into a medley that has no definite beginning or ending; and the feline tone from which the bird derives its name will creep in here and there, just as some disagreeable family traits in a man will often manifest themselves, no matter how agreeable an impression he is trying to produce: still, taken as a whole, it is a very creditable performance.

The gentleman (for it is only the male member of the family who is musically gifted) is also quite a clever imitator, though his ambition in this line sometimes brings discomfiture. Early one morning, as I was wandering through the woods, I happened upon a small clearing, where my attention was attracted by a catbird. Perched upon a low pine in the middle of the clearing, he was listening to the distant notes of a cardinal grosbeak, his head turned to one side, the better to catch the strain. When the cardinal would drop his theme the catbird would take it up, giving a very fair and recognizable rendition of it. Suddenly from the woods near by came one of the liquid phrases of a wood-thrush. The catbird at once turned his attention to the new singer, and, after a moment's pause, during which he seemed to be fixing the notes in his memory, reproduced with tolerable effect the simple phrase, and then waited, with a self-satisfied and confident air, for another. But the wood-thrush, oblivious of his humble imitator, followed his first phrase with one containing one of the low chest-notes which constitute the principal charm of his singing, and which are literally inimitable. The catbird listened most attentively, cocking his head first on one side and then on the other, considered the matter

carefully for a while, his confidence meantime perceptibly oozing out, like Bob Acres's courage, then finally ducked his head ashamedly and flew off into the neighboring pines without uttering a sound. It was beyond his reach, and he knew it and was too vain to risk an absolute failure.

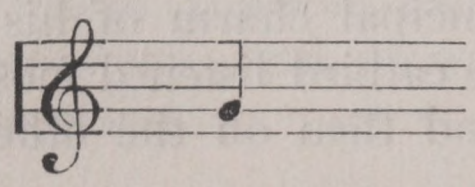
In these imitations, clever though they are, allowances have to be made. The praise they call forth is similar to that bestowed on some infant prodigy whose fond mamma, beaming with maternal pride, puts him through his paces before the assembled guests, who, considerate of his age, overlook various palpable defects, and declare his performance remarkable for one so young. So, too, we feel that the catbird's imitation of another bird's notes is very good indeed for a catbird.

But no such saving clause is demanded in commending the skill of the catbird's cousin, the mocking-bird. In him we recognize the finished artist. His imitations are almost exact reproductions in every particular, and cause the catbird's efforts to appear by contrast broad caricatures. And they are delivered with all the confidence and self-reliance of a master. Mounting to the top of a tall tree, he will amuse himself by the hour, pouring forth the notes of one bird after another with evident enjoyment of his own talent.

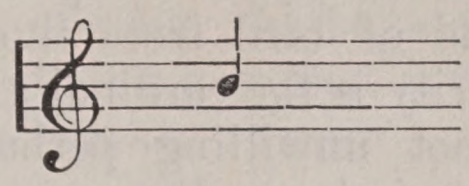
I quote from my note-book a description of one of his matinée performances before breakfast (the proper time for a matinée), which I attended by creeping under the tent-curtain. I was sitting at the foot of a tree on the top of which he was perched, unconscious of my presence. "He gives an imitation of one of the notes of the guinea-hen, a fine imitation of the cardinal, an exact reproduction of the note of the phœbe, and some of the difficult notes of the yellow-breasted chat. Now I hear a young chicken peeping. Now the Carolina wren sings 'cheerily, cheerily, cheerily.' Now a small bird is shrilling with a fine insect tone. A flicker, wood-pewee, and phœbe follow in quick succession. Then a tufted titmouse squeals. To display his versatility, he gives a dual performance which couples the 'Go back!' of the guinea-fowl with the plaint of the wood-pewee. [Two more widely diverse vocal sounds it would be hard to select.] With all the performance there is such perfect self-reliance and consciousness of superior ability that one feels that the singer has but to choose what bird he will imitate next."

If the mocking-bird is the finished artist, and the catbird the clever performer, the yellow-breasted chat is the buffo of the company. Perhaps booby would be a better term to employ in describing him; for his ludicrous antics and grotesque song are perfectly serious, so far as he is concerned. He is not conscious that he makes himself ridiculous. It is not his intention to amuse.

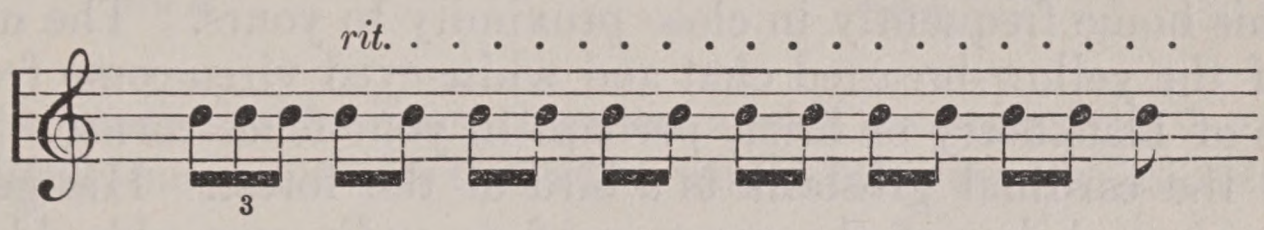
Perched upon one of the lateral limbs of a low tree, he will gather himself together as though for a supreme effort, bend his back, and with a violent gasping movement of his distended throat emit a globular note that one would say had been about two sizes too large for him:



After a pause for recovery from this mighty feat, he is seized with another convulsion, and ejects a second note of a different pitch from the first:



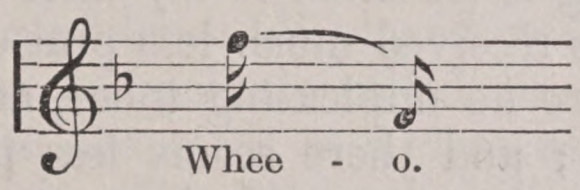
The third note bears the same relation to the first two that the asteroids bear to the planets:



It is one of the others reduced to fragments. In addition to these notes he utters a great variety of uncouth sounds. One of these bears quite a close resemblance to the well-known cry of the catbird, of which I have spoken. But it is more metallic, more vigorous, and less prolonged, and it covers fewer degrees of pitch. These various noises—they cannot be designated by a musical term—are interspersed, apparently at random, with the planetary and asteroidal notes with which he has introduced himself. He is a handsome bird, about the size of a catbird, though stouter, with an olive back and a rich chrome-yellow breast; but his movements are as clumsy and undignified as his song. He is a member of the large family of warblers, though I doubt if one of his numerous relatives would be willing publicly to acknowledge the relationship.

Another bird whose vocal performance borders on the grotesque is the little white-eyed vireo. Almost as small as a wren, and somewhat wren-like in his appearance and movements, he is constantly in evidence when you approach his neighborhood. Darting about with restless, unceasing activity, he seems the embodiment of nervous energy. And his song is in keeping with his actions. It is brisk, breezy, and breathy, with odd cacophonous notes thrown in liberally, often suggesting the conglomerate combinations by means of which the students of many of our colleges advertise to the world at large the particular seats of learning which claim their loyalty.

It is impossible to write the song on the musical staff, for with his other eccentricities the white-eyed vireo has a fine disregard for our musical intervals and uses his own. One sound, however, that he employs a great deal is something like



The moment of my first acquaintance with him was an amusing one to me. I was passing a little thicket near the railroad station at one of Washington's suburban settlements, when a small bird suddenly rose from the undergrowth and hopped briskly up to a low limb of a

tree, with a loud "Whee-o!" as though to say, "By Jove! that was a breather." I soon identified him as the white-eyed vireo, and have often since enjoyed his comical style of expressing himself.

A very different kind of bird from those that I have thus far mentioned with particularity is the cardinal grosbeak.

The mocking-bird, not unwilling perhaps to have his talented efforts enjoyed by an appreciative audience, will seek the haunts of men and use your door-yard for his stage. The catbird, also, seems to feel that his powers ought not to be wasted upon inanimate nature, and builds his home frequently in close proximity to yours. The uncanny songs of the yellow-breasted chat and white-eyed vireo come from low thickets of blackberry or brier, perhaps in your fence-corner.

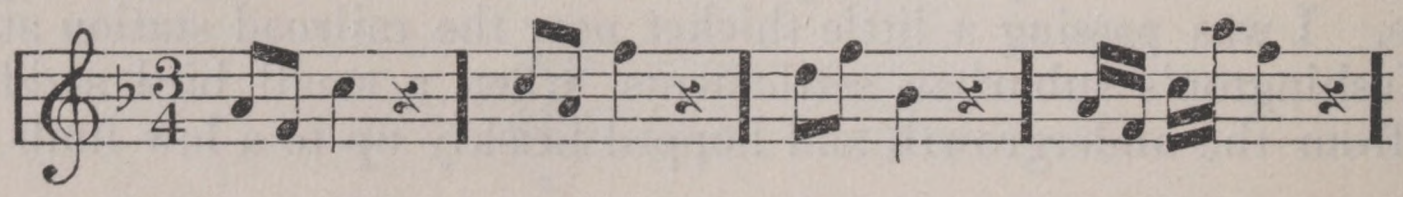
But the cardinal grosbeak is a bird of the forest. His genius is such that knowledge of the presence of an audience could add no zest to his performance. To hear his strong, full, remarkably smooth and clear whistle you must go to his home in the woods; he will not come to yours, unless, indeed, he incidentally happens along that way. And if you would hear him at his best you must not let him become aware of your presence.

But what a delightful treat is offered to those who approach him unperceived, when he is in the mood for music! With his powerful yet velvety tones, his clear, even portamentos, his utter freedom from all tricks or mannerisms, and, above all, the thorough dignity of the whole performance, you cannot help the feeling that such singing as his is the expression of the real genius, beside which the admirable skill of the mocking-bird appears mere clap-trap. It is as gold to tinsel; the real to the artificial; the natural to the cultivated.

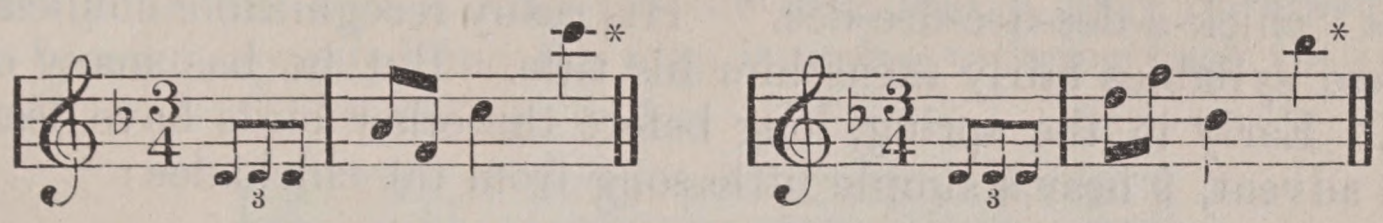
And how in harmony with his song is his appearance! His erect attitude, his brilliant red coat, his gleaming red bill, his handsome crest, the graceful ease with which he launches himself upon the wing, these arrest your attention and command your respect from the moment of first acquaintance.

I once saw a cardinal fly to an accustomed perch upon the tip of a dead and vine-enwrapped pine at a moment when it was occupied by a little indigo-bird who also used it habitually as a song-perch. The indigo-bird stopped short in his song and flew down to his lowly thicket as a pure matter of course; while the cardinal took possession of the vacant perch, also as a pure matter of course. The exchange was effected without the slightest manifestation of antagonism upon either side, as though the cardinal felt, and the indigo-bird acknowledged, without question, the superior quality of the former.

The cardinal's song is far more to my taste than that of the wood-thrush, although it has received much less praise. It is so thoroughly satisfactory. There are no unpleasing tones, no cracked notes. The quality is not so thin; and there seems less premeditation about it. The wood-thrush has some very good phrases, such as



And if he would content himself with simply these, and the beautiful low chest-notes which he occasionally sounds, his performance would be very enjoyable. But he prefaces each phrase with several clucking notes, that give the effect of what the boys call a "buck-jump;" and he usually adds to each a closing note that is too high for him, and on which his voice invariably breaks. Thus:



(The notes marked thus * are those on which his voice breaks.) This very seriously mars the effect of what would otherwise be an attractive song.

But his voice is too thin and flat. It cannot fail to suffer when brought into contrast with the cardinal's full and round tones. It is skimmed milk compared with cream.

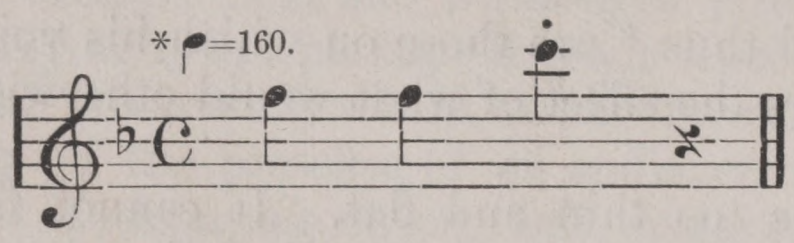
And yet the wood-thrush is an attractive bird. True, when you look into his nest, and count the embryonic members of his family, he is naturally inclined to manifest some uneasiness and alarm, and will move from spot to spot about you, uttering a peculiar sound that resembles the swish of a carriage-whip, and sometimes suggests the resonant but flat and sibilant note given out by a telegraph wire when it is struck by a stone. But should you meet him casually, before he has assumed the summer's household cares, he shows a confidence in you that is very engaging.

Once, when I was very slightly acquainted with him, I saw a bird, which afterwards proved to be a wood-thrush, sitting in the midst of a low tree some thirty feet away. I crept carefully up, advancing by inches, and being very particular not to step on a dry twig or in any way disturb him. When I had shortened the distance between us to about six feet, wondering when he would take to flight, he looked at me for a moment, and then, slightly ruffling his feathers, closed his eyes and settled himself down for a comfortable nap.

This trustfulness, his handsome garb,—olive above, and white, thickly dotted with large black spots, below,—and his perfect lack of self-consciousness, are three strong points in his favor.

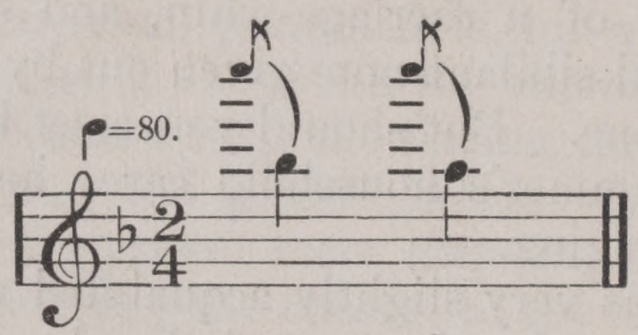
We like a bird or a human being that meets us without fear. And so far as any of the smaller birds is concerned, unless the man he meets be a very amateurish sportsman, a "collector" in the interest of science, or a man sent out, as thousands are, to slaughter the birds to gratify the whim of the gentler sex to wear birds on their hats, the chances are that the confidence displayed will not be misplaced. Scientific "collecting," as it is politely called, has this in its favor: it is ultimately beneficial to the birds as a class, as well as assisting in the education of mankind. The wholesale killing for millinery purposes has nothing in its favor. Its only extenuation is the thoughtlessness of woman, or perhaps her ignorance of the extent of suffering and destruction caused by the fashion of using stuffed birds for head-ornamentation.

The chickadee is another bird that seems to feel no fear of man. This little fluffy fellow, with a regular foot-ball shock of black hair, will pick out the seeds of a sumach just above your head, and, holding them between his claws, will crack and eat them as unconcernedly as though you were—pardon the suggestion—a fence-post. He is a busy little body, active and bright in his movements, singing as he goes his quaint "chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee." His easily recognizable enunciation of these syllables fairly earns him his title. But he has many other notes. Early in the spring, long before the other birds have learned of its advent, I hear a simple little song from the chickadee:

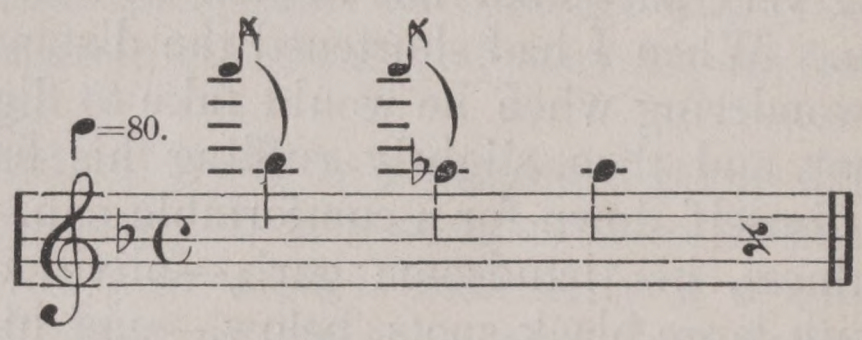


It is attractive because it has what John Burroughs calls "such a wide margin of silence."

Then, as the year progresses, no matter what the condition of the season, he adds various other songs, notably a beautiful one of two very clear notes, each preceded by a high inspirational note:



or perhaps he will double the last note, thus:



The purity and clearness of these notes are remarkable. And their early arrival in the spring renders them especially noticeable and enjoyable. In February, with the snow still knee-deep in sheltered places, and the woods and fields apparently in the cold embrace of midwinter, I have found a flock of chickadees in a little patch of pines singing their spring songs as cheerily as though the earth were clothed with verdure and the grim frost-king had retired across the northern borders definitely and finally.

Two of the chickadee's notes are borrowed, one from the phœbe and the other from the katydid. But as they are uttered toward the close of winter, and are suggestive the one of spring and the other of

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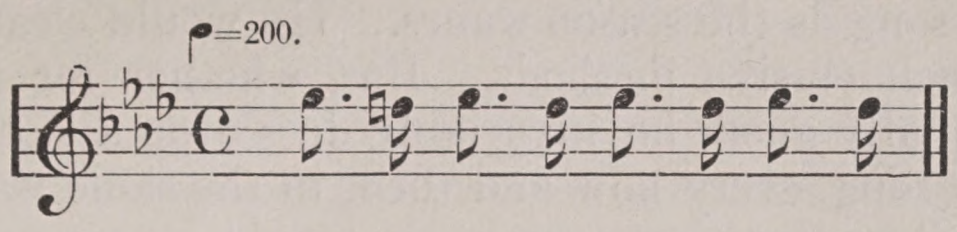
*The metronome numbers given in this article are from memory, and, though close enough to give a correct idea of the time, are not exact.

summer, we can well afford to regard the theft as a mere peccadillo, easily forgiven.

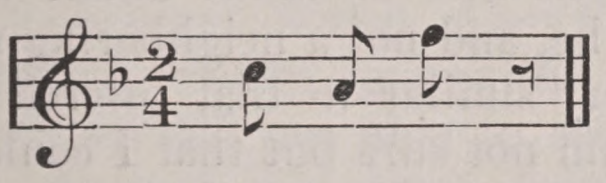
Chickadee has a first-cousin, the tufted titmouse, who is also an early singer: indeed, I have heard his loud and vigorous call in January. Unless you know it, you will be apt to think, when it first strikes your ear, that a very patient man and a very refractory dog have become separated and the man is trying to bring back the truant.



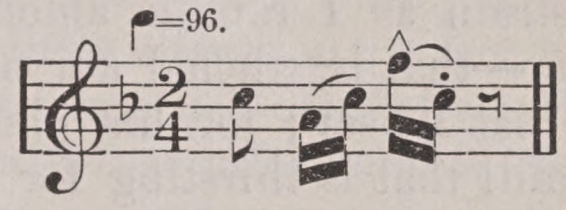
he will call, ceaselessly, tirelessly, and with little variation. This song is easy to imitate: I have brought the bird almost within reach of my hand by answering him in his own tongue.

But his usual note it is impossible to reproduce. It is very similar to the "dee-dee-dee" part of the chickadee's customary call, only that he says "day" where his cousin says "dee." It sounds very much like the squeal of a young pig.

Of course, whenever the songs and calls of the birds are rendered by words or syllables, the rendition is only approximate. Even the whippoorwill, you will find, if you listen to him attentively, does not really direct the corporal punishment of William. His song, or at least the only one that I have noted, contains five notes, not three. It is not, as commonly reported,

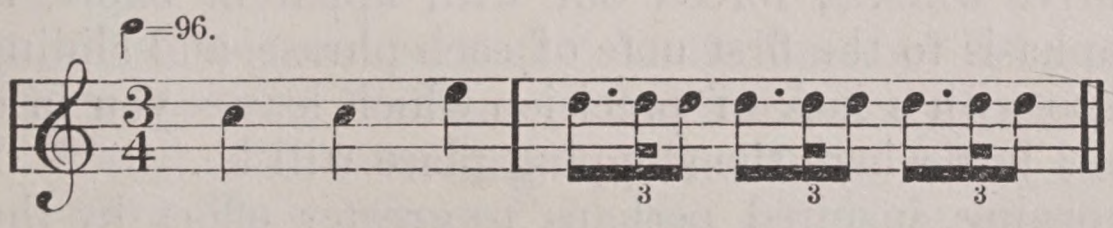


but



A great injustice has been done the gentleman, especially in view of the fact that if he really did recommend poor Will's chastisement he would exhibit a most relentless persistence in following up the victim of his resentment; for I have heard him repeat his call one hundred and sixty times without pause, apparently without even replenishing his lungs. What a revengeful disposition that would indicate did he really call for the castigation that is popularly believed to be his wish!

To show how far the imagination goes in placing words in the mouths of various birds, I need only instance the white-throated sparrow. This is one of our transient visitors here in the neighborhood of Washington, coming down for the winter and returning home in the spring to rear his young among the farms of northern New England and Canada. His song consists of two or three long notes followed by several triplets, all delivered in a tremulous and uncertain style, as though the singer were very old and feeble:



This is a fair sample song.

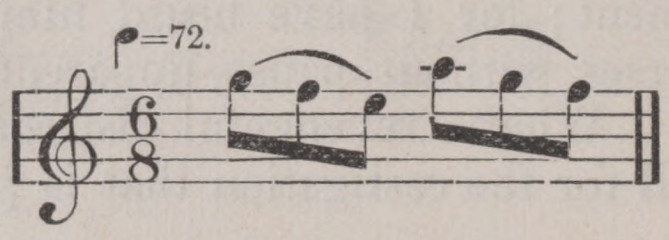
This bird does not use any words; he simply whistles. And yet two entirely dissimilar sets of words are placed in his mouth by his human friends. To some he seems to say, "E-e-e-Pea-body, Pea-body, Pea-body," and from this he has received the name of the "Peabody bird." To others he says, "All day long, fiddle-in, fiddle-in, fiddle-in."

It may be to throw these officious meddlers with his affairs off the track that the white-throat has formed his curious habit of gradually shortening his song as the season wanes. He would clearly be justified in adopting such elusive methods. But, whether for this reason or some other equally good, he invariably does drop a note or two from the end of his song every now and then, in the same way that "John Brown's Body" is sometimes sung on picnics or excursions, until at length he has only his opening note left.

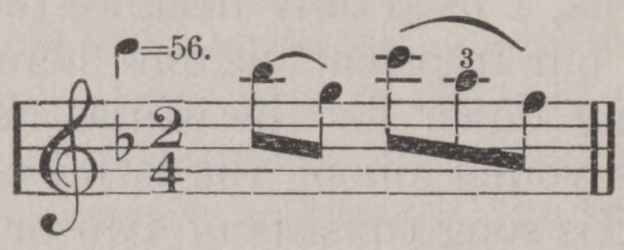
And in the spring, when he breaks his winter silence, he reverses the process, commencing with a single note and gradually adding to this, until finally, just before he says "good-by" to us of the South, he acquires his full song.

The meadow-lark is not in any way related to the white-throated sparrow, but there is something in the song of one that suggests the other. Each seems to reach the goal with fear and trembling. Each sings with a quavering voice, and frequently wanders from the key. And yet both songs are very pleasant to listen to.

Through the summer, when the white-throat is gayly sporting at Bar Harbor or Lenox, the meadow-lark often pleases me with his pensive strain as I ramble among the hills and meadows about Washington,—that is, when I am sure it is he, and not a neighboring windmill, that I hear; for his plaint is very similar to that uttered by a windmill that is thirsting for oil. I am not sure but that I could call him up to me with an aged wheelbarrow. Yet, such is the power of association, the moment I know definitely that it is he and not the windmill that is singing, I listen with much enjoyment.

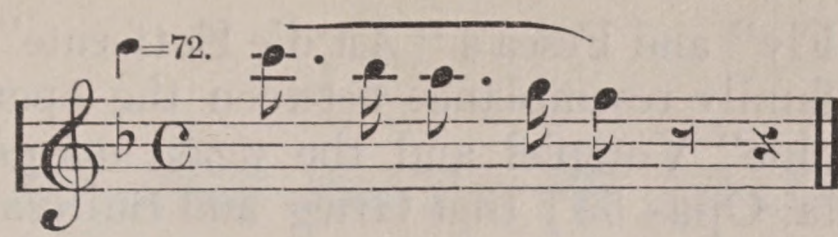


is one of the songs I have heard from him. Another is

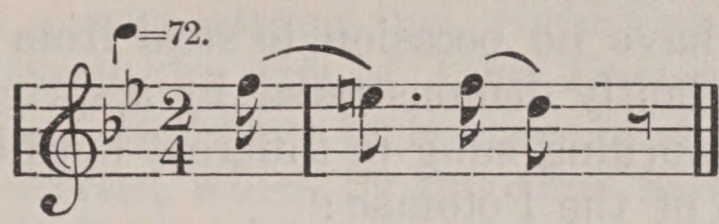


To understand what these strains sound like, you must imagine a clear, plaintive whistle, forced out with apparent effort, thus giving marked emphasis to the first note of each phrase, and sliding to the end of the phrase with a lack of precision which leaves you in doubt, until it is reached, just where the stopping-place will be.

One morning, inspired perhaps to greater effort by the charming weather, a meadow-lark greeted me with this finished production,

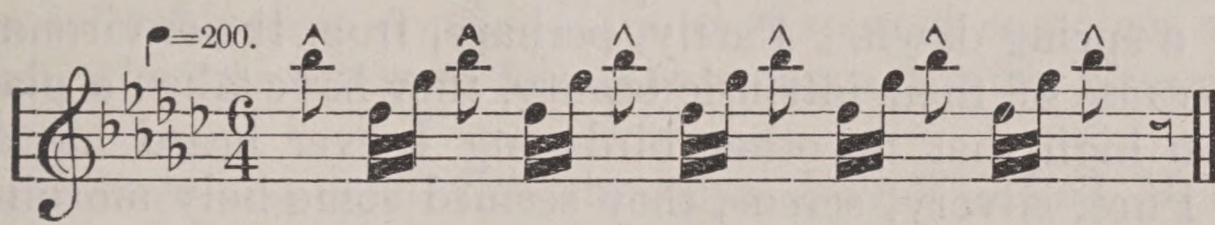


which he had evidently borrowed, with a slight alteration of time, from Händel. This bird showed a good classical education. A scholarly critic would not hesitate to commend his taste. But the popular vote would probably be cast in favor of one of his brethren who manifested a predilection for music with a strong rhythmical swing, such as street urchins delight in stepping off to in front of a marching band:



This is as much as he had learned of Sousa's Washington Post March; but, allowing for his meadow-lark accent, he had acquired that much to perfection.

The meadow-larks are not the only birds who have rendered themselves liable to a charge of plagiarism. Mr. Cheney, in his "Wood Notes Wild," tells of a chewink that sang a theme based upon the old tune to "Rock of Ages." And he calls attention to the fact that one of the songs of the black-throated green warbler is simply a phrase from "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" with a little alteration; a fact which, if a second witness against the bird be necessary, I can fully corroborate. I myself am able to serve as principal informant in several cases. I could, if I chose, bring charges against a certain Baltimore oriole who was evidently familiar with the old song "Not for Joe." And I know a Kentucky warbler (though I might have some difficulty in identifying him) whose rapid and brilliant carol



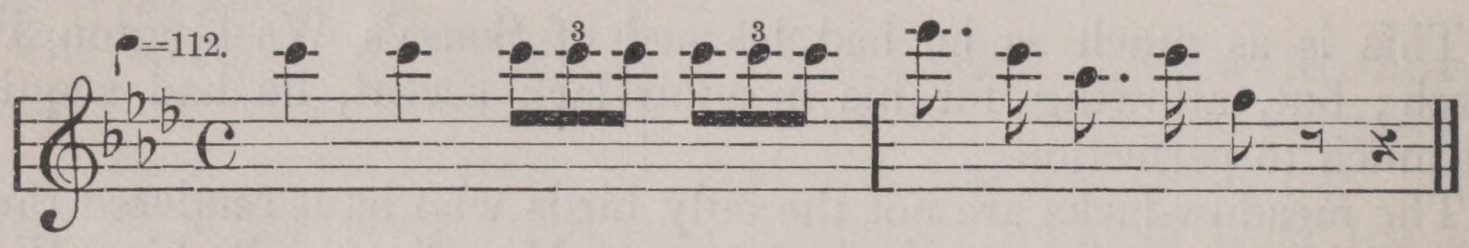
sounds very suspiciously like a passage in Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite.

But there may be another side to this question. The Kentucky warbler, for instance, supposing him to be placed on trial, might defend himself by calling upon us to prove that he was the plagiarist, asserting that the phrase in question was an inheritance from a long ancestral line reaching back to a period when Grieg and his musical ideas were but a potentiality.

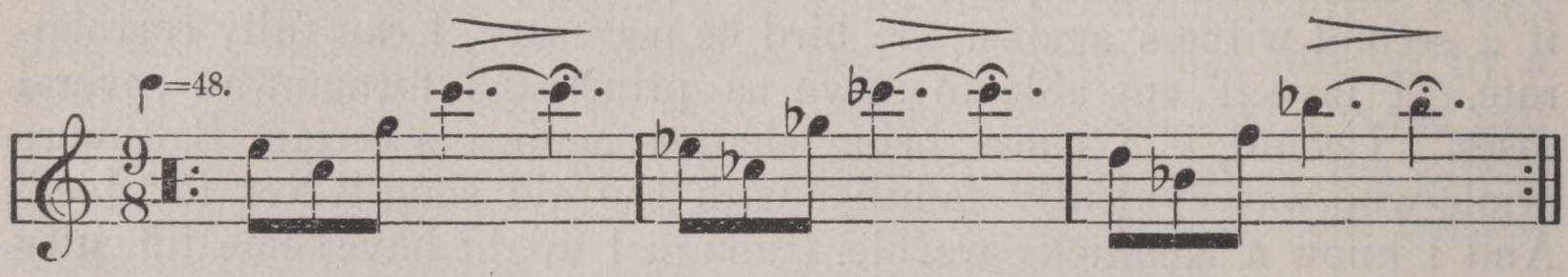
Then, too, when we consider that "Annie Rooney" is based upon the Slumber motif from "Die Walkure;" that the melody that accompanies the words "Where did you get that hat?" is taken bodily from "Parsifal" or "Die Meistersinger," in each of which operas it appears as a cornet phrase; that the first two lines in Abt's "When the Swal-

lows Homeward Fly" and Fesca's "An die Entfernte" are twins; that there is a strong family resemblance between the opening bars of the "Tristan und Isolde" Vorspiel and the *molto adagio* movement of Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 53; that Grieg and Sullivan make common use of a phrase two bars in length, the one in his "Arabischer Tanz," the other in "Princess Ida,"—it would seem that we do not come into court with sufficiently clean hands, and perhaps would better enter a *nolle pros.* in the matter, agreeing to regard the resemblance in question as merely a case of "unconscious cerebration," and thus not only acquitting the bird of intentional appropriation, but leaving a convenient loop-hole for our own escape in case he should turn the tables and place us on the defensive.

That the birds have no occasion to steal from us in order to sing melodiously is abundantly demonstrated by a sprightly bit of melody which I heard one morning sung in different keys by some song-sparrows upon the shore of the Potomac:



And I shall never forget the beautiful chromatic changes rung upon a simple theme by an unknown singer, probably a thrush, though the song was far superior to any thrush-song I have since heard:



These tones floated into my open window with the incense-bearing breath of a spring dawn. Partly, perhaps, from the environment, yet largely because of their intrinsic beauty, they have taken a place in my memory so high that no other bird-song I ever heard has an equal regard. Pure, silvery, serene, they seemed some holy morning hymn of praise, uttered in solemn greeting to the mysterious beauty of the birth of a perfect day.

Henry Oldys.

ON AN ETRUSCAN VASE.

THE heart, the hope, the peopled town,
Lie buried deep in Time's decay;
And yet the artist's soul comes down
Embalmed in this new shape of clay.

Harrison S. Morris.

ON THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL.

WHILE crossing the Great Plains *en route* to California, in 1850, our party one day stopped to "noon" on the bank of a small stream near the foot-hills of San Mateo Mountains, in the westerly part of New Mexico. As the rich grama grass was abundant here, and no Indian "sign" had been seen for a week previous, our guide, Dave Ingram, said that we need not tether the horses and mules, but merely hopple them when turned out to graze.

Our party was a very strong one, consisting of thirty-two well-armed men, one woman, the wife of John Dexter, and her twin boys, thirteen years of age. Besides a little army of draught-mules, we had twelve good saddle-horses, which by this time had become thoroughly trained in running buffalo and hunting other game, then very plentiful wherever there was a stretch of grassy country.

Notwithstanding the seeming security of our position on this occasion, mere force of habit caused us to form the eight wagons into a hollow square, as usual, though with no idea that the corral would be required for defensive purposes, for the guide assured us that we had not yet reached the favorite stamping-ground of the ever-hostile Apaches.

After dinner some one proposed that, as the pasturage was so good and water so convenient, we should remain in that spot until next morning, so as to allow ourselves and the animals a refreshing rest. All agreed to the proposition, and all the men except two strolled down stream, looking for some pool where we might enjoy the unwonted luxury of a bath. For more than a mile, however, we clambered over rocks and through fringing brushwood without finding a suitable place. Then we came to a sharp angle in the river, where, at the foot of a steep cliff, the water was dammed up by fallen débris in such a way as to form a tolerably deep pond. Here we disported ourselves until tired of the fun, when we returned leisurely to camp, having been gone fully two hours.

"What have you done with the boys, John?" asked Mrs. Dexter, as her husband came in with the rest.

"The boys!" he echoed. "Why, what do you mean, Mary? They didn't go with us."

"Well, I missed them a few minutes after you left, and, of course, supposed they'd followed you. Where can they be, I wonder?"

"Sho!" Dexter cheerily rejoined; "the young scamps have curled up in one of the wagons for a nap, I guess. Hello! Tom! Dick! tumble out here and show yourselves."

But there was no answer; and an immediate search of all the covered wagons revealed the startling fact that neither of the children was to be found.

"Don't be uneasy, ma'am," said one of the men who had remained in camp to indulge, with his comrade, in a mid-day snooze. "The

little chaps have likely scampered off to the foot-hills. They heard Dave telling before dinner that there's always lots of ripe raspberries there this time of year; and they've gone to get some, sure."

"Oh, husband, do go and bring them in at once. They might get lost," said Mrs. Dexter, now on the point of crying, though not as yet seriously alarmed; for the boys were strong, stout, adventurous fellows, and, being wonderfully good horsemen for their age, had often, while in a safe neighborhood, ridden miles and miles away from the train on little side-excursions of their own. But they had never before been in the mountains, where it is the easiest thing in the world for even a grown man to lose himself.

More to oblige his wife than because of any real anxiety on his own part, Dexter took up his rifle, and, accompanied by the writer, walked off to the foot-hills, the nearest point of which was something more than a half-mile distant.

Here, after looking around for a while, we found a patch of well-laden raspberry-bushes, the numerous denuded piths on which plainly proved that some one had lately made a feast on the missing berries; but the twins were nowhere to be seen, nor could we get an answer to our repeated shouts and signal shots.

My comrade was now alarmed in good earnest. "The boys have lost themselves, sure enough," he exclaimed. "They may perish in this wilderness before we can find them. They left their guns behind, and are quite unarmed, so in case of meeting any wild beasts they'll be helpless; but it's a mighty good thing no Indians are about."

While the man was speaking, I, having had somewhat more experience than he, was carefully scanning the ground in our vicinity, and now I reluctantly said, "John, there *are* Indians about. Look here, and here: the marks on these creeping plants have been made by the unshod hoofs of ponies. I fear your children have been surprised and quietly carried off by a roving band of Apaches."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" cried the distracted father. "It will kill my poor wife. Are you sure you're right?"

"Only too sure," I sorrowfully replied. "See, the mounted warriors, perhaps twenty of them, have ridden down this hollow. We'll find a regular trail presently." And, less than one hundred yards away, we did find a well-beaten bridle-path, on whose dusty surface the recently made imprint of hoofs was unmistakable.

As we were gravely consulting, the guide, having heard our signal shots, came hurrying up with half a dozen men, and to his eyes, skilled in sign-reading, one glance at our surroundings told the whole story. "You six," he promptly ordered, "race back to camp and bring up all the saddle-horses and three more men, quickly as possible. We must get after those red devils at once. And, say, tell the boys to corral the stock right off and stay under cover themselves. Likely as not this is a dodge to draw us off while some bigger band of Indians comes down to plunder the camp and stampede the mules. I was awfully out in my reckoning, for I didn't think there was a red within twenty miles of us."

The messengers ran swiftly down the slope; but the horses, despite

their hopples, had limped some distance from camp, and more than half an hour elapsed before the nine men and twelve animals came to where we three stood by the trail.

When we, too, had mounted, Ingram said, "Now, boys, as two of their ponies will be double weighted, we can travel a good deal faster than it's possible for the Indians to do, but there's no telling how long a start they've got; and, as there's not much more than four hours of daylight left, we may not overhaul them till they camp down for the night. On this narrow path, they'll be riding in single file, with the prisoners in front, and if we give them time to do it they'll kill both the moment we show ourselves, so it's quite clear we mustn't approach them from the rear."

"My God! what's to be done, then, Dave?" despairingly asked Dexter.

"Don't take on that way, John. The boys shall be saved somehow. This trail either leads right up into the mountains or sweeps around and comes out on the plains at Buffalo Gulch, about five miles from here by the base-line, but more than twice as far by this way. I'll see directly which direction it takes, and then we'll know what to do."

The old mountaineer was both right and wrong in his surmises; for we had not gone two hundred yards when the trail split into two, one pointing straight north, and the other bending away to the east. A moment's inspection showed that the savages had taken the latter route, whereupon the guide joyfully exclaimed, "We've got them, boys! They're bound for the gulch, so as to have an easier ride to their village, I suppose. We'll turn back on our tracks, take to the open plain, and be nicely hidden at the mouth of the gully before they come along. Expecting pursuit only from the rear, they'll have the boys in charge of the first two warriors, and these, and as many more as we can, we'll pick off before they know we're there. All that are able to run after our first volley will scoot off like lightning, and the children will be safe."

"But perhaps those fiends have already killed them," some one suggested.

"No danger of that," rejoined the guide. "Even if they were fighting-men, the cruel brutes would reserve them to be tortured to death after reaching their village; but young boys, like Tom and Dick, they'll likely try to adopt into the tribe."

By the time Dave had finished speaking, we had emerged from the hills, and then, in full view of our comrades at the corral, we turned sharp to the left, swept past an outlying spur, and galloped direct for Buffalo Gulch.

Twenty minutes brought us to its eastern end, and, concealing our horses in a grove of cottonwoods, we hid ourselves among the dense bushes on either side of the ravine.

It was most fortunate that we had moved so rapidly, for we had not been three minutes under cover when the hostiles came in sight,—not, however, in single file, but, the trail being here wide enough for the purpose, riding two abreast. Each of the first two pairs had slung

between their ponies the fast-bound form of one of the boy prisoners, neither of whom was struggling at all, nor making any outcry, for they were gagged.

This piteous spectacle drove us nearly wild, but luckily no one stirred or uttered a sound.

So soon as the hideously painted wretches had come fairly between our lines, Ingram shouted the single word, "Now!"

The blended report of twelve rifles rang out almost before the signal had left his lips. At that short distance it was impossible to miss; twelve warriors pitched headlong to the ground, while the eight survivors turned and fled for dear life up the pass.

The next moment, John Dexter had cut the deerskin thongs off his boys, removed the gags from their mouths, and was sobbing over them like a baby, while the rest of us, I'm afraid, were not much calmer. Although for some minutes quite unable either to stand or speak, the manly little fellows were not seriously hurt, their only injuries being those caused by the cruelly tight ligatures.

On recovering their voices, they told us that, after picking berries for a while, they had lain down in the shade of a rock, and, without intending it, had fallen fast asleep, awaking only to find themselves in the hands of the Indians, who bound and gagged them so quickly that no alarm was possible.

"I guess we won't go berrying alone again in a hurry," reflectively observed Tom.

"No," said Dick, "we don't want another such ride,—tied up like bundles of hay, and 'most choked to death, too!"

As we had no use for the twelve captured ponies, and could not bear to slaughter the innocent creatures, we selected the two best for the twins and left the others to be reclaimed by their dead masters' comrades. Then, bringing out and mounting our own horses, we set off for camp, which, however, we were not destined to reach without further adventures.

We had jogged along for about four miles, when, from the direction of the camp, then one mile distant, but hidden from our view by the mountain spur before mentioned, we heard several rifle-shots, mingled with the duller and more full reports of smooth-bore guns.

"Ride, men, ride!" shouted the guide. "It *was* a ruse, after all. The corral's attacked, sure! You boys" (to Tom and Dick) "keep well in the rear." And away we dashed at top speed.

On rounding the spur and so coming within sight of the corral, we saw, circling around it at a respectful distance, at least a hundred mounted and bow- and lance-armed Apaches; while, in front of the main body, eight or ten warriors, carrying old flint-lock buffalo guns, had daringly advanced within long rifle-shot of the wagons and were wasting ammunition in a futile discharge of their antiquated weapons.

None of the beleaguering host had yet fallen, but just as we, all unnoticed, slowed up and peeped from behind the sheltering bluff, two of the gun-bearing braves tumbled from their ponies, and the others, instantly retreating beyond range, joined the swarm of whooping

savages, who were riding around and around the corral, trying, we presumed, to ascertain the strength of its defenders. The latter, not caring to throw away lead at such long range, had not yet fired more than a dozen shots, and those at intervals: so the red-skins naturally supposed that all but two or three men had gone off in pursuit of the kidnapping party, whose raid was planned for that especial purpose, as was plainly proved by its attempted return to our camp *via* Buffalo Gulch, obviously for the purpose of taking part in the prearranged assault, instead of at once retreating by the north trail.

On finding how matters stood, Dave Ingram, greatly pleased with our besieged comrades' prudence, laughingly said, "The red-skins haven't seen us yet, boys. Let's stay in the shade of this bluff for a while and watch the fun. When the proper time comes we'll give the hell-hounds a lesson they won't forget in a hurry; for the fellows in camp can shoot no more of them than are fools enough to get within rifle-reach."

Although still a good half-mile from the corral, we could distinctly see every motion made by the Indians between it and ourselves. So soon as the scared gun-carriers had retreated to a safe distance from the death-dealing rifles, all the scattered warriors drew to a common centre and for some minutes seemed to be engaged in earnest consultation, the result of which was that the whole force presently formed up into a single, crescent-shaped line, and, yelling like demons, rode furiously down towards the corral, as if hoping to carry it by storm.

When within one hundred yards, the old smooth-bores belched forth their contents, and a cloud of feathered arrows, rising in graceful curves, descended harmlessly just short of the covered wagons. Convinced by their inaction that the besieged were either very few in number or out of ammunition, the wild riders now threw themselves low down on their ponies' sides and darted forward as if sure of victory.

"The circus'll open directly,—admission free," chuckled Ingram, as we anxiously watched the onset.

And it did; for when the howling Indians had got within fifty yards of their patiently waiting foes, twenty rifles cracked simultaneously, and fourteen ponies in the centre of the line went down, some being stopped so suddenly in full career that they whirled over and over like rubber balls, but without in any one instance disabling their agile riders. These, on being thus summarily dismounted, clung to the rude stirrups of their more fortunate companions, and the whole panic-stricken crowd wheeled about in precipitate flight..

Not scathless, however; for instantly following the volley from the muzzle-loading rifles came a continuous discharge of our beset comrades' heavy revolvers, and before the enemy could get out of range five of their number fell dead, while many more were doubtless wounded.

Though now frantically flying mountainward, the affrighted savages could not see us, ranged close behind the point of the overshadowing bluff, until, when they were within two hundred yards, we purposely showed ourselves. Then, seeing how few we were, exposed on the

open plain to their overwhelming numbers, they picked up courage, roughly aligned their disordered ranks, and, with resounding war-whoops, came straight at us, sure of securing our scalps to atone for their own inglorious defeat. The thing looked delightfully easy. They were eight to our one, and all would be over long before the unmounted men from the corral could reach the battle-ground.

We sat quietly in our saddles until, at sixty yards' distance, the rain of arrows, shot while the Indians were at full speed, began to look dangerous. Then our leader, after cautioning Tom and Dick to remain under cover, thundered out,—

"All together, boys! Pick your men. Fire!"

Twelve sheets of flame flashed athwart the mountain's shade; twelve truly aimed bullets sped on their death-mission, cutting, as by a lightning stroke, a great gap in the enemy's line.

"Draw revolvers! Charge!" yelled Ingram, and, like a suddenly released whirlwind, our long curbed, half-maddened horses sprang forward, while we reserved our pistol-fire for closer quarters. But, though still outnumbering us seven to one, the dismayed savages did not await the shock. While we were yet thirty yards away, they let fly a final shower of arrows, broke up into small squads, and, desperately lashing their ponies, scurried off towards a belt of timber on the river's bank; and with one parting volley we let them go.

Very strangely, the only casualties met with by any of us were caused by this last flight of arrows, three of our fellows thereby receiving trifling flesh-wounds.

So soon as the red-skins had disappeared, John Dexter turned around, intending to call up his boys, but, to our amazement, both were within twenty feet of us. Though entirely unarmed, the irrepressible youngsters had charged with us.

"Oh, didn't we lick 'em beautiful!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, and mighty quick, too! It just takes white men to fight," sagely rejoined Dick.

"Why, you little imps," laughed their father, while his eyes sparkled with pride, "you might have been killed. What on earth made you come after us?"

"'Cause we wanted to see the fun and make *more* of you, so as to scare the Indians; but I do wish we'd had our guns," naïvely replied Tom; for the twins owned, and were quite skilled in using, two light rifles, as much alike as themselves, which they had left in camp.

Only by timely flight had the hostiles avoided being caught between two fires, for now our twenty comrades, closely surrounding Mrs. Dexter, came hurrying up from the corral. Not a man among them had received even a scratch; and, as the happy mother folded the errant boys to her heart with inarticulate cries of joy, we all felt a thousand times repaid for the little risk we had run in their rescue.

Though it was nearly sundown when we regained camp, the guide decided that, contrary to our original intention, we would not remain longer in that locality. "It's not very pleasant," he said, "to sleep so near that carrion. Let's give the red devils a chance to remove their

dead. That's part of their religion; and if we move on a mile or two, there won't be a single body left here by morning."

Accordingly, we hitched up and drove to a spring, four miles away on the Santa Fé trail, where we passed a peaceful night; nor did we see another hostile Indian until after we had entered what is now Arizona.

William Thomson.

FRENCH PIONEERS IN AMERICA.

EVEN at this distance from the French Revolution, events of that great era in human history appeal to us with an interest which a regard for the things of the present can neither discredit nor impair. "When we enter upon the age of Napoleon," says a distinguished writer, "biography assumes the dignity of history; the virtues and vices of individuals become inseparably blended with public measures; and in the memoirs of contemporary writers we turn for the secret springs of those great events which have determined the fate of nations." The interest naturally aroused by study of the lives and characters of factors in scenes of that remarkable period becomes local in character when it refers to incidents which converted the comrades of Napoleon into American countrymen. The recent republication of Pickett's "History of Alabama" revives recollections of the celebrated contingent of Frenchmen who in the winter of 1816 sought in the desert wilds of Alabama an asylum from the rage of Bourbon persecution which followed the downfall of Napoleon.

There are probably few people of the Quaker City whose personal recollections can run the gauntlet of eighty years and extend back to the time when the storm-tossed vessel, freighted with fragments of Napoleon's fallen greatness, furled her weary sails in the port of Philadelphia. And yet the remembrance of an occasion so noteworthy in American annals surely must be suitably preserved, in historical or traditional form, among the richest legacies of that city of history. It is not too much to affirm that since the landing of the Mayflower few emigrant ships have borne to these shores a cargo of humanity which represented more that is typical of heroic adventure and historic greatness than the illustrious crew of this unpretentious craft. Among her passengers were a number of the most famous men of France, who, fallen from the pinnacle of revolutionary grandeur, sought in this land of the free a refuge from proscription of the powers upon whose ruins these voyagers had builded their own greatness.

First in mention among them was the celebrated Marshal Grouchy, Napoleon's evil genius at fateful Waterloo. On account of his conduct in that great battle, he was personally unpopular with his associates, with whom he became involved in a newspaper quarrel soon after his arrival. The affair terminated in a rupture between them and the consequent return of the marshal to France, where he enjoyed honors under the Bourbons. During his sojourn in America he resided in

Philadelphia, and was not, therefore, included in the famous company who afterwards became citizens of Alabama. Grouchy in person was a man of middle stature and graceless mien, with nothing about him suggestive of the American ideal of a French marshal.

In character, and in personal and soldierly merit, he was the antithesis of another celebrity who was a member of the company,—Count Lefebvre-Desnouettes, whose name will live in French history inseparably with those of Napoleon's greatest generals. He was a cavalry officer with the rank of lieutenant-general, and was with Napoleon in the disastrous Russian expedition, riding with the emperor in his carriage in the famous retreat over the snows of that country. Handsome in person and of graceful carriage, he is described in history as "the most splendid rider of the age in which he lived." Next to Ney, he was perhaps nearer to the heart of his great commander than any of Napoleon's marshals. When the emperor was forced to abdicate and about to depart for Elba, he made a farewell address to his sorrowing officers at Fontainebleau, concluding with this affectionate testimonial to his favorite general: "I cannot take leave of each of you in person, but will embrace General Desnouettes in behalf of you all." Suiting his action to these tender words, he embraced his devoted officer with all the fervor of a sincere affection. Napoleon influenced his cousin, a sister of the celebrated banker, Lafitte, to espouse him, and while in America that lady made an attempt to join him in exile, but, being shipwrecked on the coast of England, she was forced to return to France. Subsequently she negotiated with the French government for the marshal's return, and through the influence of her family succeeded in obtaining permission for him to reside in Belgium. This induced General Desnouettes in 1823 to leave Alabama in the ship Albion, which was wrecked on the coast of Ireland at old Kinsale in view of a horrified throng on the cliffs, who witnessed the great soldier sink to his death in a watery grave. Tragic fate for a career so glorious!

A comrade of Desnouettes in his American venture was Count Bertrand Clausel, another distinguished officer of the Revolution. He commanded at Bordeaux during the Hundred Days, and won renown as the captor of the Duchess of Angoulême, whom he released from custody for some unknown cause. General Clausel did not occupy his grant, but became a citizen of Mobile, where he was a truck gardener, driving his vegetable-cart to market himself. He subsequently returned to France and was made governor and marshal of Algeria by Louis Philippe.

Nicholas Raoul, a remarkable personage, was numbered among the colonists. He had been a colonel under Napoleon, and accompanied him in his banishment to Elba. When his imperial master left that island, Raoul commanded his advance guard of two hundred grenadiers upon the march from Cannes to Paris. After years of hardships and misfortune in Alabama, in which he became reduced to the station of a ferryman at a small creek near the French grant, he returned to France and procured an honorable commission in the French army, where he added new lustre to his fame as a soldier. Another distin-

guished refugee was J. J. Cluis, who had been secretary to the Duke of Rovigo when head of the police department of Paris. Probably his greatest claim to distinction consists in his having been at one time custodian of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, while that potentate was imprisoned by Napoleon near the Spanish frontier. He died in Mobile about 1845.

Of men whose reputations were of the civic and literary order, and who were prominent members of the colony, Simon Chaudron, M. Lackanal, and M. Peniers are mentioned. M. Chaudron lived many years in Philadelphia, where his house was a centre of elegance and wit. He was a poet of considerable prominence, and a scholar of pronounced attainments. His eulogy before the Grand Lodge of Philadelphia upon the life and character of Washington attracted marked attention both in Europe and in America. He died in Alabama, at the advanced age of eighty years, in 1846, leaving behind him valuable works, which were published in France. Lackanal was a *savant* and member of the Academy, and had been at the head of the department of public education under the emperor. He was one of the members of the National Assembly who voted for the death of Louis XVI. M. Peniers was also a republican member of that body and voted for that sanguinary measure. To extend the list further would reveal many names linked with deeds that adorn the annals of the French Revolution.

Inured to the profession of arms as the great majority of these refugees had been, and having known no occupation in bloody France but the trade of war, the aimless feelings of the unhappy exiles upon their introduction into the peaceful but busy bustling scenes of Yankeeland must have given a painful emphasis to the novelty of their experience. Their fate, however, not being a voluntary choice, but rather the result of enforced obedience to an iron-clad ordinance of Louis XVIII., they addressed themselves to the task of conforming to surroundings for which past undertakings and experience afforded no parallel. From comradeship with Napoleon in schemes of conquest and glory, they had been doomed to the drudgery of a plain American business pursuit, and they set themselves about it with an enthusiasm peculiar to their nationality. Soon after their arrival in Philadelphia the refugees despatched their representative, Nicholas S. Parmentier, to Washington to obtain from Congress a tract of land in the wild domain of the West, upon which they had resolved to establish a colony.

Whether we are to credit the ready success of M. Parmentier's mission to his skill as a lobbyist, or ascribe it to the obliging mood of the Washington statesmen, the fact is very much in evidence that that diplomatic gentleman was enabled to execute his commission with a promptitude which presents a refreshing contrast to the policy of delay against which he would have had to contend with a similar undertaking before a modern Congress. In the winter of 1817 M. Parmentier went to Washington to memorialize Congress in behalf of his associates; on the 4th of March following that body authorized the sale of four townships to the refugees at two dollars per acre on credit

for fourteen years, on condition that they cultivate the vine and the olive. We recognize in these generous terms and the single qualification to which they are limited a suggestive instance of that liberal patronage of the useful arts which has ever distinguished our Federal policy and made the cause of American agriculture a distinct and important branch of administrative treatment.

Upon securing their grant from Congress, the French emigrants, after much correspondence relative to a suitable soil and climate for a location, finally selected as a site for their colony a strip of wilderness in the then Territory of Alabama, at the confluence of the Warrior and Tombigbee rivers. Their choice in favor of this wild locality was influenced, if not determined, by Dr. Brown, of Kentucky, a gentleman who had travelled extensively in France and felt great interest in the fate of the unhappy representatives of that country. The company, composed of three hundred and forty allottees, was organized in Philadelphia, and the land divided among them. Associated with them as assistants were Prosper Baltard, A. Mocquart, and J. Le François. George N. Stewart, a young Philadelphian, who afterwards became a distinguished lawyer in Alabama, was secretary to the colony. A schooner, bearing the historic name of McDonough, was chartered, and the commissioners, with their large and distinguished company, set sail from Philadelphia in the month of April, 1817. The author upon whose account I have relied for the historical facts of this narrative furnishes an impressive and pathetic description of the arrival of the French wanderers at the nearest port to their wilderness home:

"Late one evening in the month of May, the vessel bearing the romantic voyagers was seen approaching Mobile Point in the midst of a heavy gale. Governed by an obsolete chart, the captain was fast guiding her into danger. Lieutenant Beal, commanding at Fort Bowyer, perceiving her perilous situation, fired an alarm-gun. Night coming on and overshadowing both sea and land in darkness, he caused the lights to be raised along the shore as guides to the distressed vessel. The wind continuing to increase, she was thrown among the breakers and immediately struck. Signals of distress being made, the noble lieutenant threw himself into a boat with five resolute men and Captain Bourke, formerly an officer. Mounting wave after wave, they reached the wreck about one o'clock in the morning. The wind had somewhat abated, and Beal crowded the women and children into his boat and conducted them safely to shore. The larger number of the colonists remained on board the schooner, which was ultimately saved by being washed into deeper water. Bestowing upon the refugees every attention while they remained at the Point, Beal accompanied them to Mobile and partook of a public dinner which they gave him in token of their gratitude."

From Mobile they were transported in government barges to St. Stephens on the Tombigbee River, a town of importance at that time as the capital of the Alabama Territory, but with a greater claim for national interest as the scene of the capture of Aaron Burr. Modern residents of the ancient village manifest becoming pride in pointing out to the curious traveller the exact spot hallowed by this memorable

incident in American history. St. Stephens presented the only evidence of civilization which contrasted with the savage surroundings that marked the wilderness abode of Napoleon's countrymen. With this historic town as an objective point, the colonists explored the dreary wilds that were to furnish them a home from the persecution which had forced them from the refinements and elegancies of France. The transition from the luxuries and gayeties of Parisian civilization to the rude existence of the American savage was one replete with the irony of fate, and doubtless inclined the light-hearted Frenchmen to lessons in philosophy which the constitutional gayety of their nation disqualified them from seriously regarding.

The principal portion of the French grant lay in what is now known as Marengo County, a fertile portion of the famous Alabama Black Belt. The name was proposed in honor of the great battle fought under the French Republic. Upon the arrival of the refugees the meridian line was established and the grant divided into townships and sections. A town was established, which, at the request of Count Real, of Philadelphia, was called Demopolis,—"the city of the people." The work of subduing the Western wilds and converting them into habitable conditions was clearly an undertaking for which this unique company was but indifferently fitted. Symptoms of the absolute ruin in which their unhappy enterprise was ultimately engulfed began to appear from the outset of the undertaking. Limited in provisions, unprovided with teams and wagons, and practically without any of the requisite means for blazing a way for civilized existence through the obstructions which encountered them on every hand, this remarkable venture of the French in the *rôle* of pioneers suggests the refinement of absurdity.

The troubles resulting from a lack of proper equipment for their enterprise were supplemented and intensified by unfortunate conditions not of their own making. Great confusion arose in the selection of lots and tracts of lands. The allotments made at Philadelphia and ratified by Mr. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, were found to be different from those made by the settlers themselves, who were forced to abandon their improvements and retire farther into the forest. The complications induced General Desnouettes, who had opened a farm on his Tombigbee allotment, to proceed to Philadelphia to adjust the conflicting interests, and, if possible, to rectify the troubles which prevailed in the infant colony. The general succeeded in securing his own improvements, but the claims of his dispossessed compatriots were disregarded. The settlers as a consequence were forced to retire upon new and unimproved assignments. Thus ejected from their original estates, they abandoned Demopolis, the capital of the colony, and founded a new city, erecting cabins; but the evil fate which followed in their early wake hounded them here. It was discovered that the site of the fledgling city was not embraced in the Philadelphia drawing, and upon this unhappy discovery, like their red-skin companions of the forest, they were doomed to move on. The want of wagons and teams and the great scarcity of water which prevailed in the new territory induced them to dwell on small allotments, while their more valuable tracts were left unoccupied.

Through the enterprise of Desnouettes, who appears to have been the directing spirit of the undertaking, a lot of German redemptioners were imported to cultivate these valuable lands. They were a sorry, worthless set, and proved to be a burden and expense rather than meritorious laborers. The long train of evils which had extended with distressing uniformity through every stage of the adventure was not to end here. The diversity of the obstacles presented would seem to suggest that all the causes of evil were in league to defeat the purposes of Napoleon's banished followers. The curse of destiny which rested upon their fallen idol seemed to follow like an avenging spirit in the wilderness wake, dispensing everywhere with pitiless hand the unhappy fruits of ruin. A new form of disaster was presented in the invasion of a horde of unprincipled American squatters, who, without the shadow of title, occupied the lands of the French, meeting every attempt at ejectment with insulting and aggressive defiance. Several lawsuits arose between the colonists and these petty usurpers, and, although the Alabama Supreme Court decided in favor of the grantees, it is stated that the latter became worn out with the controversies provoked and allowed the intruders in many cases to retain possession for a paltry consideration. The attempted cultivation of the grape and olive resulted in ruinous failure,—not, however, from indifference of the colonists to comply faithfully with this sole condition of their grant. Mr. Pickett in his account furnishes this explanation of the poor results which attended the efforts of the French in behalf of these valuable products:

"Importations of plants were often made from Bordeaux, but the newness of the land and the ignorance of the colony in regard to their cultivation were among the reasons why the experiment failed. The importations frequently arrived out of season, when the vines withered away and the olive seeds became defective. At length, with difficulty, grapes were grown, but they failed to produce even tolerable wine, because the fruit ripened in the heat of summer. Before the vinous fermentation was completed the acetic acid commenced. In 1821 the French planted three hundred and eighty-three olive-trees upon the grant, and a large number in 1824. Every winter the frost killed them down to the ground, and new shoots putting up were again killed by the succeeding winter."

With a failure of the vine and olive industry the last reasonable hope of a successful establishment of the colony was blasted. It had been the prime and overshadowing object of all the energetic but misdirected efforts of the pioneers from the time of their embarkation at Philadelphia to the hour of their formal dissolution on the historic banks of the Tombigbee, and in its collapse was extinguished the last flickering hope for an enterprise which was doomed from the fateful hour of its beginning.

It is doubtful if history records an undertaking of similar nature and of so distinguished a character which furnishes from start to finish more to induce abandonment and surrender; and yet at few stages of its progress did the struggling French colonists appear to lose heart or yield to adversity. The maxim of the Chinese philosopher which

defines man's highest glory was perhaps never tested with more striking fidelity, nor its force as a guiding truth more powerfully expressed, than in the experience of Desnouettes and his followers in the Alabama wilderness. When we consider that these men were numbered among the heroic factors which constituted the splendid armies of Napoleon, we cease to wonder at the causes which enabled that mighty conqueror to raise the glory of the republican armies on the plains of Italy, survive the burning sands of Egypt, and chain victory to the imperial standards at Jena, Friedland, and Austerlitz.

But the fortitude of the revolutionary soldier could not prevail against the intangible foe of evil fate. Worn out at length in battling against the constantly recurring odds of misfortune, and exhausted in resources to postpone longer the inevitable, these brave Frenchmen yielded to the stern command of destiny. As a partial offset to the sacrifices endured, they received fair considerations for their possessions from enterprising Americans, who, attracted by favorable reports of the section, had emigrated from all directions in quest of the newly discovered Eldorado. Many of the colonists returned to France, others scattered throughout the Union, while a number remained in Alabama, and are represented to-day in descendants many of whom are among the most prominent and influential families of that State. The historian to whom I have repeatedly referred concludes his account of the colony in terms which induce us to forego the mournful details which speak of hardships and misfortunes, in admiration of the firm resolution and calm philosophy with which the French accepted their lot:

"Immured in the depths of the Tombigby forest, where for several years want pressed them on all sides; cut off from their friends in France; surrounded by the Choctaws on one side and the unprincipled land squatters and thieves on the other; assailed by the venoms of insects and prostrating fevers, nevertheless their native gayety prevailed. Being in the habit of much social intercourse, their evenings were spent in music, conversation, and dancing. The larger portion were well educated, while all had seen much of the world, and such materials were ample to afford an elevated society. Sometimes their distant friends would send them rich wines and other luxuries: on such occasions parties were given, and the foreign delicacies brought back many interesting associations. Well-cultivated gardens and the abundance of wild game rendered the common living of the French quite respectable. The female circle was highly interesting. They had brought with them their books, guitars, silks, parasols, and ribbons, and the village in which most of them dwelt resembled at night a miniature French town. And then further in the forest others lived, the imprint of whose beautiful Parisian shoes on the wild prairie occasionally arrested the eye of the solitary traveller. And then again, when the old imperial heroes talked of their emperor, their hearts warmed with sympathy, their eyes kindled with enthusiasm, and tears stole down their furrowed cheeks."

Alva Fitzpatrick.

EARNING A LIVING IN CHINA.

STRICTLY speaking, some earn more than they ever receive; while others are blessed with a "living" which they never earn. Then, too, the word living conveys as many shades of meaning as there are classes and conditions of men; but to the average Chinese laborer the meaning is daily supplies for daily necessities. The Chinese are a people of marvellous economy. They will support a family, furnishing all that the household enjoys of food, shelter, and clothing, from a small garden which they call a farm, but which would not more than furnish an American family with early vegetables.

Even in the cities, the laboring people receive the merest pittance for their work. How they manage to live, and even to look sleek and fat, upon the meagre fare which such wages can buy, is a marvel to Europeans, and even more so to Americans. The following is a partial list of wages received in Canton, where the people are better paid than in many parts of China. A daily portion of rice is sometimes given in addition to the money.

Wages for skilled labor.

	Per Month.
Shoemaker	$4.00
Blacksmith	5.00
Fine ivory-carver	12.00
Tailor	5.00
Fine embroiderer	4.00
Designer	6.00
Silversmith	8.00
Painter	4.50
Cook	6.00

"Many men, many minds," and many methods of making money. China, without doubt, has the many men; and, occupying as she does a midway position between barbaric and advanced nations, she embraces the many methods which are employed by both kinds of people in earning life's necessities.

The Chinese are as superstitious as any race in Asia or even Africa: therefore they must support a great army of people to minister to these superstitions. In addition to their temples and pagodas, their monasteries and priests,—all of them probably receiving more, in proportion to the whole amount of money handled, than do the churches and ministers of Christ in Europe or the United States,—the people of China support idol-makers, geomancers, fortune-tellers, physiognomists, soothsayers, astrologers, and interpreters of dreams, an army of each. You find these people in all parts of China. Most of them look as though it were no difficult matter to gain a living by their own wit, or the lack of wit in others. The position which they occupy is above the artisan, but below the scholar or the priest.

The idol-makers are frequently skilled workmen from the various

trades. Some are fine ivory-carvers, others silversmiths, blacksmiths, and wood-carvers. The skill of the wood-carver is shown in the large, grotesque figures upon the doors and near the entrances of temples. Instead of copying Nature, they all burlesque her handiwork. The fish idol, which is sometimes suspended from the eaves of temples, is an example of this grotesque style of work. The workman, who toils for days or even weeks to make one, does not attempt to picture any particular fish, but tries to carve out something which will frighten any timid worshipper. He is not satisfied when he gives the wooden fish a full set of shark's teeth; he must add the large canine teeth of the savage quadruped. If the carver is working for merit, he may imagine any amount charged to his account; but the actual wages which he receives will not bring him riches, though he may be better paid than one who carves tables and cabinets.

Geomancers are those who search out lucky places for the burial of the dead. There are more than the usual number of tricks to this trade, which only the initiated understand. These diviners carry a compass, with which to locate relatively the positions of neighboring streams and hills. After various mysterious calculations, they select a spot and proceed to examine the soil with great care. Stony soil is condemned at once; red earth is pronounced good; while it is still better if a stream of water flows in that direction, or if the chosen location commands a broad view. If the client is dissatisfied with the diviner's first choice, he must fee him handsomely before he will seek a more desirable spot. These tricksters earn a better living than the average workmen, who support a large number of them in every Chinese province.

The clever interpreter of dreams has a profitable position in the Orient, where the people believe that each dream has a hidden meaning. If a vision is vivid, or deeply impressed upon the mind, the dreamer calls immediately upon an interpreter, who is not only able—for a fee—to reveal the meaning, but will sell a mystic scroll warranted to combat victoriously any threatening ill-luck.

Another thing growing out of Chinese superstition which is a source of profit to many people is the spirit money. Festivals, high days and holidays, birthdays and times of mourning, all call for supplies of this imitation cash. Spirit money is burned whenever offerings are made to gods or ancestors; for it is supposed to furnish disembodied beings with the "legal tender" of spirit-land. Each night, householders, laborers, and tradesmen pay this tribute to the powers of the air. Although by no means monopolizing the trade, the single city of Shao-hing employs one hundred thousand men, women, and children to manufacture cash for ghosts.

The peculiar superstitions of China embarrass workmen in the pursuit of their ordinary trades. For example, the carpenters and builders, though receiving better wages than many other workmen, must spend much of their earnings in heavy toll for the privilege of passing along the Chinese turnpike of superstition. In the first place, they must exercise great care, when building a house, to select a ridge-beam having neither cracks nor knots. One small hole is made therein

and filled with gold-leaf; then the beam is painted red. All this is supposed to bring the future inhabitants riches and honor. A picture of Chong-Wong-Yae, the special god of carpenters, is usually hung from the rafters of a new house or one undergoing repairs. These portraits are rented, for a small sum, from the priests at the temple of Chong-Wong-Yae, whither carpenters and builders resort to make their offerings in order to ward off possible accidents.

If a house is to be repaired, wonderful forethought is necessary. The evil spirits which are supposed to occupy each dwelling that mortals have inhabited cause the carpenter no end of trouble and no trifling expense. First an astrologer must be consulted with regard to the most lucky day for beginning the work; then a square suspended from the ridge-beam is a notification to the spirits of darkness that their dwelling-place is to be disturbed, wherefore the square thing for them to do is to move out quietly and peacefully. Next the carpenters make offerings to these unseen residents. These gifts seem to say, "If you please, spirits of darkness, accept this bribe and speedily take your flight." Next the neighbors must be warned that these evil influences are about to be turned loose, perhaps to seek shelter under a neighboring roof. Every house on that street receives a notice that upon a certain day and hour repairs are to begin on the dwelling of Ah Sin. Each household can then pay the imps not to enter its door-way, but to go to the next neighbor.

Even the farmer cannot begin his work in the spring until after the national festivals are celebrated in honor of the special gods who are supposed to make it their particular business to look after the welfare of those who till the soil. In a land where more than one hundred million people are supported by agriculture, where many farms have been in cultivation for three or even four millenniums, we naturally expect to find skill in that line of work. In this we are not disappointed, for Chinese farming is scientific handwork.

Almost every village has its Board of Agriculture, consisting of some of the oldest farmers, who have been honored by the "eighth degree of rank." These men have authority to reprimand, or even to flog, a lazy farmer whose fields show signs of neglect. They frequently have charge of many acres of government land, which is portioned out in small tracts to industrious Chinamen, who for a term of years may have free use of the land as a reward for clearing off the rank growth. Before Confucius lived, his countrymen had learned that if the earth yields abundantly she must likewise receive; if she feeds others she must herself be fed. Therefore not a particle of fertilizing matter is allowed to waste. Night-soil and garbage are mixed with ashes and stable manure, then the compost is well ploughed under. In some districts fuel is so scarce that the people use dried cakes of stable-sweepings instead of coal; but the ashes therefrom are carefully swept up, to be added to the waste vegetable and animal matter, all which will be used to enrich the soil.

The Celestials also learned in the far-away past a lesson which many American farmers have not yet mastered,—that there must be rotation of crops, as well as occasional periods of rest for the land.

A rice crop planted in February is gathered in June. In July a second rice crop is sown, which is harvested in November. Then, in some districts, wheat or barley is sown broadcast; while in other parts of the empire cha-yow, or "tea-oil," is planted. This plant is cultivated for its seeds, from which is extracted a pleasant oil, the favorite hair-dressing of the Chinese ladies. After the oil is extracted, the ground seeds are used as a substitute for soap by thousands of this most economical people.

Nearly all the work on a small farm is done by the Chinese themselves. In some provinces bullocks and water buffaloes are used for the heavier labor; but man is the universal beast of burden. With wonderful patience, as it seems to Americans, the Chinese bend their backs to any burden. The half-grown boy brings to your door his basket of charcoal, partly concealed under his outer garment; the full-grown man will carry more than his own weight over a long and toilsome way. He will even carry you upon his back up steep and rocky mountain paths, where your own feet would soon grow weary of climbing. These burden-bearers receive a mere pittance for all their hard work.

Closely related to the farmers is the class of men who, with a taste for the quaint and artistic, earn a living as landscape-gardeners. They delight in producing miniature copies of nature. Narrow walks wind in and out through dwarfed and grotesque shrubbery. Tiny ponds are spanned by dainty bridges. The scene suggests a play-ground for the wee ones, either little children or fairies. To produce the dwarf trees, the gardeners either confine the roots within a small iron-bound cask, or the more rapid method is to select a vigorous branch upon the desired tree and bind around it a band of leaf-mould. This is kept moist until roots creep into the mould; then the branch is severed from the tree. Soon flowers and fruit develop, for their buds were formed by the parent tree.

The tea-trade, which is closely related to agricultural pursuits, employs many thousands of people. From the time of planting, through the cultivation, gathering of the leaves, rolling, coloring, mixing, and packing, until the tea is sold and shipped, Chinese hands must do the work. These laborers receive from two dollars to ten dollars per month, according to their special line of work.

Two other products of the soil are sources of profit to many. These are reeds and bamboo.

Upon the flats, along the rivers, grow acres of grass-like reeds, which are used in weaving the Chinese matting. In Canton alone this industry gives employment to thousands of men, women, and children; for in that city, every year, more than five hundred thousand yards are woven upon hand-looms.

Bamboo is even more valuable. The land-owner who can claim as his own several clumps of this pale-green timber-grass is a fortunate combination of lumberman and farmer, accounted wealthy by his countrymen. When once started, the bamboo grows rapidly and requires little care. The cane is cut and carried to those cities where bamboo work is made a specialty. Some of the poles are exported,

but far the greater number are used in the Orient in the manufacture of a wonderful variety of objects, from hats to houses.

Our modern philosophers are forever discussing the influence of environment upon character. In China a man's birthplace certainly decides, to a large degree, his occupation. Certain provinces or cities monopolize a particular kind of work: thus it is with the artificial flowers in Amoy. These dainty blossoms are made from the pith of a plant which is also used in the manufacture of the well-known rice-paper. Men, women, and children, with deft fingers, fashion this frail substance into beautiful life-like blossoms. Nearly every shop in the city has this pretty handiwork, heaped on trays, for sale. Those who sit hour after hour making these fragile flowers earn from ten to twenty cents per day.

The silk industry likewise is confined to special provinces, and naturally to those districts where food for the little spinners grows most abundantly. In many villages each household does every part of the work, from caring for the eggs, feeding the worms, unwinding the cocoons, and spinning the raw silk, up to weaving beautiful patterns upon their rude looms. In other places the people work for the silk-merchants. When the work is required, they reel and dress the silk, devoting the remaining days to work upon their own little farms. With all this they earn small wages; but they live as well as their ancestors, and seem content.

The first person in all the world who raised silkworms for the purpose of robbing the cocoon of its soft covering was the Empress Si-Lung-Chee, who reigned in China 2700 B.C. She is now worshipped as goddess of the silkworm. Once each year a national festival is held in her honor. The reigning empress and her maidens resort to the temples of Si-Lung-Chee, and pay her, in flowers and spirit money, an instalment upon the debt which China owes to her; for did she not make the important discovery whereby the poor may earn life's necessities and the rich may rustle in shining garments?

Perhaps more people wear silk in China than in any other country; for plain raw silk is almost as inexpensive as cotton. Even for winter garments this material is made to serve, with layers of wadding placed between the outside and the lining. As their garments do not go out of style, it is not necessary to buy new ones until the old are well worn. This is a great item of saving for every one but the tailors; but if the people followed the example of the tailors themselves, there would be still less for that craft to do. Like the feet of "shoemakers' children," the Chinese tailors, while at their work, are as nearly bare as possible. When well fattened, their uncovered bodies suggest the animals which Americans enclose in a sty. The more like a well-fed porker a Chinaman becomes, the prouder is he of his looks; for a corpulent man is regarded by his almond-eyed brethren as a high type of humanity.

In the tailors' work-room, which is frequently open on all sides, the passer-by may see from five to ten men squatting around a low, matting-covered table. Each man is in undress uniform, consisting of his queue, a pair of slippers, and pantaloons about six inches in length. They work both for shops and for individuals, receiving about five dollars a month; yet somehow they manage to keep fat.

From tailor to shoemaker is a natural step, but it is a step downward in every sense. The shoemaker and fine embroiderer receive the lowest wages of any of the skilled workmen noted in the Canton list. Many shoes are covered with embroidery: so the two industries are frequently carried on under the same roof. Besides her regular stationed shoemakers, China also has her travelling cobblers, who go from village to village, making new shoes and repairing old ones. One of these men will station himself by a thoroughfare and await the coming of his customers. A passer-by, wanting work done, will seat himself by the roadside until his job is finished. What is the use of his being in a hurry in this land where the pace was set, centuries ago, to the tune of Old Hundred?

In this one particular a Chinaman is like the rest of the world,—when hunger begins to manifest itself he quickens his pace. If he should chance to be far from his home with money in his pocket, there are restaurants, hotels, tea-saloons, and soup-stalls everywhere. Each of these places furnishes employment to many cooks and scullions. The cooks are very skilful in making palatable and nutritious dishes out of odds and ends; then, too, as a rule, Chinese cooks seem to be clean. They earn from five to ten dollars per month, and board themselves.

In the cities, trades of a kind are all of one mind in choosing a location. Even the hotels are usually grouped within a square or two of one another. Each one seeks to attract guests by high-sounding titles: for example, in Canton are hotels which flaunt the signs of "The Fortunate Star," "The Golden Profits" (an unusually frank confession for a landlord to make), "The Rank-Conferring," and "The Happiness." The food is not so bad; but the traveller who goes to one of these houses to sleep will wish that he had gone to another. The bedrooms are small, thin-walled boxes, in which you may hear the breathing of your next neighbor, or be kept awake half the night by the conversation of people at the other end of the hall, or, worse still, be almost stifled by the smoke from an opium pipe which is being indulged in by the man across the passage-way.

The tea-saloons furnish employment to singers and ventriloquists, or elocutionists, who are hired by the proprietor to entertain the men who gather there to drink tea and gossip. Upon small tables are placed trays holding a variety of cakes and preserves, which are served with each cup of delicious, freshly-made tea.

One house of entertainment peculiar to China is the dog-and-cat-meat restaurant. This does not mean that household pets are there brought to be fed, but that Tabby and Fido are served up in stews. According to prices charged for other food, these stews are rather expensive,—especially if the cat or dog chanced to be black, and therefore more nutritious, according to popular notion.

The following list was copied from a Chinese sign:

One small basin black cat stew	5 cts.
Grease from black dog	4 cts.
One pair black cat's eyes	4 cts.

A dozen pair of black cat's eyes could not put enough snap into the average Celestial to make him hurry. This stolid inertia lends itself most readily to the habit of gambling; for in the gaming-places they may sit and loaf all day, with the hope that evening may find them with several days' wages in hand. Even when one is the loser, he dulls the pangs of hunger with opium, and dreams of the morrow, when he hopes to be the winner. The "banker" in charge of the gambling-den is usually a fat, flaccid old spider, who gathers in the piles of coins and notes, recounts them quickly, and deducts the seven per cent. which the law allows him for his own well-filled money-bags. His manner of earning a living is not regarded with disfavor in this land where nearly all indulge, more or less, in the luxury of gambling, and where lottery is under government protection.

The Chinese artist, like the professional gambler, lives in dreams. Too often the *ne plus ultra* of the hopes of both is more money for opium. In a dream he handles his brushes and produces gorgeous sunsets, distorted human beings, and living birds and flowers, all of which are exact copies of the decorations upon the most ancient Chinese porcelain. Any originality which the artist might possess he smothers in opium-smoke.

The highest ambition which ever enters the mind of a parent in the laboring classes is the hope that a son of his may become a scholar. A bright boy from the most lowly home may by fine scholarship aspire to become a member of the Emperor's Cabinet. If he falls short of this, he may be able to gain some lesser position under government. At any rate, he is almost sure of a clerkship, where he can earn in one month as much as his father does in three. Or he may become a merchant.

These educated merchants, or shopkeepers, are among the finest men in the Orient. They are even more fond of their books than of money, although literally and figuratively they keep an eye upon both. When a possible buyer enters, the studious merchant keeps his book open, even continuing to read, until he is satisfied that the new-comer is not a loafer, but a customer; then he exercises his trained mind in a lively effort to get the best of the bargain. At his shop-door is a tall sign announcing, in flowery language, the various rare objects which the heavenly being who condescends to keep the store has to offer for the eternal joy and satisfaction of his customers. Beautiful embroideries, quaint carvings in wood and ivory, elaborate shoes, fine work in wrought iron and brass, exquisite pottery, fans of every fancy, fine fabrics, in short, every Oriental object of use or beauty, may be purchased in these shops.

In another part of the city raw materials may be purchased. These are brought from the interior on the backs of men, or in the river boats, or upon rafts which float down with the current, bearing whole families, who shelter under the peaked thatched hut which rests upon its uncertain foundation of logs. These river raftsmen and boatmen are a strong, hardy class of men, who work enough to develop some muscle, but never run any risks of over-exertion.

It seems natural that these watermen should be a people by them-

selves; but in China men of every trade and special line of work are clannish and exclusive. It is said that trade-unions were known in China hundreds of years before America was known to the dwellers upon the Eastern Continent. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that at the present time each class of tradesmen owns a guild-house in every important town. Here the men gather to gossip with fellow-craftsmen from neighboring provinces; for every countryman visits his own guild-house whenever he comes to town. The head-quarters for each trade-union are usually within a short distance of the temple dedicated to the worship of their own especial deity.

Thus each trade has union in work, union in social pleasure, and union in worship; yet, contrary to the proverb, all this union does not bring strength or an increase in wages. The countrymen of Li-Hung-Chang plod along steadily and continually, enjoying no more comforts than their ancestors who lived before trade-unions were even dreamed of, and before guild-houses were made to fill the long-felt want of a daily newspaper.

Dora E. W. Spratt.

MARTHY'S DRESS.

NATURE had made her small and slight, time had given her gray hair and bent shoulders, and slow consumption had undertaken to accentuate the work of both. The trio, between them, had made her a pitiful little object to behold.

But not many people beheld her, and the few who did failed to realize that she was dying. There were only the maid-of-all-work in the kitchen, the hired man about the farm, and, lastly, her husband, Nathan Albright. The former knew that her mistress was "under the weather," for Nathan Albright had so informed her when he had reluctantly engaged her services. He had also made her understand that her tenure of office hung upon the duration of his wife's indisposition.

"We cert'nly can't need you more than a few weeks," he had said. "Marthy's just got a bad cold, sort of settled on her lungs; she'll cert'nly be around again soon. She's never needed help in the house before, and it's a blessin' she hain't, for we cert'nly can't afford it."

But the weeks had grown into months, and still Martha was not able to "be around." Nathan's thrifty nature chafed at the slowness of her recovery. He could not understand it. Once or twice, for want of a better confidant, he talked to Robert, the hired man.

"I cert'nly can't see that anything really ails Marthy," he said, perplexedly. "If she was laid up flat of her back, now, with rheumatiz, or out of her head with a fever, there'd be something to take hold of and doctor for. But she cert'nly has no pain to speak of, except a little in her side and breast of nights. She coughs a good deal, but that's only a cold on her lungs. She says she's weak, but I tell her that just comes of settin' round from mornin' to night. I'm 'most afeared I made a mistake when I got a girl in the kitchen. If there

wasn't anybody to do the work I cert'nly b'lieve Marthy'd never 've given up to that cold the way she has."

When the soft, warm rains of April and the bursting buds of early May had come and passed without working a cure on the invalid, Nathan's patience waned rapidly. He became habitually gloomy, and indulged in a grumpy fit each time the servant-girl hinted that her wages were due, or Martha timidly asked for a bottle of cough medicine.

"Money goes out consider'ble faster than it comes in, these days," he would say, with a look from beneath his lowering brows that never failed to send a shaft of self-reproach into Martha's sensitive, shrinking soul.

And all the time the shadow of death hung at the back of her chair and defied her to alter the situation one iota. With all her weak little might she tried to get well, knowing not that her foe was invincible, her fight hopeless. More than all, she strove to be cheerful in Nathan's presence, hoping thus to cheer him. But he only wondered how a woman could smile with her hands folded in idleness and the cook's wages running on forever.

Nathan Albright was not consciously an unjust man; but he was penurious, both by nature and by habit, and he was blind to his wife's real condition. The shell about his soul and the scales over his eyes were so thick and hard that only the bony knuckles of death could crack them.

The limit of his scant patience was reached one sunny morning in late May,—it was the 28th, he remembered ever afterward,—when he was preparing to go to town, and Martha ventured to ask for a new dress.

"Only seven yards of common calico," she said; then, seeing his face suddenly harden, she added, deprecatingly, "I need it very bad, Nathan, or I wouldn't ask for it now, when I am costin' you so much. I really haven't a change to put on while Susan washes this."

Nathan cleared his throat and braced himself as if to meet a crisis.

"Marthy," he began, and the pale little woman shrank before his look as if it had been a blow, "I've cert'nly never in my life seen a woman change as you've changed in the last year. If anybody'd told me a year or two ago that you'd ever give up to a little cold and a cough, and set down, as you have, and let everything go to rack and ruin, and always be askin' for things that take money, I cert'nly wouldn't 've b'lieved it. I thought you had more sense and nerve."

Martha's pallor was death-like now, and her lips were trembling; but she answered as steadily as she could.

"Well, never mind about the dress, Nathan. I'll try to get along. I hope I'll get better soon, or——" "die," she was about to say, but he interrupted her impatiently.

"You cert'nly 'll never get better while you set here rockin' yourself. If you'll get up and go out in the kitchen and send that girl away, and then turn in and cook and eat a hearty dinner, same's you used to, I'll bet my hat you'll get better. When you do that I'll get you a new dress, yes, two of 'em, and cert'nly not before."

He left her then and went out into the sunshine. The hired man

and the team were awaiting him at the gate. He set his foot on the wheel, but paused long enough to transfer a roll of bank-bills from an outer to an inner pocket and button his coat.

"There's forty dollars there, Robert," he said, patting his breast. "I've cert'nly got to bring home that Southdown ram, if it takes every dollar; but I hope to goodness he'll go for less."

Then he climbed into the wagon and drove away.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned. The roll of bank-bills in his pocket was greatly reduced, and the Southdown ram was lying, securely bound, in the bottom of the wagon.

Nathan was surprised to see Robert coming swiftly down the lane to meet him. Hitherto his hired man had been content to await him at the gate. Ah, the ram! Nathan smiled in a pleased way. Of course Robert was impatient to see the ram.

"I've got him, Robert! Hurrah for the Southdown!" he shouted, excitedly. But Robert came straight on, with bowed head, never looking up until he had reached the wagon. There was a strange look in his eyes, and his sunburnt face was almost pale.

"They've sent me, sir, to tell you that—the mistress is—is very bad indeed," he said, huskily.

"What?" ejaculated Nathan, half incredulously. "You mean that Marthy's sick?"

Robert nodded, silently.

"Really *sick?*"

"Oh, sir, she's—*dreadful* sick!"

Nathan glanced at the house, and saw neighbors passing in and out and standing in the yard.

"Why, bless my soul!" he exclaimed, snatching the whip and touching up the horses. "Why, if it should turn out that Marthy's really sick, I—I 'most wish I'd got her that dress," he muttered, as the wagon rattled down the lane to the house.

A neighbor met him at the gate with solemn visage and extended hand.

"This is very sad and sudden for you, Mr. Albright," he said, sympathetically.

"It cert'nly is," responded Nathan, with earnestness. "It's just knocked me all of a heap. Marthy's been complainin' like for a long time, but I cert'nly didn't think there was anything special ailed her. Won't you come in and set down, Mr. Smith? I must run in and see Marthy a minute."

Mr. Smith made no response to the neighborly invitation, and looked after Nathan in puzzled surprise as he bustled into the house.

There were several neighbor women in the sitting-room, but Martha's arm-chair by the window was empty. The women arose as Nathan entered, and one of them came to meet him with tears in her eyes. It suddenly struck Nathan that they were all more or less red-eyed.

"Why, Mrs. Armstrong," he began, "is Marthy so——"

Mrs. Armstrong interrupted him with a solemn little nod towards the bedroom.

"In there," she explained, softly. "We thought it best to leave her there for the present."

She laid her hand gently on his arm and drew him into the small darkened chamber. His eyes naturally turned to the bed. But how unfamiliar it looked, how strangely white and still, with a sheet spread all over it and drawn in rigid lines clear to the head-board! If Marthy was *there*——!

He stopped abruptly. A sharp, tearing pain, like a thrust with a jagged knife, shot through his heart. He saw the sheet lifted, caught one glimpse of the wan, still face beneath it, then staggered back and leaned heavily against the wall.

Mrs. Armstrong began to weep afresh, and he dimly knew that she was saying something to him about the "Lord's will," and "resignation." He stood perfectly still while the tall wooden clock on the sitting-room mantel ticked away sixty seconds of time. Then he went slowly out. The women in the sitting-room shrank back at sight of his face, but he saw none of them. He went to the kitchen where Susan was sitting alone.

"How was it, Susan? Tell me about it," he said.

The girl started at the sound of his broken voice. She, too, had been crying, and her voice, when she spoke, was unsteady.

"Why, sir, you hadn't been gone a great while when I heard the door open, and there she was, lookin' at me. Oh, I never can forget how she looked! Her face was white as—as it is now, sir, and only her eyes was red, as if she'd been cryin'. She was tremblin', and holdin' to the door-post to keep from fallin'. I went to her, but she wouldn't let me help her. She smiled sort o' pitiful, and she says, in a shaky way,—

"'No, Susan dear, I must try to walk by myself. Mr. Albright thinks——'

"Them was the very last words she ever spoke, sir, for just then she began to cough. I helped her to a chair, and she had the worst coughin'-spell I ever knew her to have. She made a motion towards the sittin'-room, and I started to bring her cough medicine, but before I'd reached the door she fell off the chair to the floor, and there was the blood runnin' from her mouth all over her clothes and the floor. I was that scared I didn't know what to do; but I called Robert, and we carried her to bed. I did everything I could, sir, and Robert went for the doctor, but before he got here she was gone.

"The doctor thinks he'd ought to been called months ago; but I told him nobody dreamed she was that bad. I'm sure I didn't."

Nathan turned to the window. The red light of the low sun was streaming in. Just outside, across the fence, Robert was busy tethering the new Southdown ram. At sight of the animal Nathan was seized with a sudden, unreasoning fury. He snatched his rifle from its hooks on the wall and went out.

Robert paused and looked at him curiously, and Susan peered uneasily after him from the door. The ram also gazed at him, standing squarely facing him, a magnificent beast.

Nathan rested the rifle on the fence and took aim at the unconscious

animal's forehead. Robert stepped hastily forward and raised the rifle-barrel a few inches.

"I don't think you want to do that, sir," he said, gently. "I don't think she would want you to, if she could see."

Nathan's hands dropped away from the weapon, nervously.

"Then take him away," he said, hoarsely. "Take him clear off the farm; give him to somebody. Don't let me lay eyes on him again."

He walked swiftly away down the lane, and all that night he was gone from the house. Nobody knew where he was. But in the early dawn Robert was awakened by the creaking of the barn-yard gate. Nathan was leading a saddled horse out into the lane, and in the dim light Robert saw him mount and ride away.

Some hours later, his sister, an estimable maiden lady, arrived from her home, twenty miles distant, prepared to condole with him. She was scandalized to find him absent from home at such a time. When he returned, at noon, she met him on the threshold.

"Why, Nathan, where on earth have you been? What have you there?"

The latter query related to a paper parcel he carried carefully beneath one arm.

"It's a—a dress for Marthy," he faltered. "I want her to be buried in it, Sarah. Get a dress-maker and have it made right up."

He cut the strings of the parcel, and billows of shining silk streamed out upon the table. Sarah gasped, and held up her hands.

"Oh, Nathan! What ever possessed you? She can't be buried in that!"

"I'd like to know why, Sarah."

"Because it wouldn't do. You see, they don't bury people in anything but black or white. We're making a nice fine white shroud for Marthy."

"But, Sarah, I feel that Marthy would cert'nly 've liked this."

"No doubt she would, if she could 've had it when she was alive. But they don't bury folks in purple silk with yellow vines all over it."

"It ain't purple, Sarah; it's heliotrope, the clerk said, and it's the finest and han'somest piece in all Bridgeport. Them yellow vines is the purtiest part of it. Marthy would cert'nly 've liked it."

"Well, she wouldn't 've wanted to be buried in it, anyway."

Nathan looked unconvinced and miserable, but he contended no longer. He rolled up the silk and locked it away in a bureau drawer.

The next day Martha was clothed in the white shroud and laid to rest in the little country burial-ground.

"If a body *must* die, it's kind of nice to be buried on Memorial Day," said Sarah, as they wended their slow way homeward.

"Is this Memorial Day?" queried Nathan, suddenly, as if awakened from a dream.

"Why, yes, of course it is. Didn't you notice the graves all trimmed up with flowers?"

"No. I didn't see nobody's grave but Marthy's."

"Well, I'm sure hers was covered with flowers. But, I must say, it would 've looked becomin', Nathan, if you'd laid a wreath on, yourself, or at least a bouquet. I should 've thought you'd 've wanted to."

"No, I shouldn't 've cared to. There was only one thing I wanted to give Marthy, and you said it wasn't suitable."

"Oh, you mean the silk? Mercy! no, that wouldn't 've done at all. It's a pity you wasted the money on it, Nathan."

"I only wish to heaven I'd wasted it a little sooner."

The words and tone had in them the bitterness of death.

"It surely would make a lovely dress for a *livin'* woman," said Sarah, with what she considered very delicate suggestiveness.

That evening, after dinner, Nathan was missing, and a thunderstorm was coming on. To Sarah's anxious inquiries for him, Susan replied,—

"I think, ma'am, he's gone back to the graveyard. I seen him take a bundle out of the bureau and go down that way."

"Why, what on earth——" began Sarah, but, suddenly checking herself, she donned rubbers and water-proof and went out. The storm was coming on rapidly, but she did not hesitate, and presently she stood behind a cedar in the little graveyard and beheld a scene that she never forgot.

All the flowers had been removed from Martha's grave and laid carefully aside. In their stead the mound was decked from head to foot in shining waves of silk. Nathan, with unsteady hands, was draping it in folds up against the small head-board, in clumsy imitation of the shopman's art. The rain that was beginning to fall mingled with his tears, and the lightning flashes lit up the shimmering meshes of the silk.

Suddenly he ceased his efforts and fell upon his knees. His shaken voice reached the listener.

"Marthy dear," he said, with unutterable tenderness, "if you can look down and see it, I know you'll like it. And if you can understand how I felt when I bought it for you, I know you'll forgive me for everything. If I thought you couldn't, I cert'nly don't noways see how I could live."

Sarah's sharp eyes were dim. She turned and stole softly away.

"I'm 'most afraid his mind's unbalanced," she whispered to herself. "It's dreadful to see that silk gettin' ruined that way. There's ten yards of it, at least, and never a cent less than two dollars a yard! But, land! I hain't the heart to say a word to him."

Carrie Blake Morgan.

DRIFT-WOOD.

WHAT other fuel can so make the fire of Memory glow
As listening to forgotten songs we sang long, long ago?

Clarence Urmy.

EARLY MAN IN AMERICA.

Here lived and planned and toiled another race,
A prehistoric race, forgotten long,
Who in the speech of men have left no trace,
Unknown alike to story and to song.

JONES VERY.

WE used to think that the Indian, or rather his predecessor the so-called Mound-Builder, was the first American; but archæology is enlightening us, and we are beginning to find that far back of all these there were other peoples who dwelt where we do now, and that these old river-valleys of ours once throbbed with human life long before the days of Mound-Builder or Indian, and that this land was discovered thousands and thousands of years before Columbus was born.

These ancient people whose life-history is all but lost to us have left no record of their being, save the roughly chipped stones which served them as weapons or for the primitive arts of the household; and it is on these rude implements that are based the deductions for the existence of early man—palæolithic is his scientific name—in America.

Just about twenty years ago Dr. Charles C. Abbott, the distinguished naturalist, began finding some of these palæolithic implements deep down in the gravel-beds at Trenton, and all these years he has been trying to convince the scientific world of their genuineness. His labors have been so well corroborated elsewhere that we now believe these to be the veritable relics of those prehistoric races who in the early days of the world left their handiwork in the river gravels of almost every land.

These Trenton relics have excited wide discussion; but as trained scientists have pronounced upon their artificial origin, and as the undisturbed character of the beds has been proved by experts, the existence of early man in the valley of the Delaware does not rest upon a shadowy basis. Plainly stated, men lived in the Delaware valley when the floods from the melting of the Great Glacier were pouring seaward through a river fifty feet higher than now: primitive man dropped his weapons in the swollen stream: gravel, sand, and mud covered all, and the sunlight has never since seen these ancient remains, until the archæologist resurrected them to tell the forgotten story of humanity's early life in the far-away days when man and the mastodon lived and died side by side.

Professor George Frederick Wright, struck by the similarity of certain gravels in the Ohio valley to those at Trenton, stimulated investigation in that locality, and implements have been found in several places in Ohio, one of which was thirty feet below the surface of undisturbed soil.

At the Springfield meeting of the American Association, Professor Wright exhibited a small chert implement which was found at Bril-

liant, Ohio. The circumstances of the find and the character of the implement make it, he says, "the most important evidence of glacial man yet adduced."

Later observations on the beds below Trenton under the trained eyes of Abbott, Wright, and Putnam corroborate all former observations, and, in addition, these recent explorations tend to show that, in the valley of the Delaware at least, the stone age was characterized by two distinct stages. In numerous excavations at this place, the first foot or so always contains flint and jasper implements, but below this all are of argillite. Argillite, a hard slate, is the only material in this locality which was available for such use, and so early man, when he lived here, used it; later races, as they became more acquainted with the country and more skilled in the art of chipping stone, procured the harder flint and jasper, and discarded in a great measure the softer argillite.

Rude implements have also been found in the terraces of the Upper Mississippi, and it is likely that patient search of like beds in other river-valleys will yield fruitful results.

All the implements, with one or two exceptions,* have been found in beds corresponding to the Trenton gravels: much study consequently has been expended on the age of these beds, since it gives a clue to fixing the time of man's advent on American soil.

It is now generally conceded that all these river deposits and corresponding beds were laid down during the Great Ice Age which drew to a close some six to ten thousand years ago. Some of the beds were caused by the overflowing rivers, and others, along the sea, by conjoined action of river and wave over a submerged land. The older and higher beds were deposited when the ice was at its maximum extension, and in these nothing has yet been found except a relic at Claymont in Delaware. The lower beds, corresponding to the Trenton, belong to a later era, when the ice and snow had retreated several hundred miles: in these only do we find positive traces of man in the rude palæoliths, which are of course of no later date than the beds in which they rest. Some are probably much older, for their weather-worn condition shows long exposure prior to burial: others, again, seem so fresh as to leave no doubt that they were lost and covered while newly made.

In the implement-bearing gravels we find the bones of many an animal which lived with man and was buried with his weapons; but of man himself only one relic has come to notice which deserves any

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* Professor Claypole has recently reported the finding of human relics in the drift of Ohio: these deposits belong, however, to the "closing years of the glacial era," and do not differ much in time from the later river gravel; but the relics distinctly differ from those at Trenton in that they seem to belong to a later phase of stone age culture, the neolithic. If this find is authentic,—and there is every reason to believe that it is,—we must suppose that palæolithic men lived on the Delaware and the Ohio while at the same time neolithic men were living not far distant. To show that this was possible, it is necessary only to remind the reader that there was once a time when weapons of iron and steel were made on the Atlantic seaboard while arrow-points and axes of stone were fashioned beyond the Alleghanies.

consideration, and that is the famous Calaveras skull, which was found in ancient gravel underneath Table Mountain, in Calaveras County, California.

Table Mountain is a lava mountain, and for this reason great antiquity has been attributed to these remains; but it is very likely—so modern investigators tell us—that these gravels are no older than, perhaps not so old as, the Eastern beds; for lava ejections have occurred very recently in Western America. Still this skull is the oldest of its kind on the continent, and it is interesting to note that it represents a fair average head of good facial angle and ample brain-capacity.

How palæolithic man got to this land—for it does not seem likely that the genus *homo* was indigenous here—is a question that has puzzled the wisest; perhaps by way of Greenland, over the bridging ice-field which probably connected Europe and America. However, we know that he did get here, and, as the first wandering bands of these old hunters came, we know, too, that they found a land of snow and ice, of great rivers and many lakes. It seems probable, from the finding of occasional implements in the older gravels, that the earliest emigrants arrived while the glacier was at its maximum.

One unbroken field of ice had spread over all the North, covering Manhattan Island a thousand feet and reaching to within fifty miles of Philadelphia. As the years passed, more bands of these hardy explorers reached this land, and as the second and later recessions * of the ice occurred, with accompanying flooded rivers, it is likely that a fairly dense palæolithic population peopled our river-valleys. It was a long time since the first of their race came over the ice: a far-distant past it must have seemed—as it truly was to these later-day men.

To us the founding of Egypt is so far away that it seems almost wholly mythical; but the time which elapsed between the period of maximum glaciation and the later days of the epoch was possibly five times longer. Yet this is one of the short periods in the life-history of the infant race. Such was time in the beginning.

To the south of the glacier there were the same hills and valleys that we now see; the forests were made up of familiar trees, willow, walnut, oak and poplar, spruce and pine; and the new-born land, as it slowly emerged from under the retreating ice, though bare to the rock, soon took on a coating of green.

As the melting continued, the overflowing waters filled all the lowlands, and lakes unknown to us sprang into existence. One of these, Lake Ohio the geologists call it, was occasioned by an ice-dam at Cincinnati and covered the whole lower part of the State: another, Lake Lesley, named for Professor Lesley, filled some of the mountain valleys of Central Pennsylvania. If men lived on the Delaware and Ohio, it is very likely that they hunted on the banks of these great glacial

* The glacial period was not one of continual advance followed by continual retreat. Ten moraines in the Eastern States, according to Upham, show ten different stages of the ice. The interval between the first and second advances, marked by the higher and lower gravel south of the ice limit, is supposed to be very long: after this the retreat was more or less rapid, geologically speaking.

lakes. Long since their waters have drained away, and nothing remains but the ancient shore-lines.

The climate which covered this world was, of course, somewhat different from the present. It was colder, and the precipitation was greater, but the existence of certain plants shows that a comparatively temperate climate prevailed to the south of the ice; yet it was anomalous. Animals which loved the cold and those of a torrid land were curiously mingled. Troops of mastodons wandered over the land and gorged themselves on the soft twigs of spruce and fir. The slow, lumbering, woolly rhinoceros wallowed in the muddy streams and lakes. Moose and reindeer ranged the woods: perhaps the Indian story of the Great White Moose is a survival transmitted from palæolithic days, when this animal was actually larger than now. Droves of horses and oxen roamed the plains; but they were slain for food, for not yet had man learned the value of beasts of burden.

Early man could have set at naught the Chinese legend that the mammoth belonged to the nether world and died if he breathed the outer air, for only too often he must have met these giants of old, protected from the cold by a covering of long black hair and thick red wool.

All this time, while the great floods were pouring seaward and gigantic animals were stalking up and down the land, it is likely that men were living on the banks of our rivers and lakes.

Judging from skeletons found in Europe, palæolithic man was short of stature and had a low retreating forehead: it is supposed that he had a yellowish skin, which was covered with coarse hair, much like the Ainu of Yezo. He was strong in body, but he had the diminutive mind of a child. Wild and fierce, he knew little of pity or of love: he was lower in savagery than any we know, but he bore the germs of a better race: he was only a hunter, living on the animals he had slain and the roots and nuts he could gather. At war with his neighbor and at war with himself, his life was racked with fears and torments, and his mind filled with debasing superstitions, which civilization has hardly yet wholly eliminated.

Clothing of the crudest he made from skins. He had no home save a rock-shelter;* and in one such ready-made home, by the banks of the Susquehanna, we have evidence that early man once feasted on deer and bison: such was perhaps his greatest pleasure. His only weapons were rude spears tipped with the relics we now find, or ruder

* These rock-retreats are the earliest homes of the race, and they still serve the same purpose, in a degenerate way. Not long since, when passing through the lower Susquehanna Valley, the writer came across one of these retreats. Here, where most likely early man protected himself from cold and storm, a band of wandering tramps had taken possession, and were feasting, not on hard-earned prey, but on food which they had begged or perhaps stolen from the neighboring village. Though six thousand years, at the least, had passed away since the first-comers stopped here, these latter-day patrons did not seem to show the six thousand years of progress. A photograph of the scene which I witnessed in the dim twilight of that cold December day—the filthy, unkempt, half-clothed men, standing around the blazing fire—would not have differed much, in general outline, from the same scene taken sixty centuries ago.

knives: perhaps he had a primitive bow and arrow: with these he had to wage war on the hugest animals that ever existed.

In these dark and cheerless days man was not all alone: woman too had a share, which was probably more of sorrow than of joy. Her condition must have been somewhat lower than that of woman in the lowest of the wild tribes of to-day,—not man's helpmeet, but his slave. Man was not yet her lover, only her master; but deep down in this slave-woman's breast were the germs, only waiting development, of those tenderer feelings which have made man human and have been the most potent factors in assisting the race to mount the golden steps of progress.

What became of these palæolithic men we can only conjecture. Perhaps they loved so well their ice-clad land that they followed the retreating glacier and became the Eskimos of to-day. We really know only that with the passing of the great floods and the giant mammals they too fade from view: another turn of the hand on the great dial, and another race, descended, as we, from palæolithic ancestors in Europe or Asia, appears, with a higher degree of primitive art and skill. Chipped and polished weapons of flint and jasper take the place of the rude palæolith, and the old race is forgotten in the birthday glories of the new.

Harvey B. Bashore.

LIFE IN THE COTTON BELT.

THE stranger who saw the Atlanta Exposition, small and unimposing though it was compared to the Columbian mammoth at Chicago, came away full of hope for the Cotton States in their unfathomed resources of field and forest, mine and factory. A few days later the same visitor may have felt a sense of discouragement in travelling through the rural districts, because of a monotonous contrast constantly showing itself there between the vastness of geographic areas and the restriction of sociological conditions. The everyday face of "Dixie" still shows the care and uncertainty resultant upon the social upheaval of the civil war: a vague sadness seems to brood over the silence of untrodden woods and flowery glades, a thick pall of Spanish moss trailing pensively over the gigantic live-oaks and the sinewy cypress-trees. Most of the ancestral homes have been abandoned by their owners for a residence in the cities, the white-columned porticos of the favorite colonial architecture now mouldering in decay, the wide and once hospitable front halls resounding only to the rough banter and quarrels of negro tenants and their children. To a fine and sympathetic ear the astral shell of a former state seems to be giving forth plaints for the loved and lost, echoes of the old antebellum days in the Southland.

No nation that is once rid of any form of serfdom ever wants to come under the curse again, but it is scarcely surprising that the conscience of the world was first aroused against negro slavery in quarters

where it was unprofitable, and where its abolition did not involve the disintegration of estates and the impoverishment of clans. Certain it is that with the blessings of emancipation have come also many of the evils dreaded by the fathers of the present land-owners, who are obliged to dwell in the midst of an unreliable, shifting, and ignorant element in a coöperative relation necessary for the success of agricultural purposes.

The large majority of landed proprietors who still reside on their plantations are cotton-growers, the Cotton Belt embracing the heart of the Southern country. There are three variations in the labor system now prevailing: these are renting, going halves or quarters as the case may differ, and hiring, each of which presents its special difficulties to the land-owner, who must vary his contracts according to the capacity of the negro laborers, suffer financially for every mistake he makes in gauging their character and experience, and continually array his intelligence and watchfulness against their idleness, cunning, and pilfering, or come out worsted at the end of the year. It is difficult to secure the half of everything produced, and it is unwise to give most negroes full control of their "one-horse" or "two-horse" farms, as often they are too lazy to fill up gullies and prevent surface drainage, usually preferring to cultivate partly a large piece of ground rather than make a small piece yield its full capacity. The exchange system prevails, produce standing for cash in transactions between landlords, tenants, and merchants.

The typical negro tenant arrives at a new home in a mule-wagon or ox-cart with a bundle of rags, a frying-pan, and a covey of children, and he stays with a landlord who may have saved him from destitution by advancing provisions and dry-goods, only so long as the caprice of the hour dictates. Land-owners who have sunk into financial ruin by mortgaging their property have nearly always been dragged into the slough by the effort to help their negroes out of it. The crop made by the average negro farmer is subject to many contingencies besides those of the weather. He does not hesitate to leave his field at the most critical season if pleasure calls him, "big meetings" he never can resist, and these take place during the important agricultural months of July and August, first at one church and then at another. After the mules have been working hard all the week in this busy season, they are often driven from ten to fifteen miles on Sundays, carrying wagon-loads of men, women, and children, long bright ribbons flying out from the heads of the female members of the family, whose hair has been tightly plaited and bound with cords during the week in order to produce a holiday sensation in an ample psyche knot at the back and a bushel-like roundness in front; they appear in fancy waists and big sleeves, and regale themselves and their friends with a dinner of fried chicken, cake, and watermelons after the meeting, rags being good enough to wear, hoecake and bacon good enough to eat, during the week. Like his African ancestors, the American negro is miserable without jollifications and feastings; if he can have them he will do a hard job of work betweentimes. Commonly in the South now he works about five or six months of the year, with occasional merry-

makings interspersed, and spends the other months in dozing over the wood fire in his cabin, or in dangling his legs over a cotton-bale at the nearest station to gaze open-mouthed at the trains as they go by. One who was amusing himself in the latter fashion at Thomasville, Georgia, a winter resort for Northern invalids, was asked by a visitor how he managed to make a living. "We libs on watermilions in summer, sah, an' sick Yankees in winter," was the prompt reply.

Cotton is literally king on one of these plantations, everything of a merely luxurious and ornamental character becoming secondary to its demands upon the grower who lives in the "big house." His front garden may be neglected, but his cotton-fields must blossom as the rose, or rather as the hollyhock, which their flower resembles, yellow in the morning sunlight and assuming a pinkish tinge towards evening. The flowers do not all mature at the same time, and the ripened staple has to be released from the bolls by a number of different pickings. The seed-cotton when gathered is usually sent to the towns to be ginned by the steam process, but a few shaky old gin-houses of the ancient régime may still be seen on plantations, the negroes covered with snowy flakes as they drive the patient mules round the great wheel, or stuff the machine above it, the separated lint flying into an adjoining compartment. The Southern planters enjoy raising cotton, finding it the only product that is synonymous with money at all seasons of the year. When it brings eight cents and upwards they feel encouraged, and are likely to plant too much of it the next season, instead of varying their crops, and then over-production brings the market price down again.

Machines for picking cotton will take the place of human hands after a while. One was exhibited on the Fair grounds at Atlanta, its working power equal to that of forty men, with injury to only a small percentage of the green bolls. After seeing this machine in operation I was recounting its marvels one day to a darky in the country who was laboriously picking a big cotton-patch with his bag slung over his shoulder, and he grinned in happy anticipation of its adoption. "I sutin'y would like to see dat!" he exclaimed, in his simplicity thinking only of the saving of labor it would be to himself, for picking cotton by the day is hard on the back. He did not perceive that the consequence of millions saved to the planters in money would be an equal loss to the negroes in wages. As a compensation, however, it may safely be predicted that ultimately the cotton-mills in general will be near the cotton-fields, instead of the products being shipped to manufacturing towns a thousand miles away. When that day comes, a new era will open to the Afro-Americans in the South. Already the colored operatives employed at the knitting-mills in Charleston are giving satisfaction.

The millions spent on the education of the Southern negroes in the last thirty years show creditably in the exhibits of their normal schools and wherever the white man's civilization stands before them as an object-lesson; but book-learning cannot always be made available for support, and the race in gross as seen through the rural districts has changed very little from its two hundred years' experiment with civi-

lization. The most apparent divergence from the native African type which was first brought over by Northern slave-traders is manifested in a development of the affectional instincts, and this is due to the long-standing relations of slaves with their masters' families. There is something pathetic in their tacit dependence on superiors whenever it is possible to lean on them for help. Religion with the country specimen is still a mixture of voodooism and emotional Christianity, having no definite connection with morality. The young colored women get "converted" in a revival time, the ensuing ceremony of immersion or joining the church becoming a kind of passport to society. When they marry legally and set up housekeeping they usually take with them at least one child, whom they refer to as their "stolen child," step-fathers indulgently adopting and helping to support such illegitimate offspring.

In proportion to instincts and aspirations, the land-owners and their families have more privations to encounter than their colored tenants can be said to suffer, for these have enough to eat, and an inexhaustible supply of fuel, and take no thought of the morrow. There is no approach to the want and starvation of the slum residents in large Northern cities. A severe winter, however, fairly paralyzes the negroes: they crouch over their roaring wood fires, stop up the chinks of their board windows, and refuse to exert themselves until "the cold spell" is over. In such seasons the mistress of the plantation has to respond to all sorts of demands on her storehouse and her pharmacopœia; she mothers everybody, and must be ready to diagnose and prescribe for every mysterious ill that flesh is heir to. On a frozen morning, when the sun is feebly struggling up a gray sky, perhaps a small darky will present himself at the back door with a message like this:

"Miss Sally" (the lady is always "Miss," even if a great-grandmother), "daddy say he kyant git to de barn dis mornin'. He feared he got de pneumony on de heart; de cold done struck him in de chis' so hard he sufferin' terrible. He say please ma'am send him some o' dat stuff whar Unc' Billy rubbed hissef wid."

Or the message may come in this shape:

"Mammy say you must 'scuse her f'om washin' de close dis mawnin'; it too cold; her toe done swole, an' she can't walk. She say won't you please send her a piece o' dat plaster fo' her toe what you gin her befo'; an' we 'ain't got no bacon in de house, an' de baby had de spazzles in de night."

Housekeepers have peculiar difficulties in the country, the old edition of cooks, housemaids, and butlers having died out, without a new one of the same stability and efficiency to take their places. They have neither the retinue nor the leisure to keep up the pleasant old custom of trooping about from one plantation to another in gay house-parties, but they are still hospitable to the core, and can give a guest a good dinner, even if they have little or no ready money. Pork, chickens, hominy, sweet potatoes, and corn bread are the staple articles of diet; and be it noted that pork in the hands of a careful housewife bears much the same relation to the common hog-meat sold in the

Northern city markets that a cauliflower sustains to a cabbage, for a shote brought up on ground-peas becomes a delicate viand.

The Southern aristocrats have acquired a degree of contentment and cheerfulness in their reduced circumstances. The need for economy does not worry them as it does the residents of cities in the North. This is due in part to a native ease of temperament, also to the fact that no loss of caste is feared, as their acquaintances are in the same situation; and more than all it is due to their immense inherited fund of self-esteem. The women as well as the men have a wonderful reserve force and have developed an unsuspected energy. Many ladies are managing plantations with marked executive ability while their husbands and sons are holding government offices at Washington or positions in other cities.

All plantation life is to a considerable extent patriarchal, except that instead of the women's being subordinated to masculine pleasure and aggrandizement as with the patriarchs of old, they are set on a pedestal and practically worshipped. It makes little difference to this modern patriarch of the Cotton Belt if his cuffs are frayed and his coat rusty, so long as his wife and daughters wear suits to church that are as stylish as his crops can pay for and their village dress-maker can devise. It is a feature of the day in the South as well as elsewhere that women are being better educated than men. In the Northern States of the Union this higher culture is tending manifestly to celibacy, but in rural localities through the South the girls come back from academies and colleges and accept the young men who stayed at home to work the plantations, the same ones they would have married had they not gone away for the education the parents sacrificed so much to bestow. They know what splendid material these men are made of, and in the attraction between the eternal Womanly and the eternal Manly the question of book-learning counts for little. To lead a patriarchal life without a patriarch would be dull indeed, and it must be said that it requires courage of a superior order to remain single in a situation which would offer little aim and stimulus outside of wifehood and maternity after youth has waned. For this reason youth is considered the high prize, the valuable capital and stock in trade. The women fade no earlier than their Northern sisters, but, owing to an inherited habit of thought, the label of decay is respectfully fastened on them by the popular mind while they are still in their prime and in the Northern and Eastern States would be accounted capable of all things, even of marrying well.

In some of the large cities things begin to wear a different aspect; when the girls leave school they get something to do, and talk about having a "career." Many are not marrying as early as has been the fashion, but late marriages are still exceptional: Atlanta, however, can report the marriage of a spinster numbering seventy summers to a bridegroom nearing one hundred. Atlanta always manages to take the lead in the Cotton Belt.

Southern women, whatever they do or decline to do, value immeasurably their feminine status and prerogative. A discussion of the question whether woman is man's equal is seldom heard, so fully is it

conceded everywhere that she is his superior: even in business offices up to this date representatives of the sex have been treated with the traditional courtesy. This universal deference is not superficial, but innate: from governor and senator to conductor and policeman, the man who could make himself comfortable at the expense of a woman would be regarded as a barbarian. The only disagreeable thing the Southern men insist upon doing in her presence is spitting tobacco. This objectionable American practice is in full swing in country neighborhoods and on railroad trains, but in cities it is not so much in evidence.

On election days most of the plantation negroes take holiday. Their zeal about voting, however, depends largely upon the extent of the watermelon crop during the previous summer; they always attend political meetings in great numbers when a liberal supply of that fruit is provided for their delectation between the stump speeches. It can scarcely be estimated that one out of five hundred of these untutored peasants from the cotton-field votes intelligently, and it would be useless to deny that should the white residents of any county feel that the negro vote *en masse* has been cast against its prosperity they would render it null and void in one way or another. This will always be done while a half-civilized dark race occupies the soil in nearly equal proportions; in the Black Belt of Alabama and Mississippi it outnumbers the whites in a ratio of from three to seven. The outside world chronicles every mob riot, "White Cap" outrage, and lynching on Southern territory as if these demonstrations were commonplace affairs, but it must be remembered that the area of the Southern States covers thousands of miles, and the proportion of crime is less than in some other parts of the country, wherein specific offences against law and order may be of a different character, but certainly offer variations quite as hideous.

In small matters a black man can get justice done him now more easily than his white employer can, for he is less likely to hesitate about the means employed, and continual allowance is made for his deficiencies and peccadilloes. The new negro also goes to law very readily about his rights and claims. Recently one brought suit for slander against another in Georgia, his grievance being that the defendant had been "injurin' his stipulated characteristics."

"Dese little five-dollar lawyers is ruinin' dis whole country," one of the more conservative colored people remarked, sadly.

Between low-class negroes and low-class whites there has always been a marked antagonism; they have no patience with each other; and this instinctive prejudice accounts for many of the lynchings. It is doubtful, however, in those agricultural communities, imperfectly protected by police and telegraph, whether any deterrent law will always be able to prevent the immediate shooting or hanging of a criminal who has committed a cold-blooded murder or an assault upon a woman, or who has wantonly cut the levee to cause an overflow of the Mississippi. These guilty wretches are usually bestial tramps and unemployed negroes.

The impression produced on any stranger who visits the Cotton States is one of a quiet life, of less apparent demand for excitement

than he has seen in other sections. On the plantations the colored people, though not over-grateful for past favors, would defend instinctively the white family that helps them in their daily problems, and in many cases they are living in their humble cabins as the sole protectors of the women and children in the neighboring mansion, just as they used to do in war times. If the South is goaded sometimes to deal in a summary and severe fashion with a wicked negro, on the other hand no outsider can fully understand her patience with a merely idle and unreliable one and her affection for a really good one. The repute of some thoroughly good negroes extends for miles, and they are never without white friends to watch with them by the cradle and mourn with them over the bier.

The sentiment felt for the Lost Cause throughout the Cotton States can be compared only to the place an old love sometimes holds in the heart of a woman. She may recognize its folly and futility, and would not bring it back to life if she could, to disturb existing relations, but it remains enthroned and sceptred as an ideal. These Southerners have no apology to make for their attempt to break up the sham union which existed for years before the war, or for their unconcealed hostility to the enforced union which existed after the war during the reconstruction period, and the few ex-Confederates who have shown a regret for their fight for independence have been tabooed socially. To the present Union, however, all are loyal: the principle of centralization having been established gradually and effectually, everything has been adjusted to it. Time has spread its healing balm over many a wound; the surviving soldiers of the once conflicting armies have met in honest friendship, one side carrying a crutch or an empty coat-sleeve as manfully as the other. Regiments have been fêted royally in banquet-halls by cities from which they were stoned and expelled at the point of the bayonet. Northern governors and their staffs have been welcomed to the homes of the omnipresent Southern "colonels" with their highest flights of spread-eagle oratory and bands playing "Yankee Doodle come to town" with frantic drum-beats. Northern capital has repaired the ravages of flood, flame, and earthquake on Southern soil, and established manufacturing industries that have an ever-expanding horizon; improved facilities for transportation multiply channels of trade in every direction, and continual travel multiplies intermarriages.

If a distinctly American type can be found on this continent, it is in "Dixie's Land," where, with the exception of the Latin racial strains in Alabama and Louisiana, there has been little foreign admixture since colonial times. There is no danger that the younger generation will not grow up patriotic and tenacious Americans, but, like their elders, they have a passionate and dominating local attachment. When the voiceless winter night in the country broods over the fields and woods on the plantation outside, the family in the "big house" gathers around an open fire, the crackling pine knots lighting up every dim corner. Mother and grandmother have stories to tell of their anxieties, of their clever household and toilet devices in the war time; father and grandfather relate their hairbreadth escapes, their hardships,

the jokes of their camp life, or the circumstances which led to a memorable interview with one of the great chieftains. At such moments the worlds of reality and of fable have an indefinite boundary-line; the heroic figures of Lee on his gray horse, Jackson on "Old Sorrel," and Stuart on his white charger take hold of the youthful imagination and lead on the untried soul to high endeavor, their valiant deeds borrowing the color and tone of romance from "the blue glory of the past" until they combine their forces in that delightful border-land of fact and fancy with those of King Arthur and Sir Lancelot, the Black Prince and the Lion-Heart.

Frances Albert Doughty.

A "STAR ROUTE" CASE.

"AIN'T that Jack Duval?"

The men lounging in wooden arm-chairs tipped at various angles along the brief stretch of plank side-walk that fronted Duggan's hotel turned at the question in desultory observance of a swiftly moving speck on the northern mesa, a mile away. "Looks like it was," one drowsily drawled, after due consideration.

There was an interval of silence. The men who so comfortably killed time on Duggan's side-walk were given to extreme deliberation in speech, as in all other things; but finally another was roused to observe, addressing nobody in particular, "He's gone on Rose Duggan, sure," to which came only the response of lazy, assenting laughter; while the speaker presently added, significantly glancing across the street where the proprietor of the one store, who was also the postmaster of the place, loitered in his open door, "Well, she might do worse than take Duval."

Again there was a ruminant pause, while all eyes sleepily regarded the man over the way. "But Jim Meeson's well fixed," somebody at length was moved to say, the tone implying a disposition to give the devil his due.

"But of all the mean, schemin' cusses——"

The gossip came to an abrupt stop as the stage wheeled around the house from the corral in the rear. Time had been when Duggan's was the most important stage station between Denver and the Pappoose Creek mining district,—in the days of the boom, when the great Concord coaches had been wont to drive up by twos and threes, and sometimes even more, to unload their hordes of hungry passengers at the little hostelry; but with the advent of the railroad, callously passing by Duggan's some five miles to the eastward, the place had fallen to swift decadence. Now only the hotel, shorn of its glory, the general store, which also served as the post-office for the region round, and a blacksmith-shop, showed any signs of life, while the stage-line had dwindled to the daily appearance of an old spring wagon drawn by a pair of mules.

The driver, wiping his mouth with an air which told of a good supper, came out now to mount his seat, with a joking word for the watching idlers, as he wheeled across the street for the mail-pouch, which the postmaster stood waiting to throw into the wagon.

"Bill Huntoon's goin' to stay over," somebody observed, the tone implying discovery.

"What's he up for?" another demanded, languidly, as if for his part he gave it up.

"Buyin' hosses, I heard him tellin' Duggan," responded one, proud of being able to impart information. "Though what he's a-wantin' hosses for, when he can keep the stage goin' with a pair of mules, is more'n I know. For that matter, I don't see what he's runnin' the stage for these times anyway; don't have a passenger nor a pound of freight once in a dog's age."

"Oh, he's jest sockin' it to the government for carryin' that mail. Bill Huntoon knows what he's about, you bet," quoth another, in canny confidence. "But jest look at Jim Meeson. He's caught sight of Jack Duval, 'n' he looks as though he was tastin' picra. Well, Rose is a pretty girl——"

"Somethin' of a contrast to her step-maw," put in somebody else, slyly, whereat the company again joined in lazy laughter, although now with evident signs of uneasiness in the glances cast toward the open windows behind. Not a man among them but stood in awe of the virago temper of the landlady at Duggan's; and when a moment later a heavy step accompanied by a swish of skirts was heard approaching the door, one suddenly remembered that it was his supper-time, and another that his stock should be 'tended to, and with one accord they all shuffled away down the dusty road, just as Jack Duval rode in at the corral gate.

He was a handsome young fellow, wearing the leather *chaparajos* and soft felt hat rakishly up-tilted of the typical cowboy; but if the court which daily convened on Duggan's side-walk had been asked to settle Jack's occupation, they would have mentioned cattle but incidentally. Old man Duval, as he was known, had indeed a considerable ranch which he had taken up over in the shadow of the foot-hills, where a few head of stock ran wild and increased as Heaven permitted; but the old man gave his time mostly to lazy enjoyment of hunting and fishing, while the son evinced a disposition to follow in the father's footsteps. Nobody had anything to say against the family but this, that they were trifling and shiftless, Mrs. Duval coming in for rather more condemnation than her husband in this respect, although in Jack's case—for everybody liked the lad—there were always plenty of excuses offered on the ground of his bringing up. "What could you expect?" people said, comprehensively.

The boy threw himself from the horse, his dark face alight as he caught sight of a girl standing in the open kitchen door.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she cried, in coquettish affectation of surprise, as he came near her. "We haven't seen you for so long I didn't know but you'd got lost."

"I've been fishin' with dad," the boy explained, his smile broaden-

ing for the mere joy of looking at her. "Trout are worth fifty cents a pound in Denver now, and they'll take all we'll bring in."

"Which won't be enough to hurt," the girl saucily retorted, though her glance wavered a little and her pretty face grew rosier under the fire of his eager eyes. "You can fish for fun; but when it comes to making money out of it, it's work, and that's a different thing."

"I can work if I take a notion to," the lad protested, in quick defence, though he was laughing at the thrust. It seemed to him that with Rose he must always be laughing, everything she said and did was so exquisitely delightful to him.

"Ah, if you take a notion!" she repeated, with merry irony.

"I'll tell you one thing I've got a notion to do, Rose Duggan," he impetuously exclaimed. "I've got a notion that I'm going to marry you some day. What do you think of that?"

"Well, if you think I'm going to take up with you!" And Rose tossed her pretty head in gay ridicule of the idea. "And I'd like to know how you'd take care of a wife,—you without money enough to buy an A tent to set up housekeeping in."

Jack's sunburned face flushed painfully under the blunt truth, but there was no sign of resentment as he humbly urged, "But you know I like you, Rosie; I've told you so more'n a thousand times. And I'd work for you——"

"I think I see you!" laughed the girl, as she vanished in response to a peremptory call from within.

With an inarticulate exclamation that almost ended in a sob, the boy turned back to his horse. "Oh, she must have me!—she must!" he muttered, under his breath. "She thinks I'm no good; but I'll show her! I'll work—I'll do anything to get money for her."

But his face hardened to a mask of wooden impenetrability as a step came around the house. It was Huntoon, the great man of the stage company, whose gray eyes shiftily searched the place to be sure nobody else was there before he gave the boy careless greeting.

"You got my note, then," he tentatively observed, feeling in a pocket for a couple of cigars, one of which he offered to Jack. He waited until these were lighted and each had enjoyed a luxurious whiff or two before he added, "Fact is, we've got a little job for you."

"Yes?" Jack's spirits rose as his thoughts ranged from the head of a mountain sheep to the skin of a silver-tip bear. If such trophies as these were wanted, he was determined that he should be paid a good price for them. It would all be for Rose now.

"Yes," Huntoon went on, deliberately, after another cautious survey, which included a peep into the barn behind; "we think you are the man for us, and if you think so too—well, you'll get good pay for an easy job. In fact, it's nothing but just to hold up the stage one of these nights."

"Hold up—the stage!" gasped the boy, questioning the reliability of his ears.

"Exactly," Huntoon rejoined. "The long and short of it is, the railroad hoodooed the stage business. We've been running at a loss for over a year now. We have no passengers, no freight: everything goes by the railroad."

"Yes," Jack assented, bewilderedly.

"And of course the mail ought to go that way too, but the government is simply a pack of asses. Our contract was for five years, and we've got two more to run; and though we have done everything to make the situation clear to the department at Washington, they seem bound to keep us going as long as we've a leg to stand on. We've tried petitions and we've tried arguments; it would be twice as convenient for the public to get the mail by train, as a blind man might see; but those fools at Washington just promise to look into the matter, and take it out promising. Now we're going to try persuasion of another stripe. We're going to have the stage held up and the mail taken. If one time won't do, it will just naturally keep on happening till the authorities wake to the fact that this line ain't safe for their precious mail. See?"

Duval thought he did, grinning appreciatively at what appeared to him like rather a good joke at the expense of the authorities. "You just want me to make believe hold it up," he said, comprehensively.

"That's the game; though you want to make a good job of it, so they will have a straight story to tell. There'll be a couple of fellows on the back seat for witnesses, and of course the driver will be onto the racket and make you no trouble. You'll never earn a hundred dollars any easier."

"A hundred dollars!" repeated the boy, with a gasp. His wildest dreams had never compassed the actual possession of so much money as this at once; but he was not without caution, and, dazzled as he was, he dimly realized that the very munificence of the promised wage implied proportionate risk of some sort. "But I'd hate to get caught at the job by anybody that didn't understand it,—the sheriff, for instance," he rather dubiously observed, when he had given the matter a moment's thought.

"But why should you get caught?" Huntoon argued, impatiently. "You ride down from your place in the dusk of the evening and wait, say, in the cottonwoods by Bear Creek. Who sees you? When you hear the stage coming, you slip a bit of black cambric over your face so they can all swear they didn't get a look at you and wouldn't know you again; the driver halts and throws you the mail-sack when you sing out to him, and then you have nothing to do but to ride for all you're worth. You will bring the letters to my office in Denver,—of course you will cut open the sack and throw it away,—I'll remail the stuff so that nobody will be put to any sort of loss or trouble in the deal,—and you will be a hundred dollars richer."

"It don't seem like I was taking much risk," rejoined the boy, slowly, the tone saying that none the less he would prefer to earn the money in some other way; but just then Rose passed by one of the kitchen windows, pausing an instant to give him a fascinating glimpse

of red lips coquettishly smiling and eyes whose bright glances might mean anything. Jack caught his breath sharply, a glow coming into his dark face. "I'll take the job."

"All right," returned Huntoon, looking satisfied. "Could you make it to-morrow night."

"If you say so."

"The sooner the quicker, as the saying is. And of course mum's the word. Won't do to have any funny business like this getting out, you know,—especially among the women-folks." The sharp gray eyes had not been blind to that look at the kitchen window, but the expression on the boy's face was satisfactory as he tersely responded, "You bet."

There was a little more discussion as to details, and the pair parted, Huntoon observing, in a tone of complacent confidence, "Oh, it will all go as easy as rolling off a log, sure. You'll never pick up a hundred dollars as easy again, Duval."

But the unexpected happened, and Huntoon's little comedy was turned to tragedy. So rarely in those days did passengers patronize the stage line that the conspirators in the plot had scarcely thought to figure on such remote contingency; but on the night in question the postmaster at Duggan's was called to Denver, and, "just for a change," as he explained to the driver, decided to go by stage. And he it was who, when the amateur bandit rode out from the shadow of the trees, crying with gay bravado, "Hands up!" and all the others appeared more or less paralyzed with fright, displayed a courage as dauntless as it was undesired.

The driver, with an air of hardly knowing what he did, at the first word had swiftly tossed the mail-pouch to the masked adventurer, who thereupon wheeled in swift retreat; but Meeson already had him covered with a six-shooter, his aim so sure that, but for what seemed an accidental movement on the part of one of the others, the career of Jack Duval had been cut short then and there.

"I winged him, though!" he exclaimed, with a fierce oath, as, freeing himself of the driver's leaning weight, he sent another shot after the rider. "And if it hadn't been for you, you chuckle-headed idiots, tumbling all over me, I'd have had him as full of holes as a colander. But it don't matter: the government will take care of him now."

"The gov'ment's got to ketch 'im fust," surlily retorted the driver, whipping up his horses.

"Yes; and it would be pretty hard to identify him, I reckon," nervously put in one of the passengers on the back seat. "I must say that I was so rattled——"

"So was I," quickly declared his companion. "I don't believe I'd know him again from a side of sole-leather."

"But I'd know him," cried Meeson, a note of cruel triumph in his short, grating laugh. "I know Jack Duval's horse, and, even with a black rag over his face, I'd swear to Jack Duval anywhere; while, more than that, he's got the bullet of a '45' in his shoulder now to convict him."

And so it proved. Money and influence, whose source the public scarce could guess, were generously used in Jack's behalf; the great lawyer who came forward to defend him coached the boy carefully in his part; three of the witnesses for the government absolutely refused to recognize in him the stage hold-up; every possible effort was put forth to prove an alibi, but in vain. Nothing availed against Meeson's unswerving testimony, backed by such damning evidence as the flesh-wound which the lad carried in one arm. In consideration of his youth and previous good record, he was given the minimum sentence, but even then, when he realized that five years of prison life lay before him, it was as though he faced an eternity of hell. He was fairly crazed by the horror of it.

"God knows I'm sorry, Duval," Huntoon exclaimed, pitifully wringing the boy's limp hand when he came to see him in his cell, after the trial was over. "We did everything we could, but it was no use. And you stood by us like a brick, too. We shan't forget it."

"The lawyer told me I wasn't going to help myself any by giving you away," the prisoner returned, sullenly, turning his face away as though the mere sight of the visitor was hateful to him.

"No; there was nothing for you to do but to stand pat on your hand; and you did it like a man. And when you get out of this scrape, you'll find friends ready to do what they can to make it right with you. You'll make more than a hundred dollars out of it in the long run, I promise you, Duval." But he drew back in alarm at the expression of the face that was turned upon him.

"Yes; I've made more than a hundred dollars out of it,—I've made hell!" the boy retorted, fiercely. "And you can never make it right with me on earth: you know it. You've let them prove it against me, and now if I should tell the truth, who would believe me? I'm going to jail; and when I come out—oh, God!—what will I be? Nothing but a jailbird to the end of my days! Who would ever take up with me? What chance will I ever have again? And you stand there talking about making it right with me!"

"I know it's tough,—devilish tough," Huntoon hoarsely rejoined, finding a curious difficulty in speaking at all. Even in matters of business the man was not wholly heartless, and the circumstances of this case had greatly preyed upon his feelings. At the moment he felt that he could almost tell the truth to save the lad,—if it would save him. "But I don't know what we can do. If we should come out with the facts, it wouldn't help you: it would only get us all in the same boat," he protested. "Lord knows I'm sorry we went into it, but——"

Jack Duval was in no mood to listen to excuses or explanations now. "Mr. Huntoon, I think you'd better go," he quietly interrupted, his sinewy brown hands clinching each other as though finding a difficulty in holding themselves still. "If you don't, I'm afraid you'll get hurt."

And Huntoon went, feeling strangely chastened and disquieted.

It was something that the undertaking succeeded in its main purpose, the carrying of the Denver and Pappoose Creek mail being

shortly afterward transferred to the railroad; but even then Huntoon's spirit was scarcely satisfied. As he more than once expressed himself to his partner, he always felt as though the Post-Office Department, "in pure cussedness," had forced them to measures whereby the concession had cost altogether too dear.

The old stage station had changed but little in outward showing, when one day a man made his way slowly along the bank of the creek, intently regarding its paltry assemblage of buildings. Worn, shabby, mean to the point of pathos, the place looked in the brilliant summer sunshine, but it was his world, the tribunal before whose judgment his spirit sank to earth. He had left his horse tied to a cottonwood up the creek and trudged for miles rather than risk encountering the glances which he fancied must fall upon him should he venture to ride down the dusty street before Duggan's door.

One new house there was, set a little back from the road beside the store, where the sign, "J. Meeson," showed but a shade more dingy and weather-beaten than it had been five years before. Here was evidently the postmaster's home; and on this the loiterer's eyes were chiefly fixed as he went, passing on until he had reached a point just below the village. The soil thereabouts was not favorable to the digging of wells, two or three foot-paths leading to the creek telling in what primitive fashion the water-supply of the place was obtained; and by one of these paths the man finally seated himself on the ground, half hidden behind a growth of low willows, through which his eyes sought the back of the Meeson house with patient persistence.

He had been waiting there for more than an hour when a woman came out of the house carrying a pail, while by her side toddled a child clutching at her skirts. The man caught his breath, his teeth closing hard on his under lip, but he still sat motionless until the woman, not perceiving him until she was standing by his side, started back with a cry of alarm. "Jack—you?" she gasped, unbelievingly, her face turning white, then red, as she stared at him.

"Yes; it is I," he answered, quietly. "I wanted to see you." But it was at the child he was looking, a tiny rose-bud slip of a girl, her small face marvellously like the dainty Rose of five years ago. The mother was different, he saw, as his eyes came back to her; she was thinner and paler and older. Plainly she had suffered; but, although he did not try to analyze all the subtle changes he saw in the faded face, he dimly felt that its womanly sweetness appealed more to his homage than the old girlish beauty. "I wanted you to know about the hold-up," he slowly explained. "I wanted you to know that I was not really guilty, Rose."

"I know, Jack," she returned, gently, her eyes alight with pity as she looked at him. He too was greatly changed. His face was gaunt and sallow, as though it had starved for God's sunlight, with lines about the mouth and eyes that told of bitter pain; yet in the first glance she had seen that the man in him had developed beyond the rough promise of his boyhood. There was an intelligence, a refinement about the face which her woman's eyes could not fail to recognize with instinctive deference. In girlish arrogance she had looked down

upon the boy; but as she looked at the man, her spirit gave him place above her. "I know. *He* told me once when he had been drinking. He had sneaked around behind the barn that day, thinking to spy upon you and me, and he heard Mr. Huntoon and you talking."

"And he went on the stage that night merely for the chance to finish me off with a bullet; and when that failed, he did it the other way," cried Duval, fiercely. "Oh, I knew it was so all the time. And you could take up with such a miserable, low-lived dog as that!"

"Don't you suppose I've been punished almost enough, Jack?" she murmured, with a quivering lip, her eyes upon the ground.

"I heard that he abused you," he went on, grimly. "And if I'd ever hesitated before about what I owed him, that would have settled it. The chaplain was a good friend of mine. He tried to make me feel it was providential, my getting into prison. Perhaps it was, looking at it some ways. He lent me books and helped me along, and I got something of an education, which I probably never would have had if I had stayed at home; and I learned a trade besides,—two of them, in fact: I can keep a set of books and make shoes." He paid tribute to his abilities with a laugh of exceeding bitterness. "I ought to feel that I have been really very fortunate: don't you think so? But what I owe your husband—well, I have my own way of figuring that. When my time was up, the chaplain found me a place where I could go to work and do well, where I was not known; but I said no, I had work to do at home. And Mr. Huntoon was ready with another job for me in Denver; but I told him the same thing. And do you know what that work is, Rose? Do you want me to tell you?" His black eyes gleamed with hatred. "I'm going to shoot that precious husband of yours on sight; and you may tell him so if you like."

The woman shrank back, surprise and horror on her face. "Oh, Jack, don't!" she entreated. "Don't you know——"

"Do you mean to tell me that you love him?" he cried, with something in his mad outburst of laughter that made her draw back still farther from him. "Must I let him go for that? That *would* be a reason!"

"Haven't they told you about him?" she faltered, with a frightened look.

"They told me that you had married him, and that he drank and ill-treated you. My father wrote that; and when I answered I told him never again to mention the villain in any letter to me. It almost drove me crazy, hearing such things and being there like that, tied hand and foot. And since I got home last night, they have been good enough to spare me the mention of his name. But what should they have told me, Rose? Has he been getting himself in prison too?" interjecting a sharp, mirthless laugh for the idea. "That would be worth hearing; but I have no hope of it. The devil cares for his own."

"His prison is—a grave," the woman returned, solemnly. "He is dead."

Jack Duval stared at her in bewilderment for a moment. "It isn't so," he harshly exclaimed. "You are saying it to get me away, to save him. But you can't fool me that way. I know it isn't so."

"He died almost a year ago," she slowly declared, her voice more low as she glanced at the child. "He was not kind to me, and I could not pretend that I was sorry when he went; and now—" the voice faltered for an instant, and she turned her face away, "perhaps it is an awful thing to say, yet now—if he had to go, I'm glad it happened before you got home, Jack. I'm glad you can't be a murderer."

"I suppose I ought to be glad too," he dully answered her; but he had no sense of gladness: he only felt dazed and strange, as though but half awake from a long night of hideous dreaming. "Probably in God's sight I am about as guilty, though, as if I had done it," he gloomily added, after a little, rather wondering at the tears she was weakly wiping from her eyes.

"Oh, no; God understands," she answered him, quickly; and never could Rose have looked more radiantly lovely than at this moment, when all her woman's soul looked out of the tear-blurred eyes in impulse of tender comforting. "He knows you couldn't be blamed for feeling hard."

"And don't you blame me, Rose?"

"How could I? Yet I don't believe, when it came to the point, that you ever could have done it, Jack: I know you better."

The child had been looking up with curious eyes, and now, seeming at last to have settled in her small mind the cause of the tears which had called a sympathetic quiver to her own red lip, she suddenly turned upon the stranger indignantly. "Go 'way, naughty man! Make my mamma c'y!" she cried, one tiny fist raised in doughty defiance. "Go 'way!"

"Oh, no, darling; you must not drive him away," the mother protested, laughing tremulously as she stooped to take the child in her arms. "He is not bad,—not half so bad as he thinks he is. And he is mamma's friend, her dear old friend."

"I suppose I'd better be going, just the same," Jack awkwardly observed, taking a step uncertainly up the path.

"But when shall I see you again?" cried the little widow, anxiously.

"Do you want to see me again?" he asked, keenly studying her face. "Do you know what the neighbors will say if they see me—a jailbird—coming to your house?"

"What do I care what they say?" she flashed back.

Jack's face was suddenly aglow with such light of youth and hope that it almost seemed as if the boy lover of the old days stood beside her. "And you know what it must mean if I come to see you, Rose?"

"I—suppose so." Something of the old-time coquetry sounded in the little laugh as she wiped away a couple of belated tears against the baby's shoulder. "And perhaps, Jack, you would not mind carrying that pail of water up to the house now."

Mary E. Stickney.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK.

MR. SYDNEY G. FISHER'S article called "Are American Institutions of Dutch Origin?" published in the January number of this magazine, treats in an interesting way of the very interesting question raised in Douglas Campbell's book, "The Puritan in England, Holland, and America." I have no desire to comment upon its main argument, its chief propositions. But no New-Yorker who knows anything of the early history of his town can contentedly read its concluding page. This deals with the origin of municipal liberties and the genesis of "the idea of popular freedom" in New Netherland. And it excites regret that Mr. Fisher had not familiarized himself as thoroughly with the records of our town as he has, apparently, with those of New England. It is a pity that he should follow the lead of Bancroft, who wrote the earlier volumes of his "History" before our "Holland Documents" had been translated and published. It is a pity that he did not consult these Documents, or, at least, the local histories of O'Callaghan and Brodhead. And his mistakes are all the more to be deplored because so many other writers have made them, because the story of New Amsterdam is so persistently misrepresented, because New York is only just awakening to the fact that its tale has been mistold by almost every historian whose books are familiar to the general public.

The characteristic first fact about New Netherland is that it was not planted by the Dutch government, nor by immigrants desiring to free themselves from distressing home conditions, material, political, or religious. It was the only American colony planted wholly and solely for the sake of the direct profit that might thereby accrue to the motherland. Therefore it did not even attempt at first to rule itself in any degree. And it was not ruled by the government of its motherland. New Netherland was owned and was ruled by the Dutch West India Company, and it was populated by persons sent out by this Company, or by those who accepted this Company as their overlord. Of course certain rights of oversight and interference were reserved to the States-General of Holland. But the West India Company always bitterly opposed any action on their part; and its agents—the provincial governors whom it sent out—often denied the people's constantly asserted right of appeal. The Company wished to rule, and at first it did rule, as an autocratic sovereign; and its agents, especially Governors Kieft and Stuyvesant, were more than willing to adopt this attitude, keeping all judicial as well as legislative and executive powers in their own hands, or sharing them with the members of a small council appointed by themselves or by the West India Company.

This was why the town of New Amsterdam was not self-governing until, after a ten years' struggle, beginning in 1642, it induced the Dutch government to champion its cause, and forced the West India Company to a partial surrender of its autocratic privileges. But after

1652 it did have a large measure of local self-government; and in 1664, the very year in which the English arrived, the whole province of New Netherland was allowed a representative assembly. It is inaccurate to say, as Mr. Fisher says, that representative government "was not established" in Dutch New York "and could not be established, although the people rebelled and clamored for it." Moreover, all his comments upon New Netherland's disenfranchised early condition are misleading, because he does not mention the determining fact that it was owned and ruled by the West India Company.

He truly says that municipal liberties were first granted, not to New Amsterdam itself, but to some of the smaller villages on Long Island, chiefly peopled by English folk. But three years before any of these towns was allowed local self-government, Governor Kieft, distracted by Indian troubles of his own provoking and by the hostile mood of his burghers, had permitted them to select a representative body called the Twelve Men. And at once these Twelve Men had asked for a right enjoyed by "the meanest village in fatherland,"—the right to manage its local affairs through a board of magistrates selected by the people. Soon after Kieft had dissolved this body another representative body, called the Eight Men, was appointed. Petitioning the States-General as well as the West India Company for help in the distressed condition to which Kieft's Indian war had reduced Manhattan, the Eight Men declared that it would be impossible ever to settle and develop the country until the people should be allowed to "elect from among themselves a Bailiff, or *Schout*, and *Schepens*, who will be empowered to send their deputies and give their votes on public affairs with the Director and Council."

Unquestionably these demands prepared the way for the granting of local privileges. And some degree of local self-government was soon absolutely essential in outlying towns, while the capital, where the autocratic Governor lived and his courts were held, could more easily be ruled without them. Therefore civic rights were granted on Long Island, while New Amsterdam was still denied them. And so it can be at the most only partially true that they were granted, in Mr. Fisher's words, "to pacify" the English residents and to "avoid offence to New England."

Dnring ten years after the first appeal in 1642 the desire for municipal freedom, as the only possible foundation for peace, progress, and contentment, never dropped out of the minds of the men of New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant, who arrived in 1647, was very soon forced to appoint a new representative body, called the Nine Men, for the people again refused, as they had done in the time of Kieft, to be directly taxed without their own consent. And in 1649 the Nine Men, with the people's enthusiastic support, drew up a Petition of the Commonalty of New Netherland and a longer explanatory paper called the Remonstrance of New Netherland. These demanded help for the province, not from the West India Company, but directly and insistently from the States-General. The burdensome and unjust government of the Company was their main matter of complaint, and the main things they asked for were the protection of the States-General

and "suitable burgher government such as your High Mightinesses shall consider adapted to this Province, and somewhat resembling the laudable government of our fatherland." For more than three years New Amsterdam's battle for emancipation was fought in Holland by the delegates who carried these papers, with the historian Van der Donck at their head, against the fiercest opposition from the West India Company. In April, 1652, the Company was forced to a partial surrender; and in February, 1653, burgher government was actually established in New Amsterdam.

Stuyvesant, from the first to the last an almost frantic opponent of popular freedom in every shape, tried to nullify as far as he could the grudging concessions of his employers. They had decreed that his people should elect their own burgomasters, *schout*, and *schepens*. But he took these appointments into his own hands, and kept them there until his people forced him to give them up.

These were among the reasons why renewed remonstrances and petitions were sent to Holland a few months later, asking for a larger measure of freedom. It was then—not when the people "clamored for representative government," but when they clamored for its enlargement—that Stuyvesant referred to an English influence. Bancroft incorrectly quotes the words that he then employed. And Mr. Fisher misquotes Bancroft. He writes that Stuyvesant said, "Will you set your names to the visionary notions of the New England *men?*" What Bancroft writes is, "Will you set your names to the visionary notions of the New England *man?* Is no one of the Netherlands' nation able to draft your petition?" But while Stuyvesant spoke of a single man only, he used the term "Englishman,"—not "New England man." The reference was not to any general influence, but merely to George Baxter, long the official English secretary of the province, who had been asked to draw up the petition of the Dutch and English remonstrants. In the following lines Mr. Fisher's statement that Stuyvesant was "supported in his rebuke by the Dutch West India Company, which declared that the demand for representation was 'contrary to the maxims of every enlightened government,'" is again misleading. For he does not explain that the Company was necessarily hostile to its colonists' wish for liberty, nor, on the other hand, that it had already granted it in some degree.

But most unfortunate, because re-echoing mistakes most often made by popular writers, are Mr. Fisher's declarations that "the Dutch in New York learned all that they knew of the self-government of towns from the New-Englanders," that "so far as they learned any lessons at all in liberty they came from the same source," and that when the English conquerors arrived the Dutch "were planning to copy English liberty, and were listening complacently to proposals of submitting themselves to English jurisdiction." "All this," Mr. Fisher adds, "is commonplace New York history." So it is, alas! Or so it has been, as regards the popular mind and the popular historian, until very recent years. None the less it is all untrue.

When the Twelve Men first asked for local liberties in 1642, the "large emigrations from Connecticut," which Bancroft celebrates as

the source of New Netherland's aspirations toward freedom, had only just begun. And they were emigrations from Massachusetts rather than from Connecticut,—emigrations to escape from "the intolerable government" of the Bay colony. In 1644 some of the immigrants to Long Island got local liberties, probably, as has been said, but certainly not altogether, because, as Englishmen, they asked for them. When the men of Manhattan itself contemplated asking for them in their Remonstrance of 1649, they naturally expected help from these English. But they did not get it. They got nothing but hindrance. The Long Island English quickly and decidedly drew aloof from the popular movement. And during the years of struggle that followed they were the only respectable supporters that Stuyvesant had, the only citizens of New Netherland who professed themselves content with the West India Company's rule. Afterward, joining the Dutch, they opposed Stuyvesant and the Company. But the actual battle for municipal liberty was fought by the Dutch alone and gained by them alone. One Englishman was, indeed, numbered among the Nine Men, —Thomas Hall. But he had been a refugee servant from Virginia, and he was the only one of his blood who stood boldly by the side of his adopted brethren.

The battle was altogether Dutch. And so were the ideas that inspired it, and the results when they were gained. In the Additional Observations attached to the Petition of 1649 New England's methods of government are described with high praise, but merely to demonstrate the truth that colonies flourish best, that all towns flourish best, when they govern themselves. The men of New Amsterdam do not confess indebtedness to the men of New England for a first perception of this truth. Nor do they ask for municipal privileges moulded after New England patterns. Under the "laudable government" of their own fatherland they had learned the worth of such rights,—from the administrative methods first established in those feudal towns which, owned by no personal overlord, held directly from the central power. After these patterns they desired New Amsterdam's liberties to be framed. And in this shape they eventually got them. Their inspiration did not come from England or from New England. And there is small analogy between the early New England town governments and that government by burgomasters, *schout*, and *schepens* which old Amsterdam and New Amsterdam both knew.

Finally, it is an unfounded charge that the men of New Netherland listened "complacently to proposals of submitting themselves to English jurisdiction." When the aggressive New-Englanders, after flooding the Connecticut country and settling in the unoccupied eastern parts of Long Island, pushed nearer and nearer to Manhattan, and succeeded in getting control of some of the villages in the western part, some of the Dutch residents of these villages submitted quietly to their rule. What else could they do, their province being so pitifully weak and the English so overwhelmingly strong? And when the Duke of York's ships arrived off Manhattan, the Dutch burghers compelled the fiery Stuyvesant to a quiet surrender. But any other course would have been helpless, hopeless folly. The facts of this

surrender are clearly remembered, although the reasons for them are persistently misrepresented. But it is less well remembered that, nine years later, there was another and equally quiet surrender of Manhattan by the English to the Dutch. And in this case the reasons were less compelling, for the town was then much stronger than in Stuyvesant's day.

Probably the regret of the Dutch at the advent of the English flag would have been still deeper if they had been contented with their actual rulers,—if the West India Company had ceased to rule them, even in part, or had learned to rule them better. Nevertheless it was deep. The transfer was accepted as an inevitable calamity, an unpreventable outrage. It had often been predicted. For many years the remonstrances and petitions of the people of the province had been full of outcries with regard to the probability that the English would "seize it for themselves," that it would "lose even the name of New Netherland," and that "no Dutchman would have anything to say there." But this probability was regarded as the greatest possible danger that threatened the province. It was insisted upon as the strongest possible argument why the protection of the States-General should be substituted for that of the West India Company, and why the province should be allowed to develop sturdily upon the basis of self-government. Hatred for the New England aggressor who had wrested the Connecticut country and most of Long Island from New Netherland, and had tried to capture its Delaware regions also, tinges every page of the Dutch colonists' many appeals to Holland. "Complacent" is the very last term that can rightly be applied to the fear of English conquest which had overshadowed them for thirty years, or to the stubborn resignation with which they saw their oft-repeated prophecies fulfilled.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

MY PENNSYLVANIAN.

I HAD no particular fancy for the task to which I had been assigned. Still I was not minded to give it up. In the military life the duty of obedience is soon impressed upon one, and, moreover, I had become hardened to such riskful adventures.

"You are so skilled in creeping to the edge of death and then creeping away again without giving Old Nick the chance to make a single snap at you," said our colonel one day, "that we will keep you for such dangerous but important duty."

Our colonel was always a man of discernment and tact. But, though I was full of pride at his words, my modesty compelled me to restrain the expression of it. It is true, some of my comrades charged that when I returned from the successful completion of such duties I was wont to assume a fine importance and to take privileges for which they would not dare to ask. But I submit that my conduct on those

occasions was no more than my services warranted. Is it not written in the greatest of all books that the laborer is worthy of his hire? And who labors harder than the soldier, in particular when his government can neither put clothes upon his back nor food within his stomach and he must forage for himself? Not that the latter is wholly without spice or reward upon occasion.

My mind was running upon these things rather too freely for the good of the business I had in hand, and the twig of an overlapping bush caught in my homespun tunic. It thrust itself in at a hole a British bullet had made not three weeks before. I was, in truth, very near the edge of death, to quote the colonel's phrase, when that bullet warmed my skin, but not so near as I was when at Long Island we held back Howe's whole force and saved our army from destruction. Jupiter, how the bullet that cut into my shoulder then stung me! I have always believed that it was a Hessian bullet, and because of it I have ever since cherished an exceeding great animosity against all Hessians. Moreover, the Hessians make most comfortable spoil, as King George clothes and arms them to an exceeding degree of excellency.

I disentangled my tunic from the bush and crept forward again, bidding myself to be more cautious or ere long I would be swinging in a British noose, to the great gain of the British cause and the great loss of our own. To make my way silently but with speed through undergrowth was no difficult task for me. I have hunted the 'coon and the 'possum too many a night in the thick woods of the Eastern Shore when a boy to lose my skill as a man. And in truth the colonel gave me so much work of this character that I would have been compelled to recall my knowledge of wood-craft had I ever been in danger of losing it.

Presently I saw ahead of me a little clump of bushes of an exceeding great degree of density. It occurred to me that I would act wisely to secrete myself in the clump and watch about me for a while. According to my calculations, and I am wont to be precise in such matters, I was very near the doubtful space between the lines of the two armies, the strip of region which both claimed and neither held. It behooved me, therefore, to be of exceeding caution and to look well around me. I slipped through the bushes, but not without difficulty, into the centre of the clump, and then, after I had bestowed myself with a fair degree of comfort and with my rifle across my knee, I found that I had, with my usual good judgment, secured a most admirable outlook. In front of me was a stretch of ground rather more free of undergrowth than the remainder of the forest seemed to be, and my view was better than I had anticipated.

I sat there for some time looking about me to see some signs of the British. I have always been proud of my eyesight. In truth, it was good by nature, and had received such a degree of training for work like this that no gleam of red coat could appear even for a moment among those trees without my seeing it.

I saw nothing but the trees, and heard nothing but the silence,—for you can hear the silence of the woods. I began to believe that the

enemy was not as alert as I,—which, however, need cause wonder in the mind of no one.

The time lengthened into a half-hour, and then I heard the faint sound of a trumpet. It came from the British lines, I knew, and it was very far away. In truth, it would not have been audible at all had not a smart breeze been blowing toward me. It is a very curious thing how sound rides the wind like drift carried on by the waves. On a clear night, with a strong wind blowing in the right direction, I have heard the sentinels exchanging the watchword in the British camp nearly a mile away.

So far as I knew, there was nothing of significance in the blowing of the trumpet, but it was a very pretty sound. It has always pleased me to hear the distant notes of military music. The sound is martial, yet it strikes upon the ear as gently and sweetly as the falling of a rose-leaf. It moves me, and yet does not make a woman of me. In truth, I have always felt that I have a fine fancy and am of a somewhat poetic turn. Had it not been for the troublesome character of the times, and had I been permitted to cultivate my gift—but pshaw! the life of a soldier, cold and hungry as it often is, doubtless finds more clothes for the back and food for the stomach than the making of rhymes ever will.

The trumpeter was playing a tune. But I thought nothing of that. The British were much given to playing defiant music when they lay near us, inasmuch as they were usually in far greater force and their arms and other equipment were of immense superiority to ours. But it was a diversion that they carried too far sometimes, for when they followed us through New York after the beating they gave us on Long Island all their trumpeters played a fox-hunting tune. Then we turned upon them and cut up their vanguard, which was a source of much mortification to Earl Howe and of a great uplifting of the spirits to us.

The playing of the trumpet ceased, without leaving me in any measure the wiser, and after biding there a quarter of an hour longer I began to think it was time for me to bestir myself. My knees were getting stiff with crouching so long in a scarce-changed position, and, moreover, it did not become me to waste time.

I had just swung my rifle around in preparation for the start, when I heard a noise among some bushes a small distance to my left. All my trained and professional instincts were at once upon the alert. I remained quite still, listening with that intentness which is necessary when one is engaged upon such dangerous and delicate business as mine.

The noise, which sounded like the fluttering of a bird's wing among the grass and leaves, continued for a half-minute perhaps. Then there was naught but silence. I concluded that the rustling was in truth made by a bird, but I am too cautious a man to rest content with mere surmises. Battles are not won by guess. Moreover, I had a reputation to maintain.

So I remained quite still, waiting for a repetition of the noise, if perchance there should be such repetition. Many minutes passed.

Few men would have had the patience to sit there as I did, but then the colonel had paid me the compliment of hinting that I was not an ordinary man. After a while my waiting was rewarded, for I heard again the sound, which was a mixture of a crackle and a rustle. But I was not able to make out the cause of it, for I could see nothing living.

The sound continued, but instead of approaching me it moved away. I was not pleased thereat. I could not return to the camp and look my colonel honestly in the face unless I discovered the cause of that noise. There was naught for me to do but to pursue it.

It had entered into my mind that my vexatious neighbor was a rattlesnake. I have a strong aversion to rattlesnakes, and it would give me great pleasure to crush this reptile with a stone or a stick. My hunter's instinct, as well as curiosity and professional pride, was aroused. So I gathered my rifle up by my side. It is a trick that I have when scouting through underbrush. If you hold your rifle by your side parallel with your body and close to you, it becomes a part of you and therefore is not likely to become entangled in anything to your great discomfort and equal danger.

I crept out of the bushes, and did it so well that I do not think I made a noise that could have been heard even by a rattlesnake. Just beyond me was a fallen tree, the trunk of which was half decayed. Yet it was so large that what was left must have lain a half-yard high on the ground. It was just such a place as a rattlesnake would love, and I said to myself, "Now, my fine reptile, I will find you soon enough, and smash your head off for annoying me when I am engaged in the transaction of an affair of high importance to the army and the patriot cause."

I now perceived that the sound came from beyond the tree-trunk. As I approached, it ceased, but I was confident the reptile was there, in all likelihood basking in the sun, which at that spot broke through the trees, imagining in his foolish pride that he was the king of all these woods. He would lose his crown and his head to boot, and that, too, mighty soon.

I reached the log, and then, noiselessly rising up, peeped over. I saw no snake, but what I did see was a fine fat soldier, spread out on his face and stomach, and looking about him with all the wisdom of an old gray owl. I dropped back; then I rose up again and took another look. I knew the man, upon the instant, for what he was. All that plumpness and girth of figure could belong to none but a Pennsylvanian. I also caught a glimpse of his fat Quakerish face, and nothing more was needed.

There had always been a feud between us Marylanders and the Pennsylvanians; for the matter of that, the remainder of the army invariably took our part. The hungrier and thinner all the others grew, the fatter and more contented those Pennsylvanians looked. Where they got their provisions none of us could ever tell, but thin men were as scarce among the Pennsylvanians as fat men were among the remainder of us. And the Pennsylvanians—a plague on their Quakerish skins—made such pretensions to piety, too. I have never

had any love for that kind of piety which keeps you from dividing the bread and meat in your knapsack with a half-starved comrade.

What inflamed me the more was the presence of this lump of a Quaker scouting in my own particular bit of territory. Did he think to forestall me, who was so finely skilled in such affairs? Why should any officer send such an awkward body as that to do work which required knowledge, foresight, and alertness of movement? The very proof of his unfitness for the task was evident in the fact that he lay there like a great fat turtle sprawled out, and entirely unconscious that I was present and watching every movement he made.

He was dressed much as I was, in a homespun tunic and trousers, the ancient color of which had long since been destroyed by dirt and wear. He moved forward a foot or so from the log and looked about him. Then the right thing to do occurred to me. As I have said, I have no love for the Pennsylvanians, and this fellow in particular had thrust himself upon me in the most aggravating fashion. There he lay upon his stomach, and he offered such a noble opportunity for revenge that I could not resist it.

I raised myself above the log until I could get a good swing for my arms. Then, reversing my rifle, I grasped it with firm hands by the barrel. I paused a moment to see whether the Pennsylvanian suspected my presence, but the fat fool was so busy examining a cluster of trees that he never looked behind him. Then I swung the rifle two or three times around my head and brought the flat part of the stock down with great force upon the anatomy of the Pennsylvanian.

There was a mighty spat, the splitting of cloth, and a yell of pain and surprise. Then the Pennsylvanian sprang to his feet, rubbing himself and looking wildly about him. But he saw nothing, for I had dropped noiselessly behind the tree-trunk. I could peep up at him, but he could not see me. He stared stupidly all around, swearing under his breath, as the Quaker militiamen mostly do, for their principles will not allow them to swear out loud. It was hard work for me to keep down any longer at the sight of his gruesome face.

After a minute of this useless staring, Master Quaker seemed suddenly to remember the business that he had come about, and that it was hardly wise on his part to stand there staring and screwing up his red face. So he dropped down behind the fallen tree, and in a few moments I heard him twisting about as if he were trying to look over the trunk and see what had smitten him with such suddenness and force. Then, still laughing to myself, I determined to give my fat Quaker another surprise.

I began to thrust my own face up. I raised it very slowly, and just as my eyes reached the top of the log I saw a thatch of red hair appearing on the other side. More of his head came into view, and then in a moment a pair of astonished eyes was staring into mine across the log.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, in a startled way.

"Hello to you!" I replied, with an air of indignation. "Is that any way to salute a gentleman, with your 'hello'?"

"It's a better way than you saluted me, I'm thinking," he said, ruefully.

"Oh, that was merely a friendly tap. I don't see that it did any harm," I replied, examining the stock of my gun with a finely critical air.

"But I fear that it has done harm to me," he said, with the same rueful air, though he did not appear to be angry. Those Pennsylvania fellows never know when they are insulted.

"Are you scouting?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied; "and you are too, I suppose?"

"A little," he said, "but it's a slow business."

"That depends upon a man's gift for it," said I, as I coolly seated myself upon the log. "If he has the gift for it he can do it, and if he hasn't he can't, and that's an end to it. Now, my friend, I don't believe you have any gift for this business, and, to tell you the truth, your scouting days are over, at least for a long time."

"Why?" he asked, in mild surprise.

I had shifted my rifle around until the muzzle covered him, and now I was ready to come to the kernel of my joke.

"Why, it's just this," I said, and with great difficulty I smothered my laughter and made my voice solemn. "You take me for an American, whereas I am an Englishman. Now, if your brain is bright enough to see the point readily, you must admit that you are my prisoner, and that never was a man taken more easily."

His jaw dropped, and he ejaculated, in the most stupid fashion, "Your prisoner!"

"Yes," I replied, and in my enjoyment I could not restrain a little chuckle this time; "but be comforted, my good fellow. You Pennsylvania chaps haven't much stomach for the fighting, and when you're a prisoner you can't fight, you know. There's consolation for you in that. You can't lose your life, and we won't treat you badly."

"That's true," he said, as if my words had entirely reconciled him to his situation.

But a moment later I saw a light spring up in his eye, and he shook his head as if a thought had occurred to him. Then I knew that he was planning some trick, and I was on the watch for it.

"You have made a mistake, my friend," he said. "I am an Englishman too. You don't want to make a prisoner of one of your own comrades, do you?"

But I was too old a hand to be deceived by a device of such transparency as that.

"Come, now," I said. "You Pennsylvanians—for I know your breed—are too clumsy to impose upon people with such tales. Why, your very tunic shows that you belong to the Pennsylvania line."

I pointed to his homespun garment. His face was red by nature, but it turned much redder. The man convicted himself.

"You are right," he said; "but don't take me into the British lines. I would not like for it to be known that I was taken in such a manner as this. It might get back to my comrades."

"Where else do you suppose I could take you?" I asked, in a high

fashion. "I haven't a private encampment of my own, in which I could keep you a prisoner. So you must even go with me into our lines. Now get along."

He did not make much more delay, but, very crestfallen of countenance, began to walk before me toward the encampment of the British army. I held my rifle under my arm in such convenient position that I could throw it to my shoulder on the notice of a moment. But I was far from the idea of doing such a thing. I merely intended to carry a good joke to the furthest point, and I anticipated no attempt to escape or device to annoy me on the part of the Pennsylvanian. He was too heavy and dull-witted to do aught but what I told him to do.

I was sure that no one was near. My previous examination of the forest had convinced me of that fact, and hence my prisoner and I walked upright.

"You have not had much experience in scouting," said I, thinking to console him a bit.

"No," he said. "I haven't made any attempt before, and I don't seem to prosper in such pursuits."

"I would advise you," I said, warmly, "to leave it alone. It requires a peculiar skill, gift I may call it, that is born in one, and cannot be acquired. Now I think that you Pennsylvanians do much better in the provision and supply department of the army. That is your place. You stay there, and leave the more important affairs, such as planning campaigns and executing delicate movements, to us."

"I think I will hereafter," he said, regretfully.

He seemed so much impressed by my excellent advice that my heart warmed to him as the heart of a teacher warms to his apt pupil. I was going to make some further remark of a consolatory nature, but just then we entered a place where the wood was denser, and as we curved around a hill we met three British soldiers. These fellows were in their uniform, red coats and all, of such a newness and goodness of texture that I was filled with envy, for I had not had a new uniform now for more than two years.

Most men would have been stunned when placed in such a situation, and I myself am even willing to confess to a feeling of dismay at first. But I saw that I must act with great fortitude and brazen the matter out, risking everything on my courage and happy chance.

"Hello, comrades," I said, cheerily. "I warn you against such incautious procedure. The rebels are thick about here, and if you are not wary you will walk into a nest of them."

"Have you seen any of them?" asked the foremost of the three soldiers, somewhat nervously.

"Seen them?" I said, in most high and mighty accents. "I should think I had. Not only have I seen them, but I have had further dealings with them."

My Pennsylvanian opened his mouth and was about to say something, but instantly I was upon him with the utmost fury.

"Be silent, you damned rebel!" I shouted. "If I hear you say a word I'll smash your head with my gun-stock. Is it not enough for you to plunge into wicked rebellion against your lawful king, who prays

for your soul's welfare every night and morning of his life, without opening your mouth to preach sedition in the presence of loyal and devoted servants of His Majesty, such as I and these gentlemen here?"

My eyes blazed with apparent wrath. The soldiers looked approvingly at me. "How did you take him?" one of them asked.

"I was scouting in the woods back yonder," I replied, "and I surprised him crawling among the bushes, like the worm he is. I intend to take him into the camp, where an example can be made of him. He is a most unconscionable villain. From the very moment I took him he has been attempting to prate to me about the justice of his wicked and rebellious doctrines. Half a dozen times I have thought I would have to ram his teeth down his throat and gag him with them. Be silent, you rebel! Do not defile the air with your seditious words."

"I suppose they will hang him," said one of the soldiers, looking at my Pennsylvanian.

"Hang him? of course they will hang him," I replied; "and richly he deserves it, too. He is a spy. I took him within our lines. He will get his deserts, and that speedily, never fear."

The blockheads never for a moment suspected what I in truth was, my presence of mind and dash had imposed upon them to such an extent.

"Well," said one of them, enviously, "you have had luck, and will get a reward. I wish I was in your place."

"It requires only skill and energy," I said, grandly. "If you will only go over there and beat through the woods in the most wary manner, you may have equal luck. But take care: those rebels know how to shoot."

I moved my hand to the left as I spoke, and they walked off in that direction, each giving me a friendly nod as he went away.

I was struck with admiration at the success of my bold measures in rescuing myself from such a precarious position, and, prodding my Pennsylvanian with my gun-barrel, I told him to march on. It was evident now that we were dangerously near the enemy, and I intended to curve around to the right, in order that we might retrace our steps to the American encampment.

"You did that very cleverly," said my Pennsylvanian, when we had plodded along a bit.

The words showed more perception than I thought him capable of, and he began to rise in my esteem.

"It was not half bad," I said, carelessly; "but I have been in much worse fixes than that. All it requires is a little courage and presence of mind. But I guess this joke has gone far enough. We had better stop it, as we are close to the British lines."

"I think so too," he said. "There is an outpost just over the hill there."

"We won't visit them," I said, leaning against a tree, "for I am no Englishman at all, my Quaker friend, but an American, and I have merely been teaching you a few tricks."

I expected him to burst out into a great sputter of indignation, but

he did nothing of the kind. He sat down on a convenient stone and looked at me, an air of fine contemplation on his face.

"So," he said, "you are not what I took you to be. You are an American."

"That is the precise truth," I said. "Haven't you got into a pretty pickle, allowing yourself to be taken in such a highly ridiculous fashion by one of your own comrades? Why, the whole army will be laughing at you for months."

"They would laugh of a certainty," he said, in his musing fashion. "That was a hard blow you gave me. I feel it yet."

"Yes," I said, "but it will not interfere with your marching. Come along now: I think we'd better be returning."

"I don't think I'll go," he said, decidedly.

"Why?" I asked.

"It's because I told you the truth," he said. "I am, as I said, an Englishman, and not a Pennsylvanian. It's the first real chance you've given me to say so."

There, on the border of the English encampment, I could not doubt that his words were true, even had not his tone been convincing. I felt great surprise, and in truth much chagrin too, I confess. But I have always made it a point to hide my feelings.

I looked at the man, and he looked at me, though I do not think that either could read the other's face.

"I bear you no malice for that blow," he said.

"You should not," I replied. "It was not intended for you, but for a Pennsylvanian."

"But I got it," he said.

"It was one of the little mistakes that will occur in the military life," I replied, apologetically.

He seemed satisfied with that, and we relapsed into a gloomy silence.

"You are my prisoner," he said, after waiting a minute or two.

"You are mine," I replied.

"I have only to give one halloo," he said, "and a dozen comrades will come running over that hill there to take you."

"I have only to pull the trigger of this rifle that I hold in my hand," I said, "to blow you into the Englishman's heaven."

He rubbed his head and thought a moment.

"It seems to me that we are both in a tight fix," he said, despondently.

"It looks like it," I said, with equal despondency.

He shook his head slowly, as if the matter were too deep for him. But my mind was at work.

"There is no law against an exchange of prisoners," I said.

"There is none that I ever heard of," he replied, brightening up.

"I'll give you my prisoner for yours," I said.

"It's a fair trade," he replied.

"Then we may consider the bargain complete," I said.

"It's done," he replied; "but we ought to ratify it in some manner."

"It's the custom to put these things in writing," I said; "but we have no writing-materials."

"I have something else," he said. "Wait a bit."

He thrust his hand into his pocket, and, pulling out a large black bottle, handed it to me. I drew the cork and took a long, deep, and refreshing draught. Then I handed the bottle back to him, and he took a drink of equal duration.

"You are hospitable," I said.

"It's no more than right that I should offer it to you," he replied. "I stole it this morning from an American farm-house."

"It's none the worse for that," I said.

Then we saluted, and he went back to his army and I went back to mine.

Joseph A. Altsheler.

HARD TIMES AMONG THE HEROINES.

THOSE torments of youth, our copy-books, informed us, in their assertive fashion, that all the evil in this wicked world has its root in the love of money. At the age when I was learning to shade the *t*'s of this proverbial sentence to the degree of blackness necessary to secure my dismissal from school in time for a warm dinner, my allowance of spending-money was but twenty-five cents a week. This state of affairs led me to wonder what evil was to spring up in me taking root in the fact that, even while my reluctant fingers traced the letters in my book, my small mercenary soul was ardently longing for an increase of my income to fifty cents. To my young mind it seemed that a great many virtues might be implanted in my nature through an increase of my spending-money, and I do not remember having once thought of covetousness, or greed, or self-indulgence, or any of the evil traits which Miss Edgeworth would have us believe are lying in wait to spring into activity at the identical moment in which a small girl wants what she does not happen to possess. Then and there a dislike to the very positive way in which maxims state their discoveries was implanted in my youthful mind,—a dislike which time has not succeeded in wholly removing. When, later in my history, I made the acquaintance of the heroines of the novels, I felt my youthful longings for financial ease justified by the suspicion that much of the happiness and not a little of the heroic conduct of these ladies depended on the size of the incomes allowed them by the authors.

Think, for a moment, how much the love-affairs as well as the disposition and noble deeds of Dorothea Brooke were influenced by pounds and shillings. What if that uncomfortable Mr. Casaubon, who, Mrs. Cadwallader assures us,—and I, for one, see no reason to question her assertion,—possessed cuttle-fish fluid for blood, had been just as disagreeable without a fortune to provide a library for himself, a boudoir for Dorothea, and servants to keep both in order? Would Dorothea's emotions—and even we who most admire Miss Brooke must admit them to have been troublesome at times—have kept their "rare and divine" quality had they been spent in the cause of making ends meet? We are persuaded that Mr. Casaubon was neat; we know

him to have been exacting. Without servants or money, it is apparent that Dorothea's life as a housewife would have been a trying one. How much less gratifying to be compelled to picture her, with hot, flushed face, bending over a kitchen stove, or wrinkling her brow over the day's bill of fare, than to see her in picturesque attitude in the Vatican, "a breathing, blooming girl, whose form, not shamed by the Ariadne, was clad in Quakerish gray." It is certain she would have needed our sympathy had poverty forced her to sit opposite Mr. Casaubon, contemplating badly-cooked potatoes, and to hear his cold, polite "Dorothea, my love," prefatory to encyclopædic criticisms of overdone beef, delivered after the mournful fashion of the discussions concerning "The Key to All Mythologies."

Facts force us to remember that, after all, the deeds for which we most admire this modern St. Theresa—her generosity to Lydgate, her presentation of the living to Mr. Farebrother—were made possible only by the money of that gentleman who "had such a great soul, and was so old, and dismal, and learned," and made such a noise when he ate his soup. I find it impossible not to wonder what would have been the effect on Dorothea's divineness had her parents failed to leave her seven hundred a year on which to have her own way. It is not pleasant to think of her as an inmate of Celia's home, as might have been her fate had Mr. Casaubon not possessed a fortune as well as fatty degeneration of the heart. One involuntarily wonders how many pounds of sal volatile Celia would have had to lay in against this visit; for we must admit, however reluctantly we do it, that it was not in Dorothea's nature to be sufficiently judicious or politic to submit herself to the guidance of Celia's eminently sensible husband, Sir James. Is it not then evident that she would have worked herself into constant spells of hysteria under Lady Chettam's "Control yourself, my dear," and Celia's "But, Dodo, James says——"?

Surely it was considerate and thoughtful in George Eliot to allow Dorothea that seven hundred a year of her own, on which to go her way as Mrs. Ladislaw. We firmly believe she would never have adjusted herself to the household of Sir James, and certainly there was about Will Ladislaw the suggestion that he would never have been much of a money-maker. Moreover, there is a doubt as to Dorothea's capacity for practical economy, either as Mrs. Casaubon or as Mrs. Ladislaw. Though she assures Ladislaw she will need no new clothes, and will learn the cost of things, there lingers the suspicion that without that seven hundred a year the Ladislaw household, early in its existence, would have been compelled to call to its aid easy-going Mr. Brooke.

Now Mr. Thomas Hardy, unlike the author of "Middlemarch," completely forgets to make proper allowances to his heroines. And the consequence? Disgrace or trouble falls with tragic force not only on these straitened ladies, but with equal emphasis on the high-minded, aspiring, peculiar heroes. Moreover, by his parsimony Hardy involves the destinies of entire families whose chief sin seems to have been a failure to put strait-jackets on the heroines. How docile, how well behaved, Tess, Sue, Elfrida, might have been had Hardy permitted them to inherit seven hundred a year! Tess could have supported

her family in an ease becoming Sir John's mightiness, fallen though it was; Sue could have engaged a chaperon; and Elfrida—well, money is useful even to blue-eyed heroines, especially when persistent old women will go about discussing their sons' love-affairs.

George Eliot, since she was a woman, had probably needed money herself at times; and this may explain why she shows proper consideration for her heroines, letting few of them suffer life-long poverty. Romola's income enables her to care for Tessa and bring Nello up according to her own educational theories; Janet, having money, repents comfortably, being enabled to arrange a pleasant home for Mr. Tryan, to be near him in his last moments, and to erect a stone to his memory. Hardy's poor Tess, on the contrary, is not even allowed enough money to pay for the family monument. Gwendolen Harleth had been used to ease; and it naturally followed that it was only when George Eliot injudiciously invested the family's fortune with Grapnell and Co., "who failed for a million," that the faults in her character got the better of her. And Rosamond Vincy,—did she not make herself thoroughly pleasant as soon as George Eliot permitted her Tertius to provide his family with a becoming income by writing a treatise on gout and alternating in practice between London and a Continental watering-place? Who but George Eliot is responsible for the tragic career of Maggie Tulliver? Did she not fail to make suitable financial provision for Maggie's introduction into the society of St. Ogg's in the conventional fashion at the proper age, thus precipitating the affair with Stephen? With Mrs. Tulliver, I bitterly regret those "spotted cloths" and the china "with the gold sprigs all over 'em between the flowers," since the cause of their sale necessitated Maggie's wearing Aunt Pullet's made-over gowns and lodging, after her trouble, with Bob Jakin's wife. George Eliot, however, at least permits Esther Lyon to sample financial prosperity before giving her Felix Holt, minus cravat and waistcoat, for a husband, and then wisely drops the curtain on Esther's struggles with Felix and poverty.

There is a heroine of fiction who fully realized the important part money plays in the affairs of life and love. For practical, realistic views of life, Jane Eyre has no rival among the heroines. Do we not find her telling Mr. Rochester, in the plainest terms, that were she possessed "of some beauty and much money" she could make him her ready captive? Beauty she recognizes as an inferior factor to money. Wise Jane! She had not sat in corners and looked on life to no purpose. I recall that, when a girl, I thought Miss Eyre sordid; time has taught me that perhaps Jane's extremely disagreeable childhood had enabled her to see how exceedingly necessary money is to the happiness and success of a heroine. Charlotte Brontë, like George Eliot, was a woman, and probably, not having particularly enjoyed the porridge and stone floors of Haworth Parsonage, she lets Jane Eyre inherit her uncle's fortune in time to prevent the entire destruction of her happiness. Without money to pay her travelling expenses to Ferndean Manor, it is almost certain that Jane would have been persuaded into becoming a missionary,—a vocation for which she was entirely unfitted, being thoroughly practical, and valuing all the advantages

of a home and an income. While Miss Brontë's generosity saved the love-affairs of Shirley Keeldar from the humiliating condition into which poverty plunged those of Caroline Helstone, there is one of her heroines whom she reduces to sore straits. Poor Lucy Snowe! I have always felt that, as the author of "Villette" began to enjoy an income of her own from "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley," she forgot to be generous enough to share it with Lucy Snowe.

If the author of "Vanity Fair" had treated Miss Rebecca Sharp with some little generosity in the matter of an allowance, would she have descended to such acts as concealing that thousand-pound note of Lord Steyne's, or becoming "a valuable attendant during sickness" on her stout friend Jos Sedley? Are not her many sins on Thackeray's soul, since it would have been the easiest thing in the world to have allowed her a small stipend?

Potent indeed was money in the philanthropies of Mrs. Ward's Marcella. Without it, could that "divine busybody," as somebody has called Lady Maxwell, have experimented with the woes and labors of humanity? We wonder, however, if in Marcella's case Mrs. Ward's generosity was not a little misplaced. There is reason to think that it might have been better for Sir George Tressady, certainly for the comfort of relatives and friends, and most undeniably for Marcella herself, if she had been forced by poverty, or rather by moderate means, to spend more time over her housekeeping. The eternal presence of things about a house which need reforming might have consumed some of that tireless energy which even wore upon that long-suffering figure-head, Lord Maxwell. Money, however, is a necessary factor in the housekeeping affairs of even heroines; otherwise, would that charming hostess, Diana of the Crossways, have turned traitor to a guest when George Meredith failed to allow her an income sufficiently large to meet her household expenses?

Scott, who seems to have always had a right and proper regard for the material things of life, displays, for a man, practical knowledge of what women need to make them both good and comfortable. No matter through what trials he drags his heroines, he rarely fails to make them proper allowance for clothes and jewels. Recall his generosity to Rebecca: would she have been enabled to gain our lasting admiration if Isaac of York had been less energetic in the accumulation of the gold and silver pieces needed for his daughter's career? And I, for one, must confess that Amy Robsart's disobedient conduct was forgotten in my enjoyment of the splendor of her garments and apartments. Even now I recall the white cymar lined with fur which she wore on the morning of Leicester's departure from Cumnor Hall; not to speak of the cambric partlet, nor the pair of sleeves, nor the roundells of gold fringe drawn out with cyprus, nor the short cloak of cherry-colored fine cloth garnished with gold buttons and loops, which she purchased from the peddler at Cumnor Hall; nor that exquisite green silk she was wearing when discovered by Elizabeth at Kenilworth. And just here I must own that the copy-book might feel itself justified when I confess that, at fifteen, I thought the absence of the earl might well have been supported, since he left behind him

those purses well filled with gold, which Amy had such a habit of carelessly flinging to Janet, telling her to purchase bodkins mounted in silver, or dresses for the servants. I have never forgotten those blue velvet curtains lined with crimson silk, deeply festooned with gold and silver, and embroidered with the loves of Cupid and Psyche; nor that beautiful Venetian mirror in the frame of filigree; nor those milk-white pearls; nor—but come, we must discipline ourselves by a glance at a less wealthy heroine.

Poor Lily! Why did Bulwer not consult Jane Eyre, and realize that a comfortable fortune will cover any amount of family trouble? Had he been more of a realist, Kenelm Chillingly need never have mourned beside the grave of this lovely child. How fortunate it was for Esther Summerson that Dickens atoned for her mother's disgrace with the fortune of her guardian! But, on the whole, it must be owned that Dickens, like many men, thought that women do not need money of their own; else why was Little Dorrit denied even a suspicion of an income, Lizzie Hexam left to accept educational favors from a young man, and Caddy Jellyby's unhappy father compelled to take the benefit of the bankrupt law, when a reasonable allowance would have saved the Dorrits from prison, have educated Lizzie, and have paid the salary of a housekeeper for the Jellybys, not to mention that of an extra secretary to assist in writing letters to Borrioboola-Gha?

Did not Miss Sharp, as soon as Thackeray gave her Joe's life insurance, occupy herself in works of piety? Was not her name on all the charity lists? Did not "the Deserted Orange-girl, the Neglected Washerwoman, the Distressed Muffin-man, find in her a fast and generous friend"? Did she not "have stalls at the fancy fairs for the benefit of these hapless beings"?

And the moral of it all? For, the Duchess told Alice, "Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it." Is the case of the heroines of the novels so very different from the case of the heroines—and of the heroes too—of real life? Perhaps with a little money early in life the evil in Miss Rebecca Sharp might have slumbered for all time; and who can tell to what dire confusion poverty might have brought the Dorotheas and Marcellas? The scientists maintain that the struggle for food and clothing is the incentive to progress and civilization; the emotionalists, with a shudder at this materialism, assign loftier motives for human conduct. Whichever may be right, neither can deny that the best of us like our little comforts, whether, as in the case of His Royal Spendthriftness of Wales, it takes fifty millions to supply them, or, like some aged gentlemen of African descent, we crave only a few cents with which to buy corncob pipe and bag of tobacco; whether, like Queen Elizabeth, three hundred and sixty-five dresses are needed to fill our wardrobes, or, as in the case of the Pilgrim mothers, we are content with homespun to make us a Lord's-day gown? Which of us can tell how smiling and well-behaved the worst of us might become if, as in the case of the heroines, some one possessed the author's power to bestow upon us just that suitable allowance which each feels would bring about a state of perfect comfort?

Eva A. Madden.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Lippincott's Medical Dictionary. Edited by Ryland W. Greene, B.A., John Ashhurst, Jr., M.D., LL.D., George A. Piersol, M.D., and Joseph P. Remington, Ph.M., F.C.S.

It was an undertaking of monumental proportions, something akin to the creation of Dr. Johnson's original dictionary, to plan and carry through the work known universally as *Thomas's Complete Medical Dictionary.* This was the task of the founder of the J. B. Lippincott Company, and for a generation his production has been the standard. But with the advance of medicine as a science and in all its phases it became necessary to enlarge the scope of the foundation volume, and this has now been done with such judicious care and learned insight that the present magnificent book is destined to take its place in the van of the newer medicine of to-day as its predecessor did in the front rank of the science of its own era.

That this is justly so may be gathered from a recital of the editors in whose hands the revision has been placed. These are John Ashhurst, Jr., M.D., LL.D., Barton Professor of Surgery and Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania; George A. Piersol, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania; and Joseph P. Remington, Ph.M., F.C.S., Professor of Theory and Practice of Pharmacy in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Such names give authority to the revision from the medical stand-point, and united with them as lexicographers were Mr. Ryland W. Greene and Dr. Russell H. Nevins, a combination of all the elements of scholarly editing which it would be difficult to surpass in a city whose physicians have always held a leading place throughout the world.

It is needless to say that *Lippincott's Medical Dictionary* is entirely up to date in every respect. Its form is the result of ripe experience in printing lexicographic works, its data are unimpeachable, and its eleven hundred and fifty octavo pages contain all that any student of medicine will need for a decade or two to come.

We are told that "The plan throughout has been to give complete, accurate, and useful information concerning every medical term that a student, physician, or general reader would be likely to meet in the course of his study and reading. The constant endeavor has been to make the explanation of each word distinct and full without verbosity."

The Lippincott Company should receive not only the congratulations of every medical practitioner and pupil, but his gratitude as well, for this rich addition to the literature of the healing art.

His Native Wife. By Louis Becke.

In the short, pointed story without involutions of plot or side issues there is no one superior in our day to Louis Becke. Every word of his narrative tells; every figure plays its essential part. He knows thoroughly his own limitations and capacities, and he deals, therefore, with the subject which he has best in hand, namely, the South Seas in all their phases.

His last and longest story is well called *His Native Wife.* The plot is concentrated into these three words. John Barrington had taken a wife from the

islanders. She was a dusky beauty named Nādee, who loved him much, and he returned her affection as a ne'er-do-well Englishman, fond of adventure, might. But to the island of their idyllic love-making came Rev. Hosea Parker, a canting missionary from Boston, with his young wife Kate, and Kate presently fell in love with Barrington and cursed herself inwardly for her unfaith to Hosea. This group separates before long, but is again brought together fortuitously in the brig Kellet Passmore off the island of Lŏsap, and the curtain goes down on a tragedy which the wife of Barrington, in a moment of passion, offers as her solution of what she conceives to be her husband's recreancy.

This is but a skeleton of the thrilling tale. It is full of rare color, tropical in picturesqueness and passion, and overflowing with resource in character, from the Yankee captain Bennett to his dago mate Herrera, and through a half-dozen others as cleverly drawn. The story is not a long one. With its well-chosen pictures, it fits snugly into the buff covers of the dainty *Lotus Library*, one of Lippincotts' happy inventions for hurried readers.

The Calculus for Engineers and Physicists. By Professor Robert H. Smith.

Every branch of science which claims the aid of mathematics will profit by the publication of this compact volume, entitled *The Calculus for Engineers and Physicists*, with the sub-title Integration and Differentiation, with Applications to Technical Problems; with Classified Reference Tables of Integrals and Methods of Integration. The author is Professor Robert H. Smith, a member of many learned bodies, who knows thoroughly how to render into words his well-stored knowledge. He especially addresses himself "to engineers and physicists engaged in new applications of science," and he states that "the work is constructed on lines so novel" that he is practically an innovator in his field.

The book is an excellent example of the scientific publications jointly issued by J. B. Lippincott Company and Griffin & Company of London, and its many diagrams and examples, with the full text, will make it a standard with scholars and students.

The Railway Builder. A Handbook. By William Jasper Nicolls, M. Am. Soc. C. E.

Hand-books by expert specialists which give clearly the pith of any science are always in demand. Hence the great success of this little volume of Mr. William Jasper Nicolls, which has now gone into a fifth edition. Mr. Nicolls is an American engineer of eminence, who is known to members of his profession by the present work and especially by his later book, *The Story of American Coals* (Lippincott), which has just met with wide praise and instant acceptance throughout the country. His style of technical narrative is clear and direct, and he gives information which laymen eagerly desire but rarely know how to secure. To capitalists, contractors, and operators this *résumé* of railroad construction, entitled *The Railway Builder*, will be an invaluable guide, and to young engineers it is an essential. Much new matter has been added in this latest edition from the Lippincott press, and a change in the size has been made which renders the well-bound volume all that the non-professional reader, to whom it is especially addressed, could desire. The chapter-heads, which indicate the scope of the book, are Field Operations, Preliminary Surveys, Cost of Earthwork, Permanent Way, Frogs and Switches, Equipment, and Dépôts and Structures.

GLEVE
TO THE PURE
GLEVE
TO THE SURE
GLEVE
LAND'S
BAKING POWDER

A CRANK.—Winks.—"What sort of a man is Blinks, anyway?"

Jinks.—"Oh, he's one of those men who, if they should happen to read that Charles Dickens was born on Friday, February 2, 1824, would take keen delight in showing that February 2, 1824, fell on Tuesday, and that the biographer, in consequence, was wrong."—*Somerville Journal.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S PIPE.—Among the many anecdotes told of Raleigh's practices with his pipe may be mentioned that of his outwitting the queen in a wager she laid with the gallant knight respecting the weight of the smoke which exhaled from a pipe-full of tobacco. "I can assure your majesty," said Raleigh, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume." "I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, thinking only how impossible it must be to catch the smoke and put it in a balance, "and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt." Whereupon Raleigh drew forth a quantity of the weed, placed it in finely adjusted scales, and, having ascertained its weight, commenced to smoke it, carefully preserving the ashes. These at the finish he weighed with great exactness.

Then would it dawn upon her majesty how the wager was to end. "Your majesty," said Raleigh, "cannot deny that the difference hath evaporated in smoke." "Truly I cannot," was her reply. Then, turning to those around her, who were eying with amusement the curious play on the pipe, she continued, "Many laborers in the fire have I heard of [alluding to alchemists] who turned their gold into smoke, but Sir Walter is the first who has turned smoke into gold."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

DIFFERENT KINDS OF FRENCH.—Diner.—"So you are hard at work studying French. What is the object of that?"

Waiter.—"I've been offered a steady job at big pay in Paris if I learn French before going there."

"Humph! There are plenty of French waiters in Paris."

"Ye-e-s, but, you see, they can't understand French as London people speak it."—*London Judy.*

DAYS THREE HOURS LONG.—When the earth was young, says Dr. Ball, the eminent British astronomer, it turned on its axis so rapidly it made one complete revolution once in every three hours. The earth was liquid then, and it spun around at that fearful speed probably for thousands of years. The sun caused ever-increasing tides on the surface of the great liquid planet, and at last it burst in two. But the break was not in the middle of what had been the great swift-revolving globe of liquid matter. It was to one side, and the effect was to throw the smaller fragment out into space. That fragment kept on turning, and was soon fashioned into a globe. We see it to-day and know it as the moon. The larger piece also kept turning on its axis, and in the course of ages became the spherical, habitable earth. The smaller fragment of the great original globe, being held in place by the attraction of the larger, has been going around the earth ever since, but has been gradually increasing the distance between itself and its primary. Some astronomers believe that eventually the moon will get so far away that it cannot be seen by the inhabitants of our planet.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SOME of the problems the children bring home from school are too difficult for us to solve, but we often have more difficult questions than these. What shall be done with the delicate boy or girl who keeps thin and pale, who does not develop and grow like the other children?

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will solve this problem easily. It is new life for backward and poorly developed children. They don't object to it. They like it and even become fond of it.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

Two Hundred Feet of Fish.—A few thousand years ago there must have been high water out in Wyoming, and that water must have been full of fish. Geologists have recently discovered immense hills and plains a mile and a half above the level of the sea made entirely out of the bodies of fishes turned to stone. These beds of petrified fish, containing millions upon millions of individual specimens, cover hundreds of square miles in the northwestern part of the State. In some places these beds—almost a solid mass of perfectly fossilized fish—are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in thickness. —*Chicago Record.*

Stopping Hiccoughs.—A new method of stopping hiccoughs is said to have been accidentally discovered in a French hospital. It consists in thrusting the tongue out of the mouth and holding it thus for a short time.

Women who Carry Dolls.—Not only has the use of dolls been in vogue from the remotest ages, but it is common in all barbarous nations as well as among civilized peoples. Neither is it to children alone that the fondling of dolls is confined, for among many uncultured tribes females are known to carry dolls long after they have arrived at womanhood.

The women of the Bechuanas carry these queer toys until they give birth to a child that lives, and the Basuto women have a similar practice.

In many sections of Africa twins are regarded with unspeakable terror. There is, in fact, a tradition among the savages that if both children are allowed to live they must be either mentally or physically unsound, as they would have but one spirit between them.

Accordingly, whenever twins are born, the younger is always killed by the parents. As though in some measure to show she did not wish to be cruel to the murdered offspring, the mother takes about with her a doll and bestows upon it a care equal to that which she would have bestowed upon her dead child.

Among the Wanyamwezi it is customary for the parents to kill one of the twins and then to wrap a gourd or calabash in skins, to place it to sleep in the same bed with the surviving child, and even to put food to its lips.

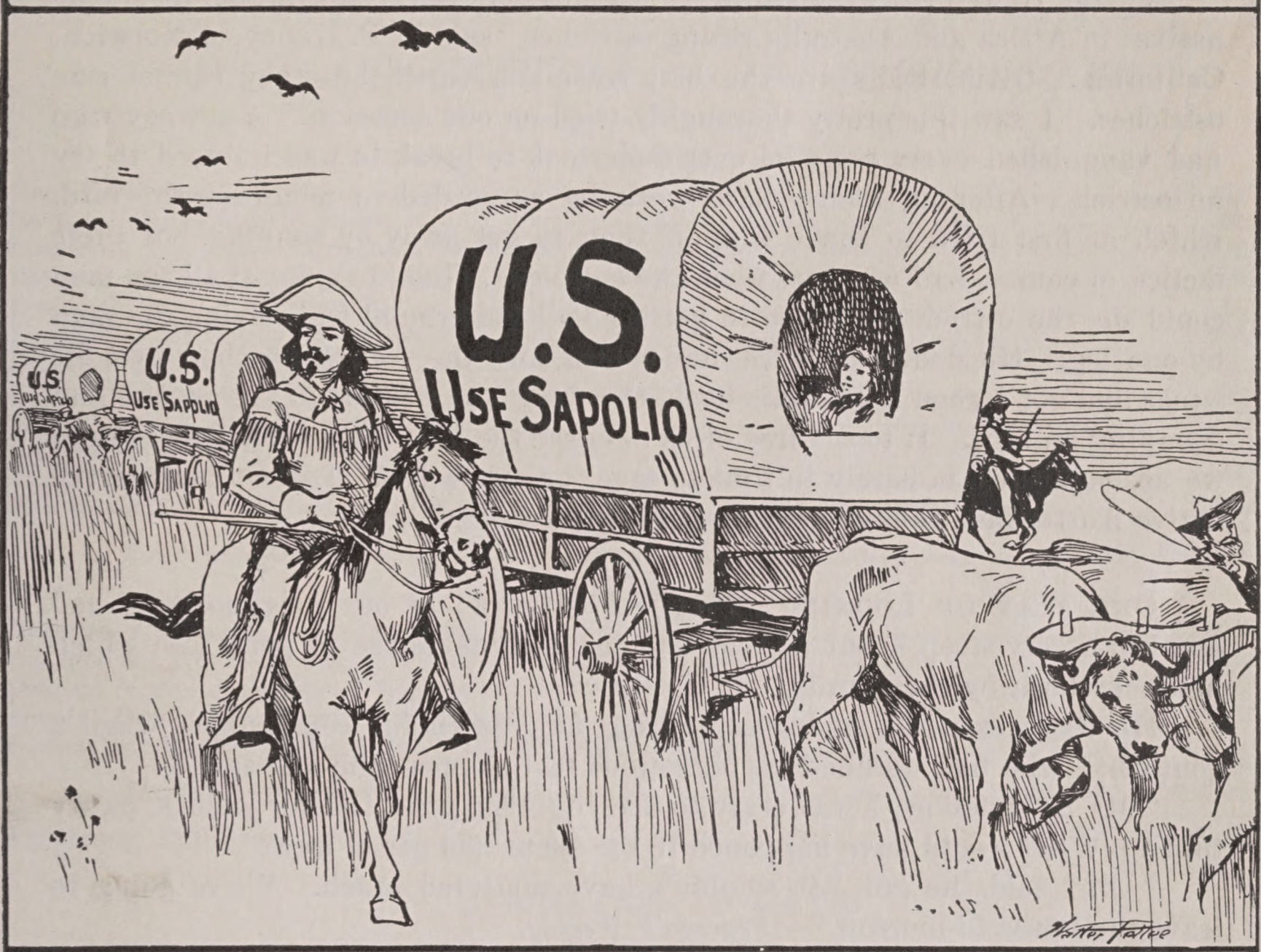
These dolls of the savages are for the most part cut out of plain wood, though in a few cases an elephant's tusk is utilized for the same purpose.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

The Borrowing Habit.—There is no habit so easy to fall into nor one so hard to break as that of borrowing. It is so simple to say "will you lend me," but when the time comes to pay back the loan you are almost sure to begrudge it and murmur something about "paying for a dead horse," forgetting how much you appreciated the kindness shown you at the time you hesitatingly whispered "will you lend."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Wise Precaution.—"Apropos of the medicine-chest," remarked a physician a day or two ago, "it is a wise law to guard against poisoning which Germany has passed. All drugs intended for internal use must in that country be put up in round bottles, and those which are only used externally must be placed in hexagonal bottles."—*New York Times.*

The advance of civilization

CLEANS, SCOURS, POLISHES



CLEANS, SCOURS, POLISHES

is marked by the sale of SAPOLIO.

A Powerful Disinfectant.—When cholera was so greatly feared in Baltimore in 1867 and the years following, Dr. Piggot, a celebrated chemist of the time, announced that the only disinfectant of any use in the cholera fight was copperas, or sulphate of iron, and he made a composition of charcoal and copperas which is said to have been invaluable in its disinfecting properties. The idea is, first provide a means for absorbing the death-dealing gas carrying with it millions of disease-germs, then have the necessary agent to destroy the germs after they are absorbed. Soot is claimed to be superior to charcoal because it contains some of the unoxidized hydrocarbons contained in the smoke from the fuel, and among these hydrocarbons is creosote, a germ-killer of wonderful power.—*Baltimore American.*

Tried to Ride an Ostrich.—"I don't believe the stories told about the natives in Africa and Australia riding ostriches," said L. P. Haney, of Norwich, California. "Americans are the best riders on earth, but they cannot ride ostriches. I saw this pretty thoroughly tried on one occasion. A cowboy who had vanquished every pony he ever undertook to break in was induced to try an ostrich. After an hour's hard work he succeeded in mounting the bird, which at first tried to shake him off, then to get away by running, but these tactics, of course, had no effect upon the cowboy. Then, in spite of all the man could do, the ostrich succeeded in getting its head around and seizing the man by one leg. He doubled his feet under him, and the ostrich reached over its wings and got a good hold of his back, throwing him heavily to the ground and tramping on him. It took three of us to chase the infuriated ostrich away, and we accomplished it barely in time to save the man's life. I don't believe the native Australians ride ostriches."—*Washington Star.*

One Way of Looking at it.—A little lad in our neighborhood had climbed a very steep spout attached to his parents' house to get a nest which had been built by some birds.

He was successful, and was walking away with his companions, when a gentleman who had watched his dangerous feat stopped him and said,—

"My little fellow, I was sorry to see you risk your life for such a paltry thing. What would have happened if the spout had given way?"

"Oh," said the lad, "it wouldn't have mattered much. We're going to leave the house to-morrow."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Weather and Crime.—Do you believe this? Mr. Robert Q. Grant says that violent barometric changes and crime are coincident. A man's badness, therefore, depends largely on the atmosphere. When the barometer is up, then the world is cheerful, and maladies allow the sufferer to enjoy convalescence, and even pickpockets and murderers think seriously of earning an honest living. But when the barometer is depressed, then melancholia prevails, people who are sick are more likely to die, men contemplate suicide in order to find relief, and the murderer loads his gun. Men are not naturally bad; the difficulty is with the barometer. Fair weather, crime less; a low barometer, a crop of evils. Well, there may be something in it, for, now I think of it, a cold easterly storm always brings on my rheumatism, and I do feel like setting a house on fire or blowing some one up with dynamite. Is it all the fault of the barometer—or isn't it?—*New York Herald.*

33d Annual Statement of the

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President. **Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1897.**

PAID-UP CAPITAL, = = $1,000,000.00

ASSETS.

Real Estate	$1,953,756.09
Cash on Hand and in Bank	1,462,133.26
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, Real Estate	5,377,156.02
Interest Accrued, but not Due	203,121.89
Loans on Collateral Security	714,150.00
Loans on this Company's Policies	936,342.31
Deferred Life Premiums	291,935 47
Premiums Due and Unreported on Life Policies	255,503.67
State, County, and Municipal Bonds	3,361,078.92
Railroad Stocks and Bonds	3,767,171.00
Bank Stocks	1,084,966.00
Miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds	1,489,370.00
Total Assets	**$20,896,684.63**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department	$15,561,585.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department	1,311,974.40
Present Value of Matured Instalment Policies	354,570.00
Special Reserve for Contingent Liabilities	286,651.98
Losses Unadjusted and not Due, and all other Liabilities	405,478.89
Total Liabilities	**$17,920,260.27**
Surplus to Policy-holders	**$2,976,424.36**

STATISTICS TO DATE.

Life Department.

Number Life Policies Written	90,479
Life Insurance in Force	$88,243,267.00
New Life Insurance written in 1896	11,941,012.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof, as required by law.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896	1,228,077.90
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	11,914,765.18

Accident Department.

Number Accident Policies Written	2,338,186
Number Accident Claims Paid in 1896	14,163
Whole Number Accident Claims Paid	292,379
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896	$ 1,373,936.96
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	19,828,189.13
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896	$ 2,602,014.86
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	31,742,954.31

JOHN E. MORRIS, Acting Secretary. **GEORGE ELLIS, Actuary.**

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster. **SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.**

How Muskrats breathe under Ice.—W. Spoon, the naturalist, asserts that the muskrat when obliged to go beneath the ice from one side to the other of a pond has a curious mode of taking along his air-supply. Instinct teaches him to take in a deep breath before starting, but even this he knows will be insufficient for the trip. Accordingly, he halts occasionally and exhales the exhausted air from his lungs. This air, being confined by the ice in the shape of a bubble, and in full contact with the icy water, becomes almost instantly reoxygenated. When the transformation is completed the wise rat again takes in his old breath, which is now a fresh inspiration. Thus rejuvenated, he again dives out of sight and begins swimming for the other side, only coming up against the ice as often as it is necessary for him to refreshen that valuable little breath of air. But few hunters and trappers are aware of the muskrat's odd plan of changing his poisonous breath into a fresh inspiration, but those who are take a mean advantage. By striking a heavy blow on the ice the air is dispersed, and the little animal dies of asphyxia.

Queen Victoria's Cigars.—Queen Victoria not only does not smoke, but does not even permit smoking in her immediate neighborhood. And yet she consumes annually about a thousand of the finest Havana cigars, which are specially made for her and are intended for her guests. They are so expensive that even in Cuba, at wholesale prices, these cigars could not be had under one dollar apiece. The men who make them receive thirty cents United States currency for every one, as they must be most carefully selected and twisted, and none but the oldest and most skilful workmen are intrusted with their fabrication. To them the work is a regular gold-mine, as they can turn out about three hundred cigars a day, pocketing about ninety dollars per diem. When finished they are hermetically sealed into glass tubes, in order to guard against deterioration, connoisseurs insisting that the Havana leaf is affected by a change of climate and that no Havana cigars can taste as well abroad as in Havana.

Constraint.

He who is held by law alone
Wears fragile chains:
Far firmer fetters he has known
Whom love constrains

Susie M. Best.

Our Movable Capital.—The capital of the United States has not always been where it is now. It was at Philadelphia from September 5, 1774, until December, 1776; at Baltimore from December 20, 1776, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, from September 27, 1777, to September 30, 1777; at York, Pennsylvania, from September 30, 1777, to July, 1778; at Philadelphia from July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; at Princeton, New Jersey, from June 30, 1783, to November 20, 1783; at Annapolis, Maryland, from November, 1783, to November, 1784; at Trenton, New Jersey, from November, 1784, to January, 1785; at New York from January 11, 1785, to 1790, when the seat of government was changed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO

THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY 1776

CAN YOU SLEEP?

Homely language, like a homely girl, may be so illuminated by direct intelligence as to become positively fascinating. When we say, "I've had a good nap", it's homely, but my, doesn't it mean a lot!

Many can't sleep—don't even know what a good nap is. These weary ones toss, turn and agonize, wear out their brains and bodies,—a useless waste of energy and life.

Pabst Malt Extract, the "Best" Tonic will bring sleep to you—you will nestle to slumber like a tired child. Take a glass just before going to bed, and in ten minutes you will drowsily go to Slumberland. After a week or so, sleep will come naturally, and you won't need the Tonic.

Health, strength and mental calmness come also to help the weak, the weary and the heavy-laden, for

PABST MALT EXTRACT
IS
The "Best" Tonic.

NEVER FAILS TO INSURE SLEEP.

My wife being in a low state of health has received marked benefit from Pabst Malt Extract. It never fails to secure a night's sleep for her when she takes it, from being tired and nervous.

J. H. SHERMAN, M. D.
Boston, Mass., Oct. 10th, 1896

PABST MILWAUKEE

PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA

BINNER CHICAGO

THE crosses on the English royal crown were introduced by Richard III. during his short and turbulent reign. The arches of the diadem were added by Henry VII. in 1485.

THE PRUSSIAN BOSS SWEEP.—The unceasing desire to regulate every detail of the citizen's life leads to some curious instances of interference with freedom of choice in Prussia. Thus, only a certain limited number of chemists is allowed in every town. One to five thousand inhabitants is the ratio. No doubt there are cynics who will be disposed to applaud such a regulation, but its practical effect is to create a monopoly and to occasion much inconvenience. More curious still is the arrangement by which a master sweep is appointed to each district in a town. Him you must employ, whether you like it or not,—or at least you must pay him if you employ another. He, and he alone, has a legal right to the fee for sweeping your chimney. This makes him a very important and often wealthy individual. Of course he has numerous assistants, and sometimes does no work at all himself. I have heard of one such divisional sweep who was reputed to enjoy an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year from his business. In justice to the state, it should be added that such persons have to pass an examination before they are allowed to attain to these exalted positions.—*Contemporary Review.*

A FISHERMAN'S STORY.—"About ten years ago—yes, just ten years—I pulled a bass out of the water that looked to weigh about a pound, and the line broke at a distance of about a foot from the hook," said the fisherman.

"And then, about five years afterward," another hastened to interrupt, "you caught him again with the hook and line still in his mouth, and the fish had grown to weigh ten pounds."

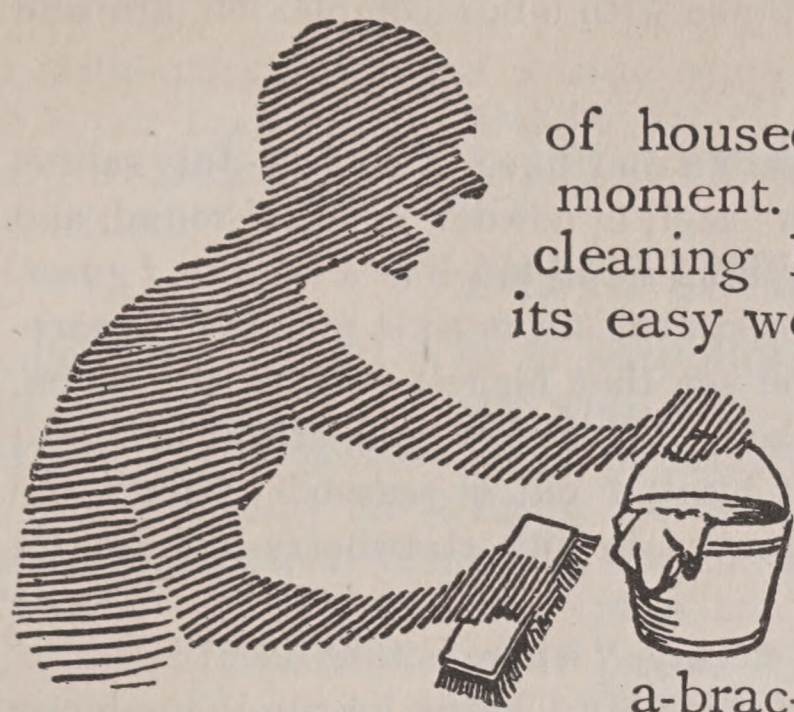
The fisherman looked pained at this ruthless capture of his best story, and answered, "No, sir. He weighed less than two ounces. His vitality had all been consumed by the line, which had grown to twenty-eight feet two and three-eighths inches of clothes-line."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

WHERE DID HE GET THEM?—The old man is a great favorite on Newspaper Row: his only failing is that he has asthma which he has to drown out occasionally.

Last week he started out to drown his hay fever on pay-day. When he left the office he counted among his possessions twenty-five dollars, his week's salary. Just what happened to him is a mystery, because he never gained consciousness until he woke up in the station-house the next morning. He searched his pockets: they were empty.

Eight o'clock came, and the station-keeper came to let him out. There was no charge against him: he had only been locked up to sleep it off. The station-keeper called out Bob's name, and then began to hand out things that had been taken away from him when he was locked up, of which Bob had no knowledge: first his watch, then thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, half as much again as Bob had when he started out, then a new suit of clothes, an umbrella, a box of paper collars, and a basket of grapes.

Bob is still wondering where they came from. But he entertains the highest opinion of the Police Department and the Board of Public Safety.—*Louisville Commercial.*



The spectre

of housecleaning needn't trouble you a moment. The person that dreads housecleaning knows nothing of **Pearline**—of its easy work, its quickness and comfort, its saving of paint and of rubbing. Go over everything with **Pearline**—floors, doors, windows, woodwork, paint, marble, stone, glass, carpets, bric-a-brac—and you'll get through any cleaning job in the shortest time, and with the least labor and fuss. You don't need any other help. **Pearline** is meant to wash everything that water won't hurt, 538

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* JAMES PYLE, New York.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.

ILL-TEMPERED BABIES are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

WIDE-OPEN, staring blue eyes, combined with a fair complexion, are said to indicate bad temper.

A SUICIDAL DEER.—"Anyhow, I heard a roar like a Fourth-o'-July salute, and when I got up there was an amazin' smell o' powder hoverin' round, and the smoke was so thick I couldn't see anything for as much as a minute, I guess. Then it cleared up. Yonder by the fence-post the old musket was layin', peaceful as a lamb, and over yonder, where you see that biggest claw in the patch, laid the deer, just as peaceful as the musket. The unfortunate critter had shot himself. Broke the game-law and shot himself out o' season! What's the reason your business here hain't got nothin' to do with strawberry-patches, I'd like to know?"

"Mr. Collins," said Protector Kidd, sternly, "where is that deer?"

"Soon as I see what had happened," replied Mr. Collins, "I run in the house and told the folks, and then run down yonder to tell a neighbor. When I got back, the deer wasn't layin' in the patch any more. I asked my neighbor, who knows all about deer, whether he thought other deers could have come out o' the woods and carried that dead deer back with 'em, and he said, knowin' what he knowed about deer, especially Marlboro' deer, it wouldn't surprise him if they had. But I can show you the musket the deer shot himself with, protector."

Protector Kidd didn't care to see the musket, and, as the evidence wasn't such as to warrant further proceedings against James Collins, the protector warned him against such carelessness in the future in carrying fire-arms in the presence of deer, and went home.—*Goshen (N. Y.) Cor. New York Sun.*

A RAILROAD laborer in India earns from five to ten cents a day.

"BILED CLOTHES" STARTLED HIM.—A Glasgow professor visiting Canada with the British Association in 1894 went out to an Alberta ranch to see something of Northwest life. "I fixed him up as well as I could," the rancher relates, "but he complained, after the first night, that he did not like sleeping with his clothes on. So I stretched a cowskin across the shack and told him, the second night, that he might undress if he liked. He took off most of his garments and put a long, white night-dress on. My foreman, coming in in the early morning, while yet the gentleman was sleeping, and observing the white night-dress, said, in a whisper,—

"'Rather sudden, eh?'

"'What?'

"'The death of the old man.'

"'He's not dead: he's asleep.'

"'Not dead? Then what's he wearin' them biled clothes for? Never saw a chap laid out in biled clothes afore, 'cept he were dead.'"—*Canadian Gazette.*

PERPETUAL MOTION.—At Freeport, Illinois, a new industry is to be started. On a quarter-section of land an enterprising Kansas farmer will establish a thousand black cats, and five thousand rats on which to feed the cats, estimating that the cats will increase fifteen thousand in two years, their skins being worth a dollar each. The rats will multiply five times as fast as the cats, and will be used to feed the latter, while the skinned cats will furnish food to the rats. Thus has perpetual motion been discovered at last.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR A LIMITED TIME TO READERS OF LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

For 13 trade-marks from the outside wrappers of either *laundry size* DOBBINS FLOATING-BORAX, or *laundry size* DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP, or 20 trade-marks from the *small size* DOBBINS FLOATING-BORAX or DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP, we will give a portfolio entitled

"BEAUTIFUL PARIS."

This superb work of art is in 12 portfolios, 16 pages, 13½ × 11 inches in each portfolio. Photographs full-page size that cost $100,000. Nothing like them in the world. A fascinating history of a remarkable people, and a pictorial representation of the most splendid city of the earth. No house should be without the full set of 12 portfolios, and until the edition is exhausted, they will be given absolutely free to users of DOBBINS ELECTRIC and DOBBINS FLOATING-BORAX SOAP on receipt of the 13 trade-marks of the *laundry size*, or 20 from the *small size* for each portfolio of 16 pages.

Save your outside wrappers of DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP and DOBBINS FLOATING BORAX SOAP until you have 13 *laundry size*, or 20 *small size*, then cut out the trade-marks and mail them to us, and we will send you, postpaid, Portfolio 1. Another 13 or 20 trade-marks, as above, will entitle you to Portfolio 2, and so on until you have received the entire set of 12 Portfolios. In sending for Portfolios, *always* specify which number you received last. They were imported to be given for 20 and 40 wrappers, but for a limited time we reduced them (to all LIPPINCOTT readers) to 13 or 20 wrappers, as above. A handsome case bound in cloth, with gilt letters, to hold the 12 Portfolios, will be sent *free*, with Portfolio No. 12, to those who secure a complete set.

Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

HOTEL MOUNTAINDALE, MOUNTAINDALE, SULLIVAN COUNTY, NEW YORK.—Sullivan County is noted for its healthfulness, beautiful scenery, and wonderful climate, which is refreshing and cool the hottest days in summer. The Hotel Mountaindale is renowned for its location, its excellent and liberal management, and the comfort and recreation that its equipment furnishes for the numerous guests who each year assemble at this delightful spot.

The hotel is located on a one-hundred-acre farm, which supplies fresh butter, milk, cream, poultry, fruit, and vegetables; with fish from the lake and the trout brook, which are situated directly in front of the hotel, and furnish boating, fishing, and bathing. Mr. Gustave Gosselin, formerly *chef* of the Union Club, New York, will, as usual, have charge of the culinary arrangements: this in itself promises a bountiful menu.

The casino, removed a short distance from the hotel, contains a dancing-room, billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, etc.

Terms exceedingly moderate. Special rates to guests remaining throughout the season.

Mountaindale is one hundred miles from New York City, and is easily and cheaply reached over the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, foot of West Forty-Second Street, New York. Mr. George M. Lynch, owner and proprietor, can be addressed at either Mountaindale or No. 1 Union Square, New York City.

SOME years ago the sect of Abstainers, or Bible Christians, who eat no meat and regard the killing of animals as sinful, built a somewhat pretentious church in Third Street, Philadelphia. The building is now occupied by a firm of pork-packers and sausage-makers.

FANCY PRICES FOR BRIC-À-BRAC.—There is always something useless which the rich will buy at fancy prices. A few years ago it was odd china, Lord Dudley, for example, giving thousands of pounds for a china ship, which a housemaid might break. Recently it was French furniture which had been used by some person of eminence, and to-day it seems to be rock crystal and other inferior precious stones. A vase of that substance, which is not specially beautiful, with enamelled gold mounting, was sold at the Spitzer sale in Paris for £2940, and a jasper cup, with similar mounting, for £1892. A "smoky" rock crystal ewer went for £630, and a rock crystal goblet for £227.

Things in rock crystal have the merit of durability, but the material limits rather than develops the artist's skill. The constant deposit of millionaires in society tends, of course, to increase the demand for all things which cannot be reproduced; but one wonders how great the reduction in price would be if any general misfortune fell on Europe,—a great war, for instance, or a great upheaval from below. We claimed durability, by the way, for the translucent stones, but it was a hasty claim. Nine-tenths of the work in them, which must have accumulated in the old civilizations, has irretrievably perished, and, indeed, the learned have never ascertained the fate of the Roman emeralds and rubies.—*London Spectator*.

SOUTHARD learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings. He would often say that no one knew what he owed to those tiny insects.—S. SMILES.

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, April 1, 1897.

DEAR SIR:

Many persons entertain the idea that life insurance of the reliable variety costs more than it should. A little reflection, however, goes far to persuade them that if there were any method by which cost could be measurably reduced, the company that would inaugurate it would soon have the bulk of the business, if not an entire monopoly.

If there was any such method—one to overcome the law of mortality, to control the earnings of capital, and to regulate expenses—then, indeed, is it probable that the active competition for best results which has persisted for many years among thirty or more companies would have led to its discovery.

Those who do not reflect are the many, and are the easy victims of unscrupulous agents, brokers, canvassers, and the like, who know no loyalty to any company and are the enemies of all. The nerve of the wallet is extremely sensitive, and a specious and plausible proposition to furnish a policy for less than the insured now pays too often finds acceptance, wholly regardless of the quality of the article or its future cost.

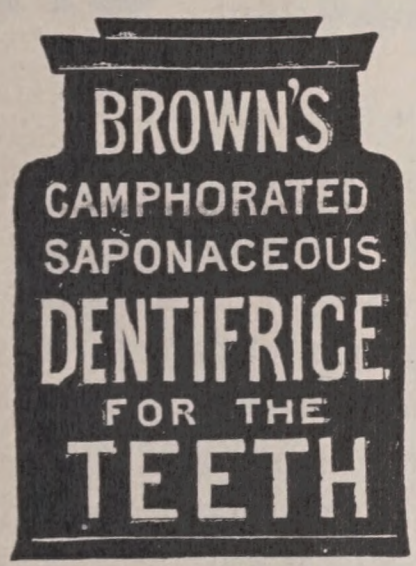
The average business man is far too busy to thoroughly study and understand the different plans of life insurance; but his safety depends upon his understanding, when a change is suggested to him, the motive of the "suggester," which usually is to profit by the loss which he inflicts.

Let us advise, in your interest, which is identical with ours, that when a proposal to change is made you at once consult with the agent through whom you were insured. He is competent to counsel. Failing this, address your inquiry direct to this office.

Yours very truly,

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company,

Write for Rates Plans, etc. 921-923-925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



THE BEST TOILET LUXURY AS A DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD.

TO CLEANSE AND WHITEN THE TEETH,

TO REMOVE TARTAR FROM THE TEETH,

TO SWEETEN THE BREATH AND PRESERVE THE TEETH,

TO MAKE THE GUMS HARD AND HEALTHY,

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents a Jar. **For Sale by all Druggists.**

A MICHIGAN ROMANCE.—An interesting story by Stanley Waterloo, also containing valuable information about the summer resorts in the North, will be mailed to any address on receipt of four cents to pay postage. Address D. G. Edwards, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. H. & D. Railway, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SLANDERERS ON ALL FOURS.—In the kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived, accompanied by the beadle, as a sign that he was disgraced and unworthy of the name of man. At the next public festival the delinquent was forced to appear crawling upon hands and knees underneath the banqueting-table and barking like a dog. Every guest was at liberty to give him as many kicks as he chose, and he who had been slandered must toward the end of the banquet throw a picked bone at the culprit, who, picking it up with his mouth, would leave the room on all fours.

RULING PASSION IN DEATH.—Canon Gore tells a striking story of a hardened professional pickpocket who found himself within sight of death and for the first time in his life had leisure to think. During a somewhat protracted illness the reality of the love of God was vividly borne in upon him, and he became, in the deepest sense, converted from darkness to light. He had received the sacrament and was *in articulo mortis* when the priest, who was reading the commendatory prayer by his bedside, heard a hoarse whisper in his ear, "Look out for your watch." As the clergyman raised his head the man lay dead with the watch in his hand. "The will," said Canon Gore, "was not strong enough to resist the habitual instinctive motions of the body, yet was strong enough to protest against its own act with the voice."—*New York Press.*

NOT ALWAYS THE SAME.—"You don't seem to care much for original ideas," said the contributor, with a sneer, as he gathered up his manuscript.

"No," replied the zero-blooded editor: "we'd rather have good ones."—*Washington Star.*

A SUBSTITUTE.—Scene, a collier's cottage.

Wife (leaving for the town, with a basket on her arm).—"An' dae ye think, John, that I've minded everything I'm to get when in the toon?"

John.—"Ye micht mind to bring me in half an ounce of snuff."

"'Deed, no, John," replied his better half. "The times are too hard for sic extravagance. Ye maun jist tickle yer nose wi' a straw."—*London Tit-Bits.*

THE STORY THAT AMUSED EMERSON.—Ralph Waldo Emerson was once greatly amused with the following anecdote: A lady, deeply veiled and dressed in mourning, was riding in a stage-coach in Vermont, opposite to whom sat a small, sharp-featured, black-eyed woman, who began catechising her thus: "Have you lost friends?" "Yes, I have." "Was they near friends?" "Yes, they was." "How near?" "A husband and a brother." "Where did they die?" "Down to Mobile." "What did they die with?" "Yellow fever." "Was they long sick?" "Not very." "Was they seafarin' men?" "Yes, they was." "Did you get their chists?" "Yes, I did." "Was they hopefully pious?" "I hope and trust they was." "Well, if you got their chists and they was hopefully pious, you have great reason to be thankful."

The stress laid on the "chists" and the placing of their rescue before the piety of the lost husband and brother as reasons for thankfulness struck Emerson as exceedingly characteristic of a certain class of Yankees and infinitely mirth-provoking.—*Golden Rule.*

The June Number

OF

LIPPINCOTT'S

MAGAZINE,

READY MAY 22,

Will contain a Complete Novel entitled

AS ANY GENTLEMAN MIGHT.

BY

WILLIAM T. NICHOLS,

Author of "My Strange Patient," "A Whim and a Chance," etc.

And the Usual Variety of Stories, Essays, Poems, etc.

For List of Complete Novels contained in Former Numbers, see Next Page.

THE COMPLETE NOVELS WHICH HAVE ALREADY APPEARED IN

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE,

AND WHICH ARE ALWAYS OBTAINABLE, ARE:

No.
353. Jason Hildreth's Identity . . . Virna Woods
352. Ray's Recruit . . . . . Captain Charles King
351. Dead Selves . . . . . Julia Magruder
350. Under the Pacific . . . . Clarence Herbert New
349. Stockings Full of Money . Mary Kyle Dallas
348. The Chase of an Heiress . . . Christian Reid
347. An Interrupted Current . . Howard M. Yost
346. The Crown Prince of Rexania. Edward S. Van Zile
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Describe the gila monster; and where is he found in this country? Vol. V., page 208.

How did the vote for McKinley, November 3, 1896, compare with that of other Presidential candidates? Vol. VI., page 777.

Name the city most beautifully situated in the whole world. Vol. VII., page 387.

What is meant by morganatic marriage? Vol. VII., page 307.

How long was Nansen absent on the expedition from which he returned in 1896? Vol. VII., page 383.

What is Palæography, and what has it accomplished? Vol. VII., page 702.

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The Irish potato is not Irish by birth. What country did it come from, and when was it introduced into Europe? Vol. VIII., page 354.

What city has a beautiful tower, 180 feet in height, leaning 14 feet out of the perpendicular? Vol. VIII., page 195.

What chemical is 250 times sweeter than sugar? Vol. IX., page 62.

When was Sir William Siemens born, and where? What discovery did he make by the use of electricity? Vol. IX., page 439.

Where was Stanley, the great explorer, born? Vol. IX., page 681.

On what date, and in what month, was Utah admitted as a State in 1896. Vol. X., page 409.

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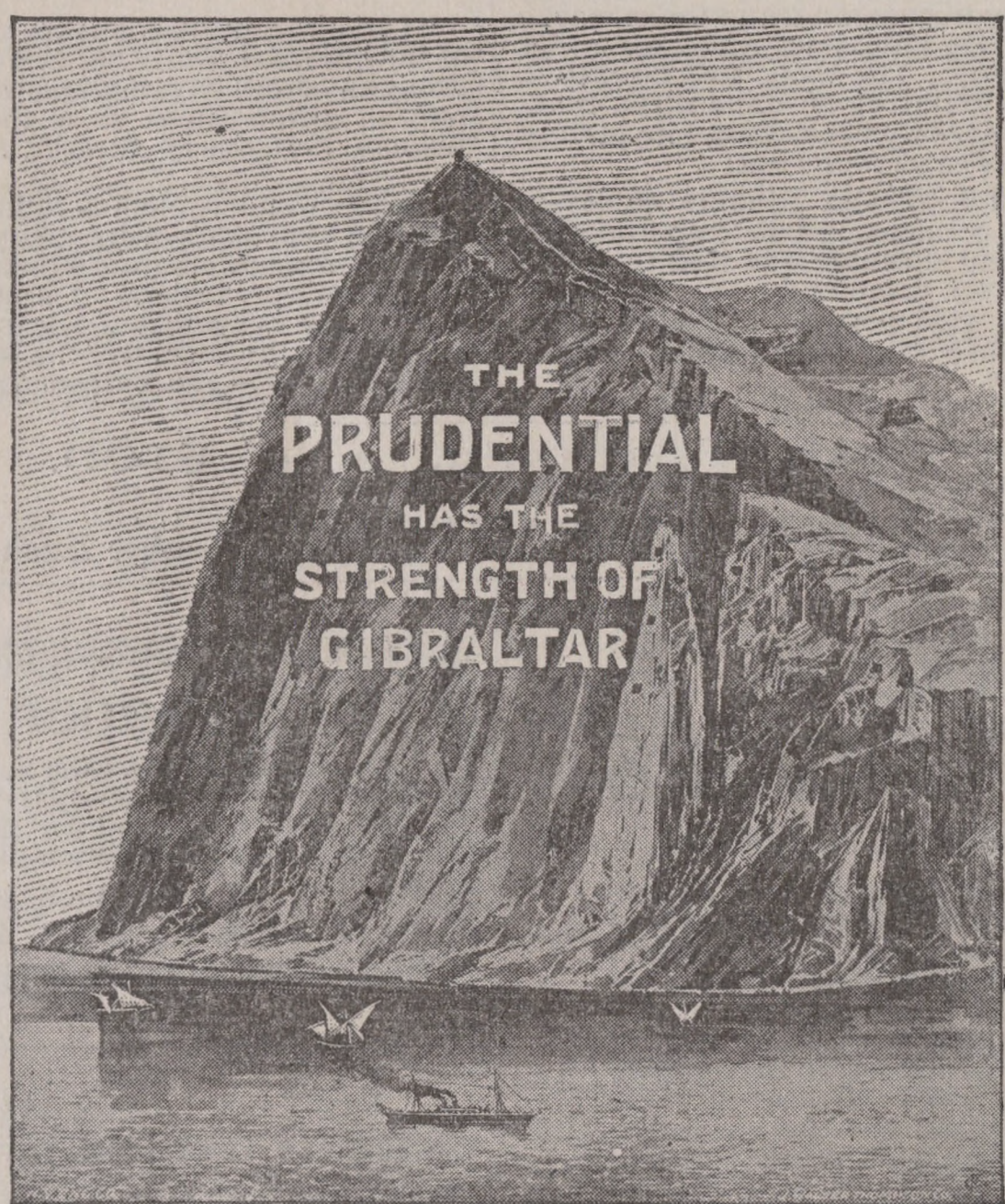

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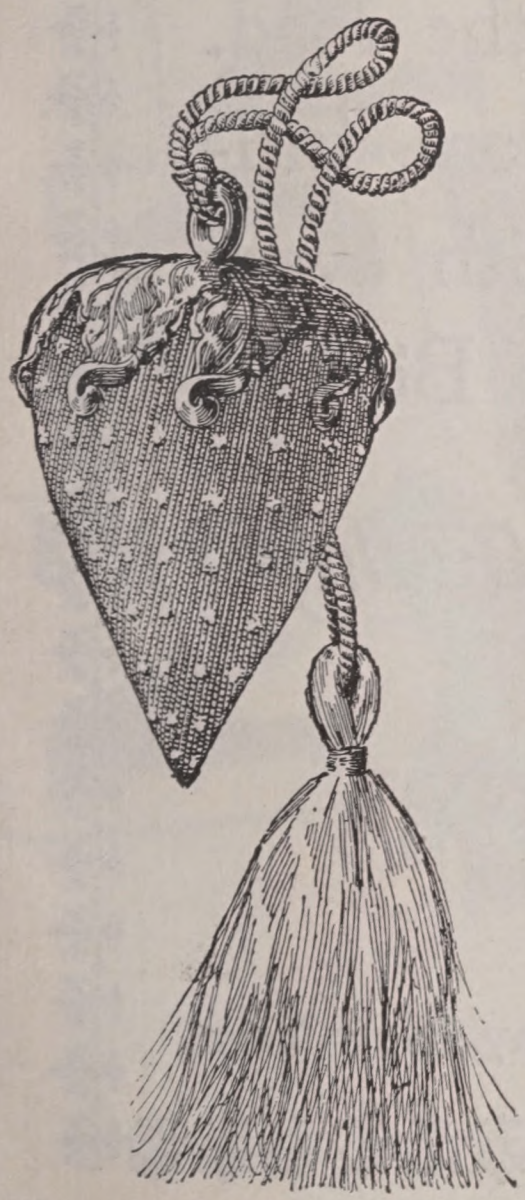

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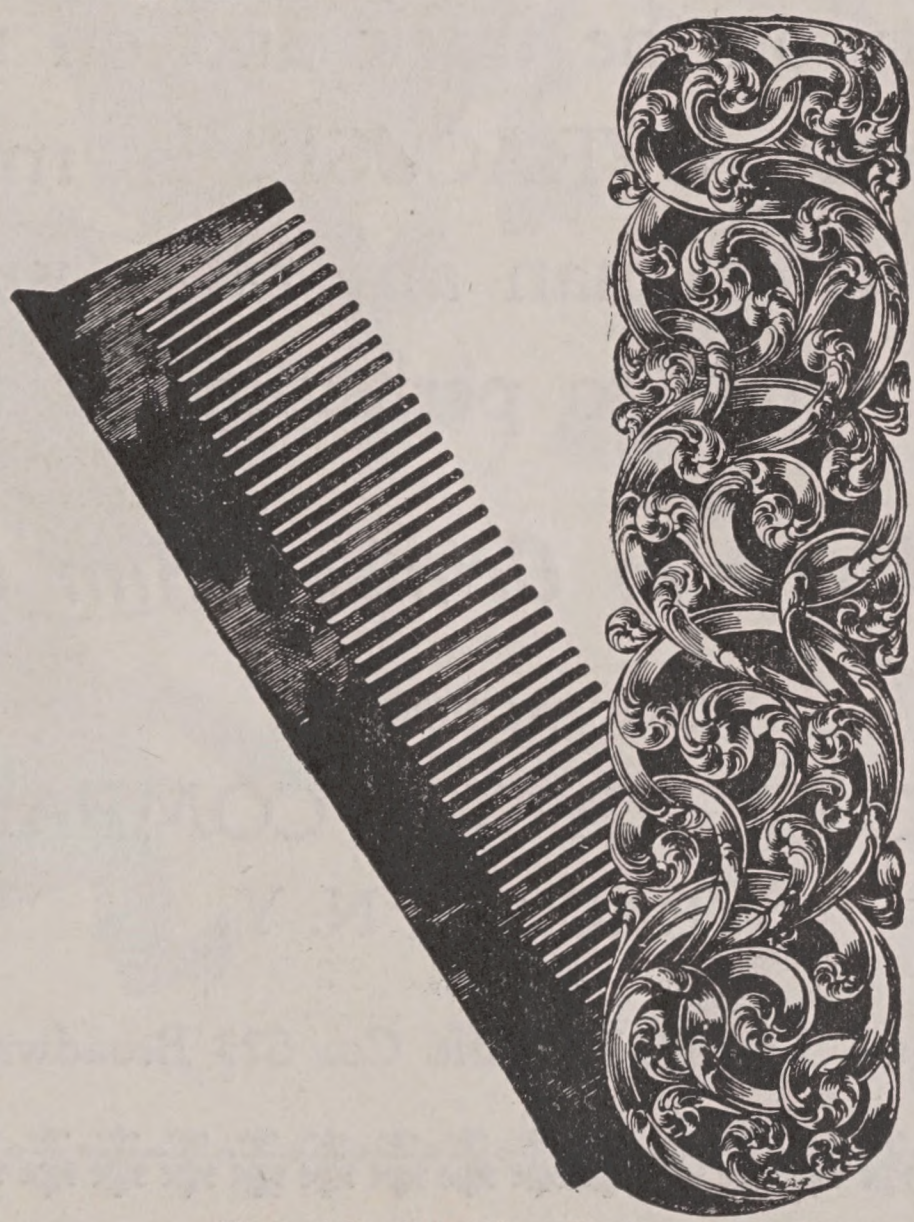

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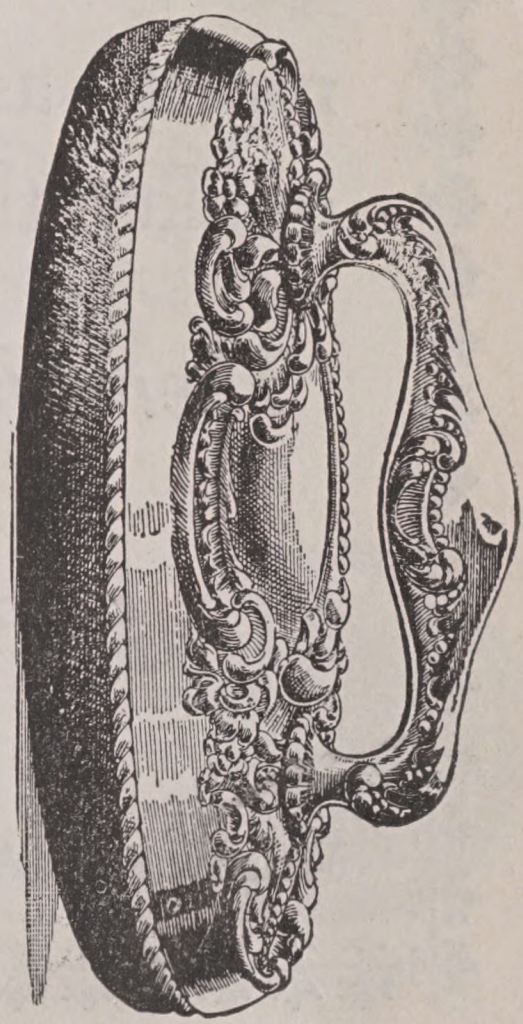

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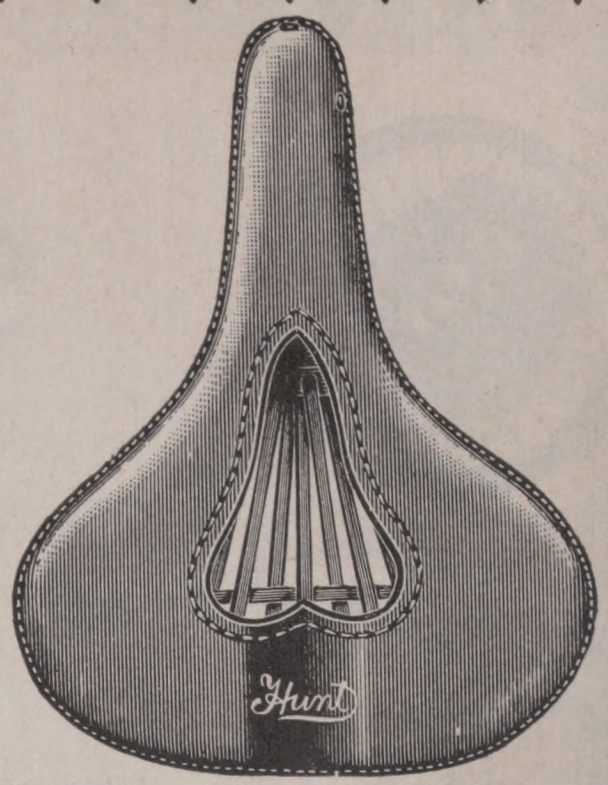

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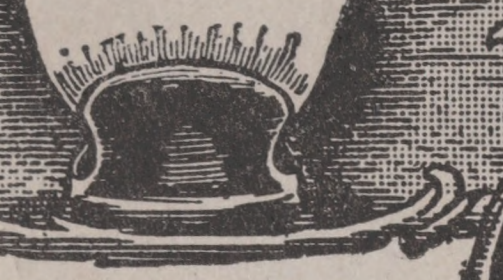

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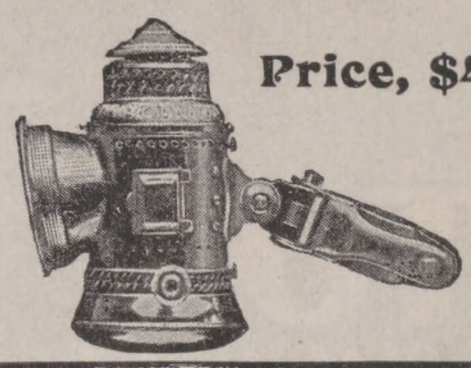

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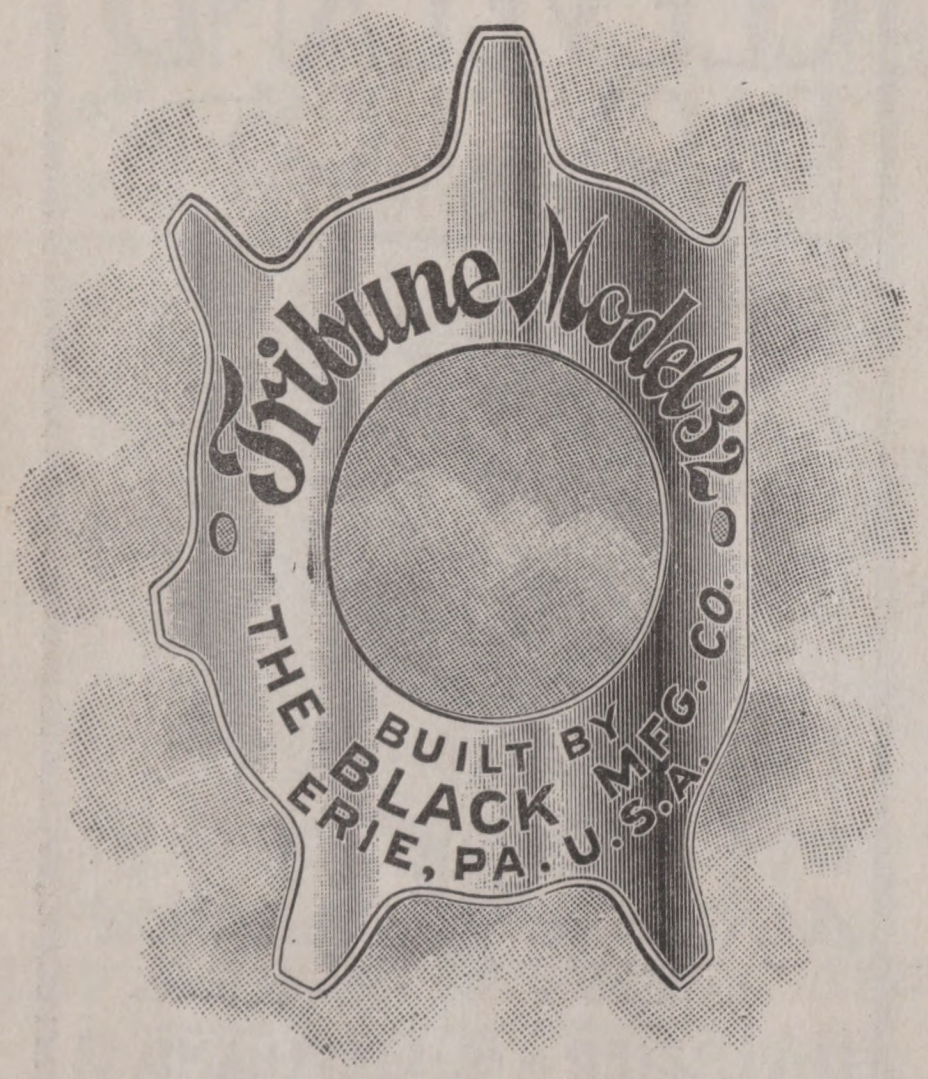

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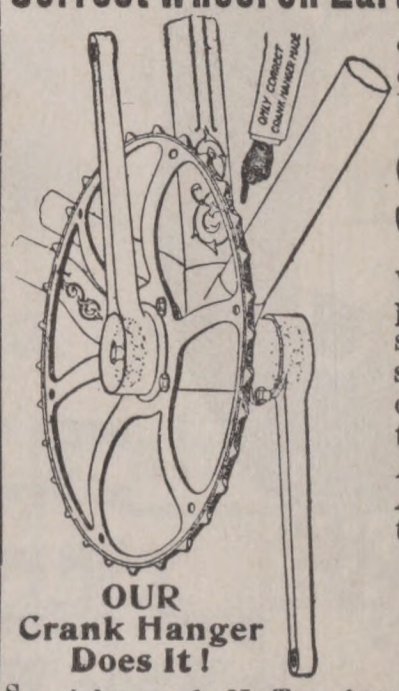

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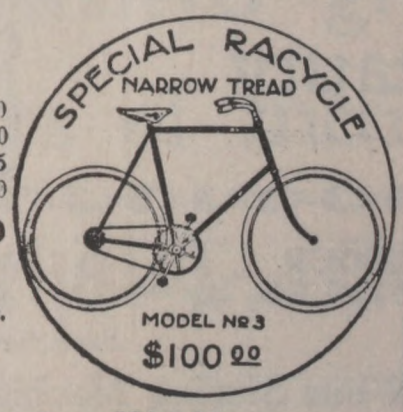

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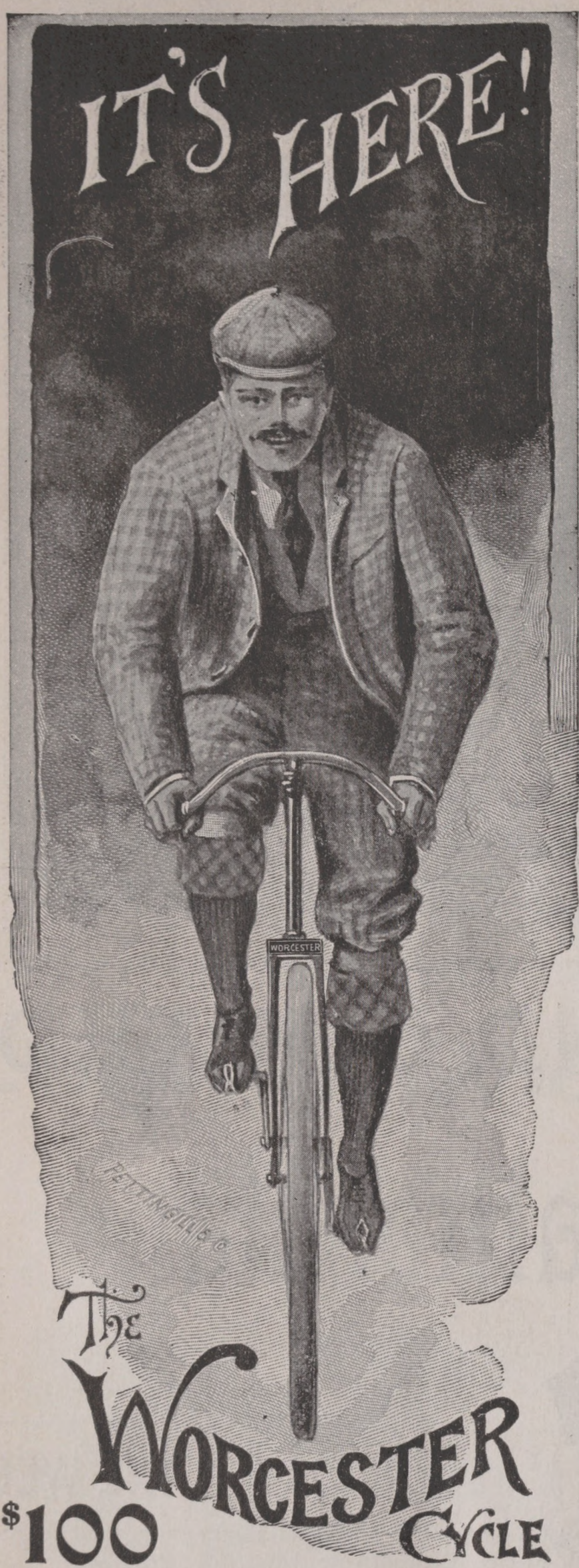

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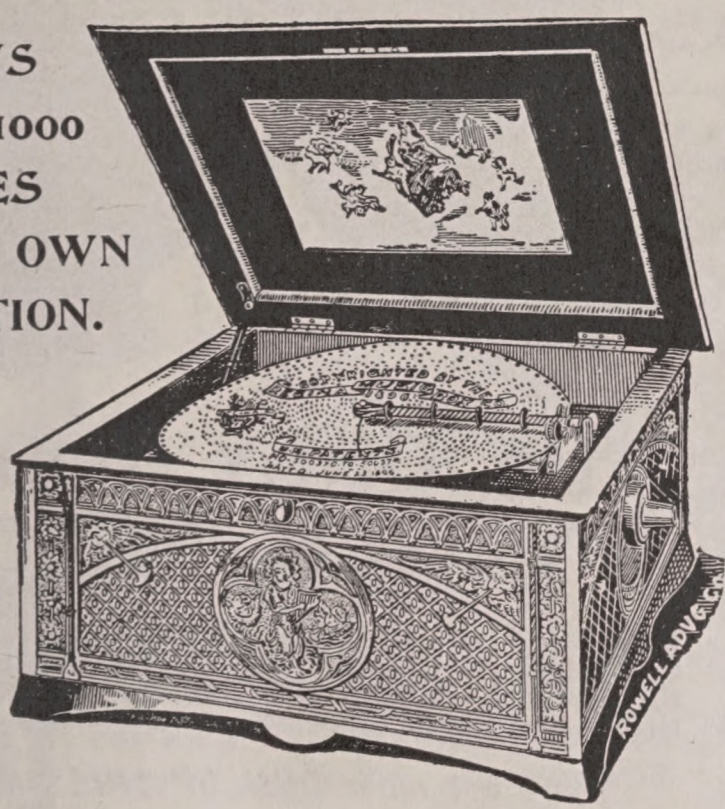

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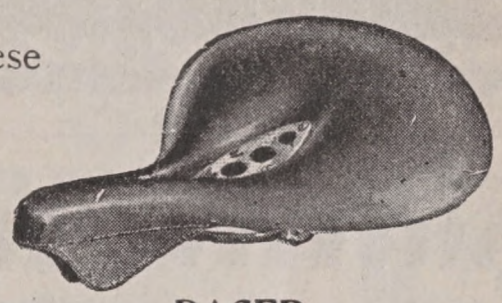

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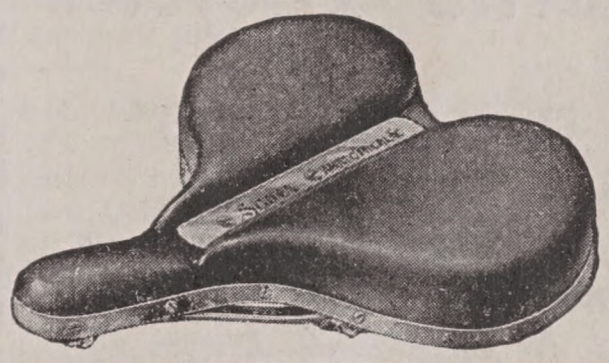

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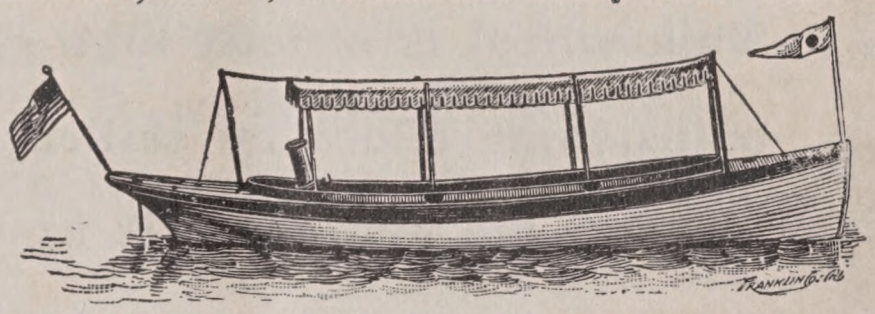

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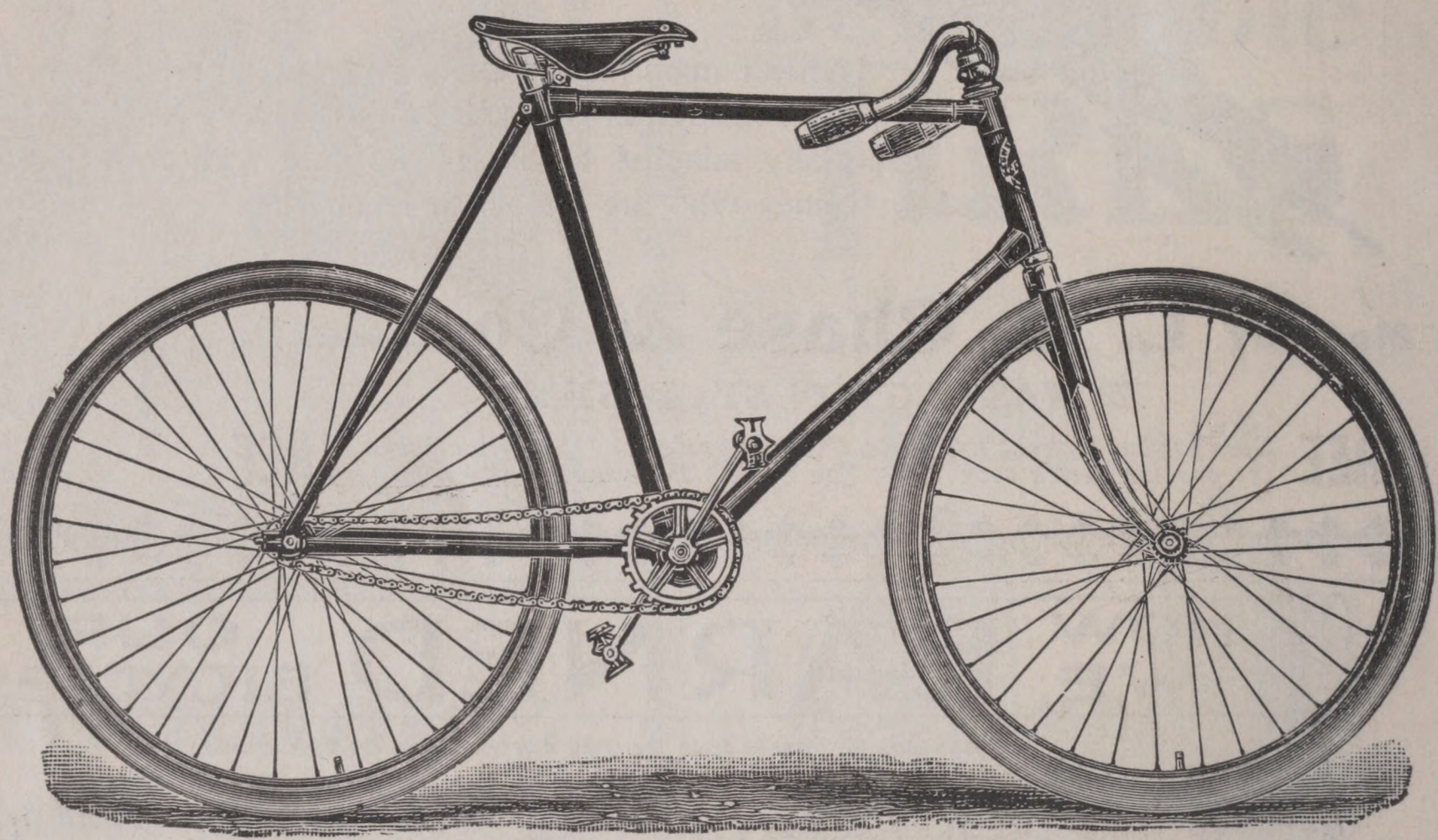

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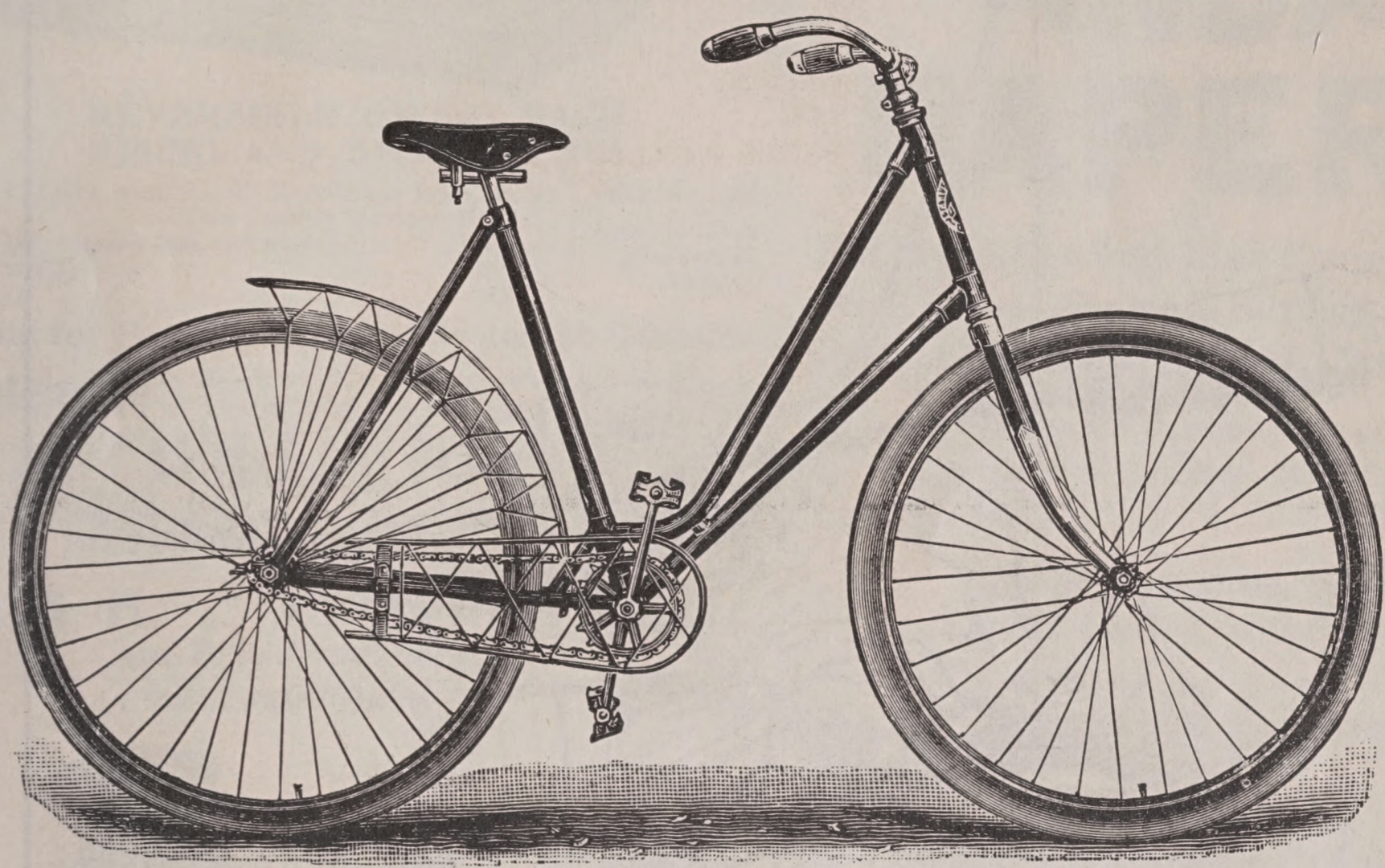

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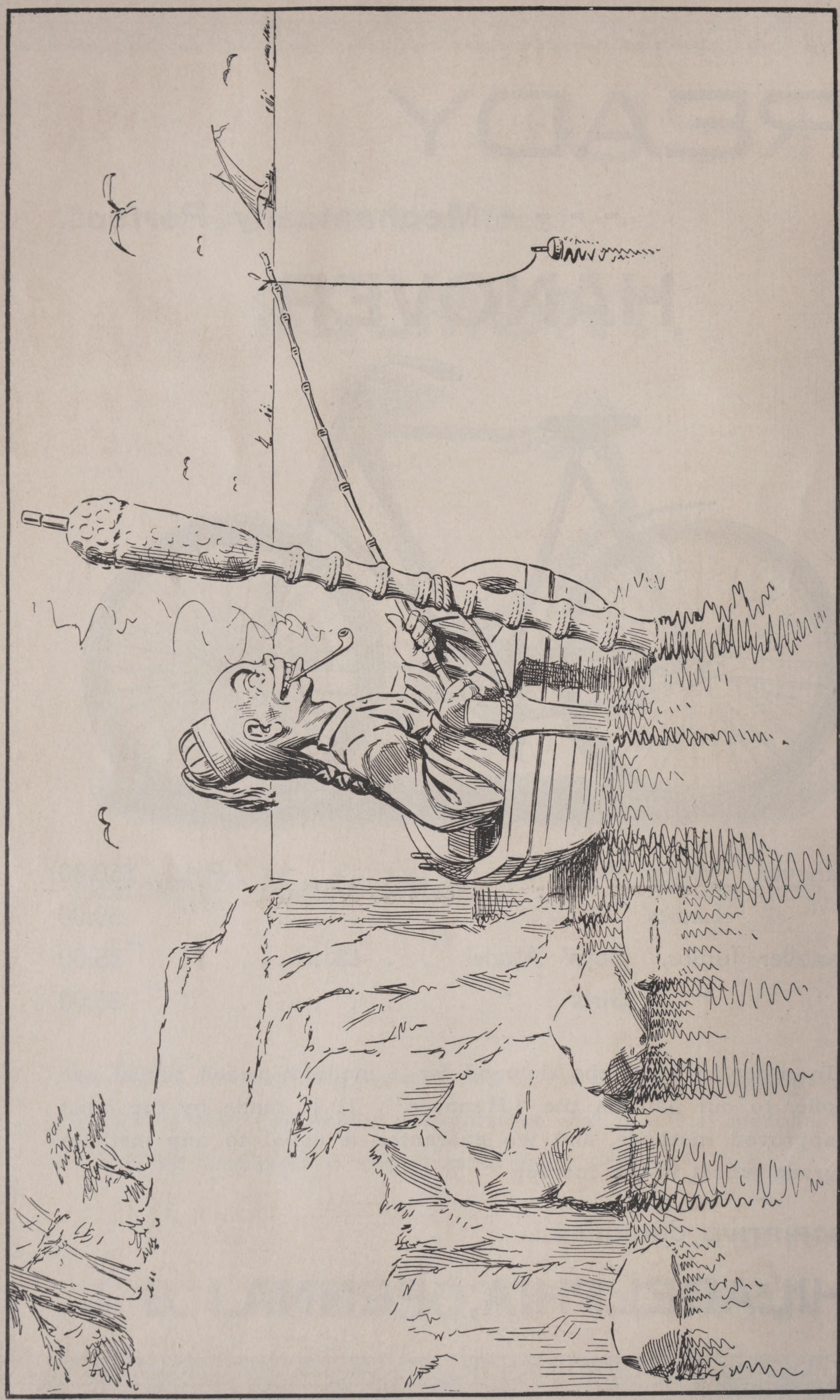

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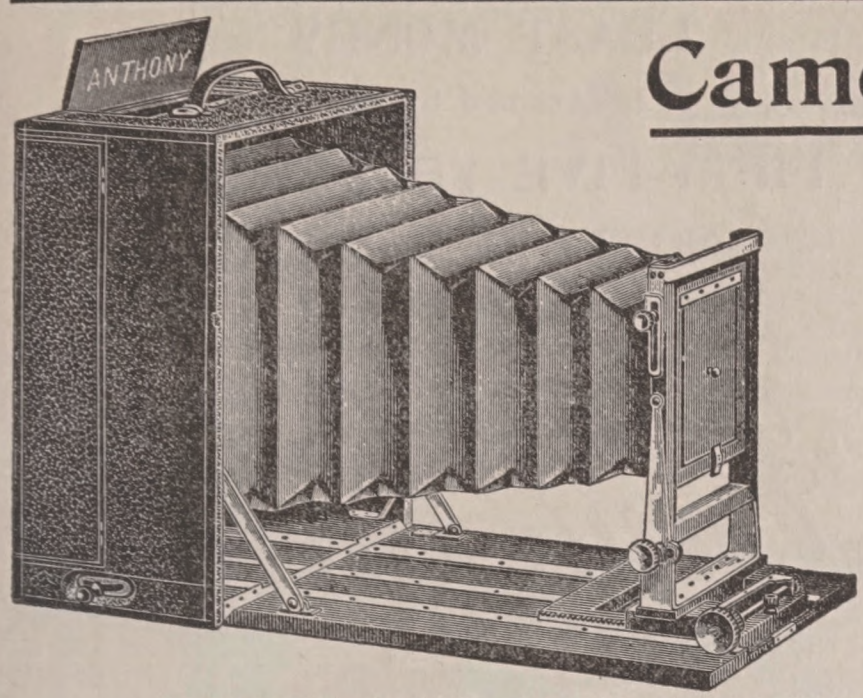

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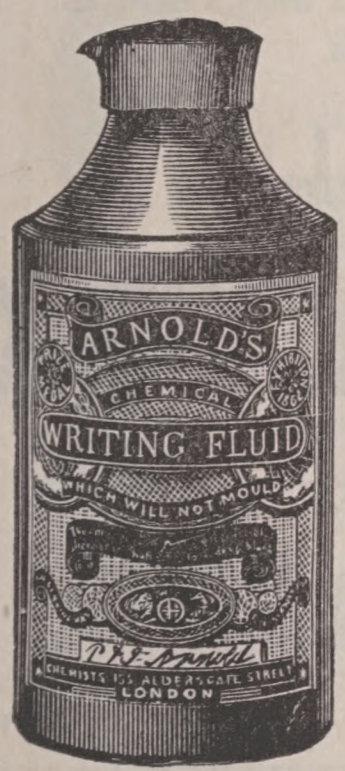

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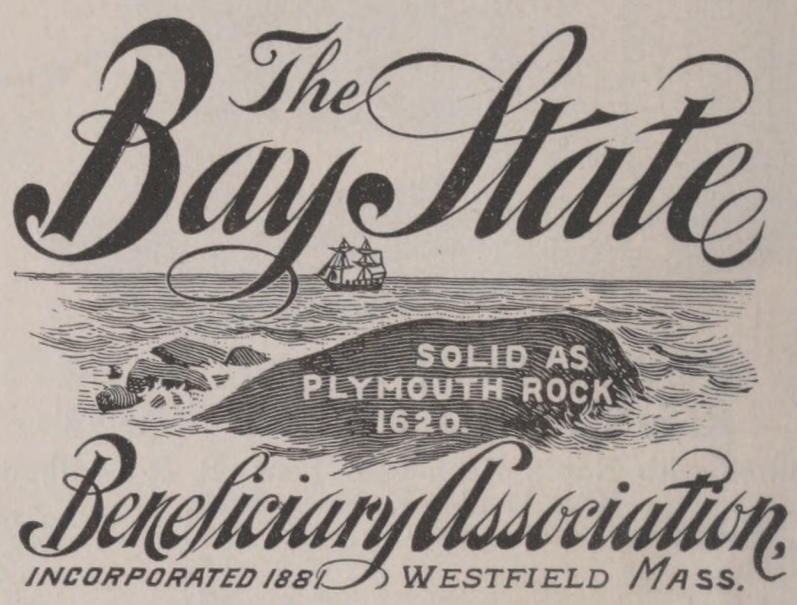

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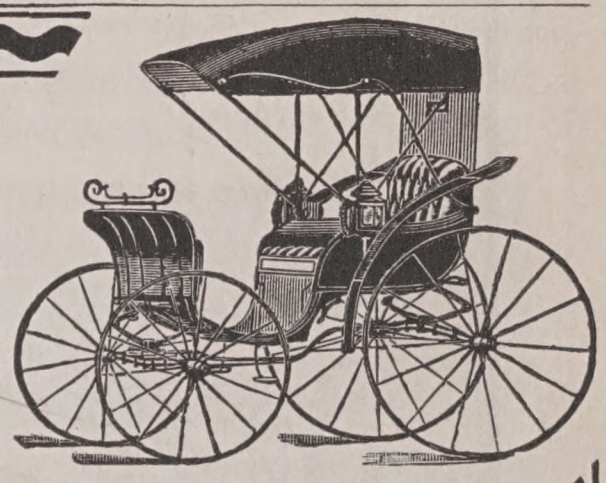

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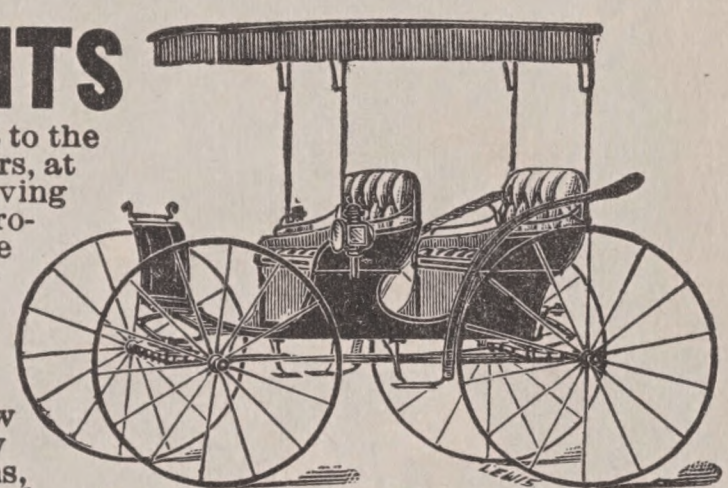

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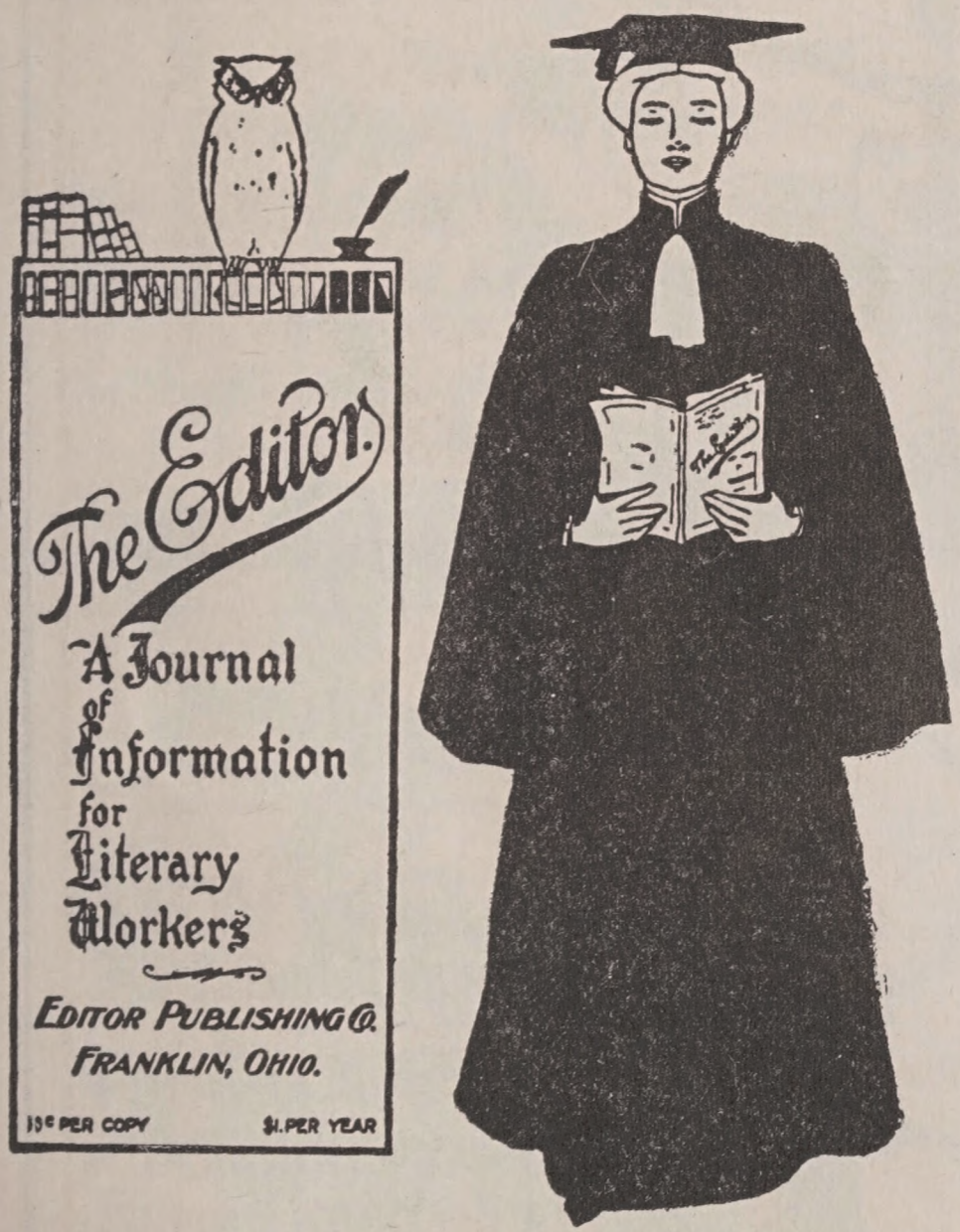

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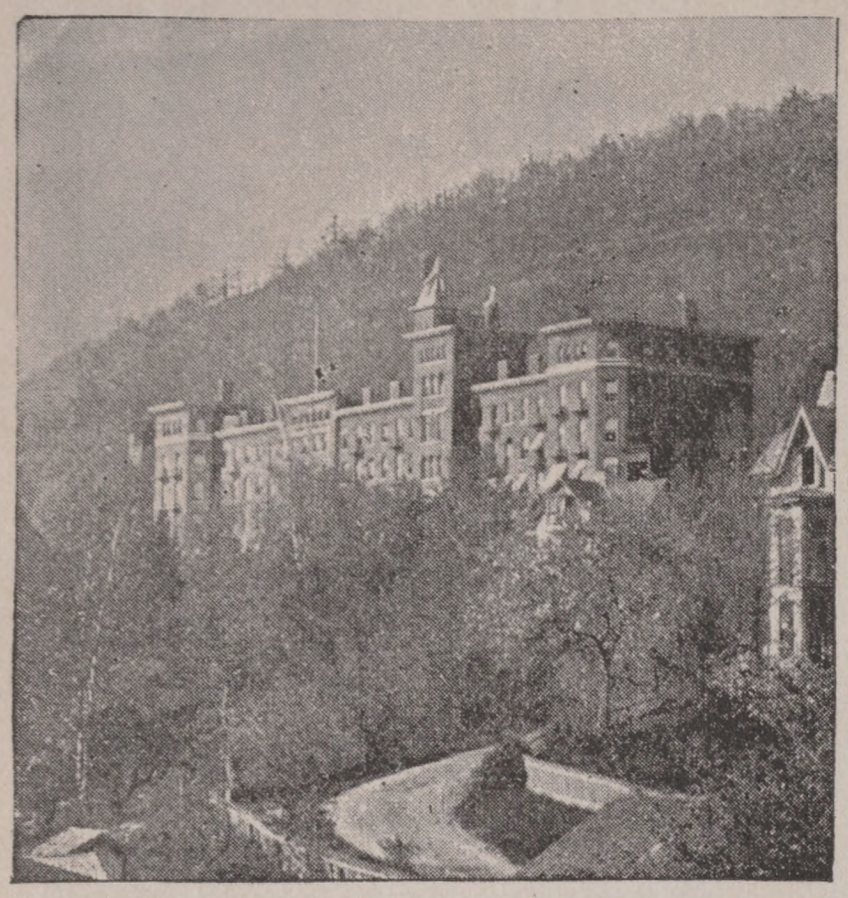

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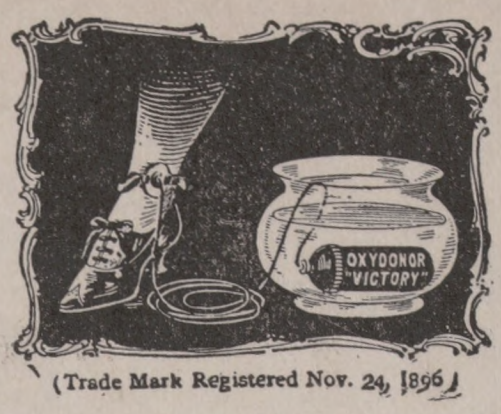

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ANALYSIS AND REPORT OF

DR. A. GABRIEL POUCHET

Professor of Pharmacology and Materia Medica of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. Director of the Laboratory of the Consulting Committee of Public Hygiene of France. Dr. Pouchet, in express terms advises the use of Buffalo Lithia Water.

(Calculi "A" magnified 13 diameters.

"PARIS, February, 12, 1897.

"The collections of **disintegrated** or **broken down vesical** or **renal calculi** which form the subject of the following analysis and researches, were sent me by Doctor Edward Chambers Laird, resident physician **Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia,** U. S. A. **They were discharged by different patients after the use of the mineral water of Buffalo Lithia Spring No. 2 for a variable time.**

"I advise here, from the experience of Doctor Laird, the use of this mineral water, which has had with him a happy influence on the disintegration of the calculi and their elimination. It is to demonstrate this that he has requested me to make this analysis.

"The collections of the **disintegrated calculi** submitted to my examination were eight in number. A **fragment** of each collection has been reproduced by photographs, which are designated by the same letters of the alphabet as the analysis here following:

(SPECIMEN OF CALCULI "A" MAGNIFIED 13 DIAMETERS.)

"These **disintegrated renal calculi** are very numerous, and present themselves in the forms of grains of *various sizes* (*from that of the size of a pin to that of a pea*) of reddish yellow color, very hard and nucleus in the centre. They are thus composed: Urate of Ammonia —for the greater part; Free Uric Acid—small quantity; Carbonate of Ammonia and Magnesia—small quantity.

(CALCULUS "C" MAGNIFIED 30 DIAMETERS.)

"Vesical calculus reduced to crystalline powder. granular; of a greyish white color, rather friable. Chemical composition: Phosphate of Ammonia and Magnesia—for the greater part. Carbonate of Lime—small quantity. Oxalate of Lime—very small quantity. (Signed) A. GABRIEL POUCHET."

(*A portion of report omitted for lack of space.*)

(Calculus "C" magnified 30 diameters.)

According to distinguished Medical authority, Uric Acid Poisoning shows itself in Gout, Rheumatism, Lithæmia, Stone of the Kidneys and Bladder, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Herpetiform Neuralgic Affections, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Asthma, Nervous Headache, cases of Mental Depression, and in certain forms of Dyspepsia and Eczema.

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